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THE NEW YORKER

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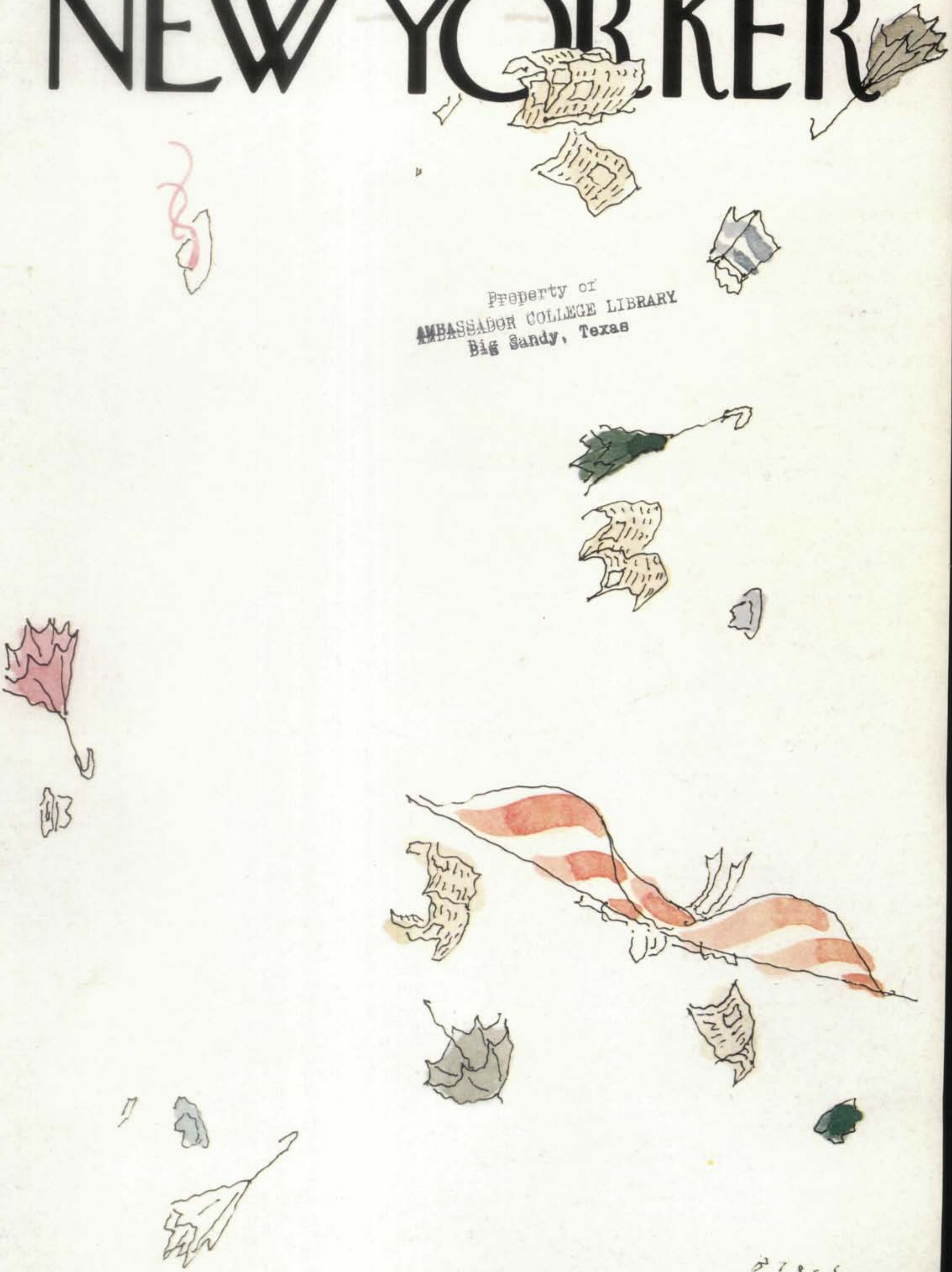

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERICAN BUFFALO—A garrulous melodrama about some small-time crooks in Chicago. The author is David Mamet, and the brilliant cast consists of Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ASHES—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—A curiously edited version of Shaw's rueful comedy. With Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Tammy Grimes, Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—The Chekhov comedy has been willfully misdirected by Andrei Serban, but the cast, headed by Irene Worth, is superb, and Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes are ravishing. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 2, at 2.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COMEDIANS—A brilliant comedy by the English playwright Trevor Griffiths. With Milo O'Shea and an admirable supporting cast, nimbly directed by Mike Nichols. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DIRTY LINEN—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which ought never to have left Mother England. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A revival, with Zero Mostel, of what is evidently an indestructible musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JULES FEIFFER'S HOLD ME!—An entertainment by Mr. Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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MARCO POLO SINGS A SOLO—A science-fiction spree, by John Guare, about a put-upon young movie director and those gathered around him on an island off Norway in 1999 and in outer space. The show brims over with funny ideas, routines, and jokes—verbal and visual. Joel Grey gives a marvellous performance in the leading role, and Madeline Kahn and Anne Jackson are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

NIGHTCLUB CANTATA—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A PARTY WITH BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A happy evening of song and skits. The hosts provide the audience with everything except a good-night kiss. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piaf . . . A Remembrance—The late singer's songs, but not a trace of her radiant presence. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sly Fox—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trip Back Down—John Cullum in John Bishop's affecting, often comic melodrama about lower-middle-class life in Middle America, which is out there somewhere and not too happy about it. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Unexpected Guests—Jerry Stiller and Zohra Lampert in a comedy by Jordan Crittenden. Charles Grodin is the director. Opens Wednesday, March 2. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **chicago:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Alec McCowen, Michael Snyder, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,017 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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. . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide: when the rainbow is enuf:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. Starting Tuesday, March 8, Don Murray will replace Mr. Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **shenandoah:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **streamers:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Mask & Wig—A musical revue, "S.R.O.," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 11, at 8. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

DANCE

Rudolf Nureyev—With Vivi Flindt, Johnny Eliasen, and Anne Marie Vessel of the Royal Danish Ballet, in a three-week engagement. The program: "Pierrot Lunaire," "Songs of a Wayfarer," and "The Lesson." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

Murray Louis Dance Company and Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—**nikolais:** Wednesday evening, March 2: "Temple," "Arporisms," and "Foreplay." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 6: Group dance from "Sanctum," "Guignol," and "Triad." . . . **murray louis:** Thursday evening, March 3, and Sunday matinée, March 6: "Scheherezade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 4: "Revue" and "Ceremony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 5: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Glances." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 5: "Geometrics," "Déjà Vu," and "Index." (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 20—Wednesday evening, March 9: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Variations on 'America'" (première, with Mikhail Baryshnikov), and "The Consort." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 362-2600.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 10: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 11: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "A Soldier's Tale." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 12: "Harbinger," "A Footstep of Air" (première), and "The Consort." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7.)

Dance Umbrella—A five-week season by six contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 20. **meredith monk/the house:** Wednesday through Friday evenings, March 2-4, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, March 5-6. . . . **kathryn posin dance company:** Tuesday evening, March 8; Thursday and Friday evenings, March 10-11; Saturday matinée, March 12; and Sunday evening, March 13. . . . **phoebe neville dance company:** Wednesday evening, March 9; Saturday evening, March 12; and Sunday matinée, March 13. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—The first four performances out of six of "Line Up," a full-length avant-garde work. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 10, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, at 8; and Sunday, March 13, at 2.)

Ballet Interviews—Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev being interviewed by John Gruen and answering questions from the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 7, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

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their melodic lines limp, their rhythms are stolid. Their songs sing them, or try to. But, as if to counteract this vacuum, many of these singers are poised and handsome and well got up, and for a time they fool us. SANDY STEWART—dark, wide-faced, shining—does so for about half of her show, which ranges from the exotic ("Humphrey Bogart," by Mike Stoller and Jerry Leiber, "Always and Always," from a 1938 Joan Crawford film called "Mannequin") to the commonplace ("It All Depends on You," "Bye Bye Blackbird," "In a Sentimental Mood"). She has two accompanists—her pianist, Ed Johnson, and the piano itself, which is out of tune. Through Sunday, March 6. . . . ¶ Beginning Tuesday, March 8, composers Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber will start singing and playing piano in a program of their own material, including songs from "Jesus Christ Superstar." Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL belong to the scat-singing tradition in jazz founded in the twenties by Louis Armstrong and furthered by Leo Watson, Joe Carroll, Buddy Stewart and Dave Lambert, Jackie Paris, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. But, like most of their predecessors, they are also good straight singers. Kral looks like a hip Joe Papp, and he has a pleasant, husky arranger-composer's voice, while Jackie is blond and lissome and has a pure light soprano that rides on faultless diction and faultless phrasing. They function very much as an "act"—that is, they use tight arrangements that call for bursts of scat-singing, unison and antiphonal passages, and lots of *bang* endings, and, although Kral plays sufficient piano, they use accompanists, who at the moment include Bill Mollenhoff on vibraphone, Mike DePasqua on drums, and David Shapiro on bass. But they have loosened their stays for the ongoing "American Popular Song" program here, and on opening night we heard relatively unlaced renditions of Irving Berlin's "The Best Thing for You Would Be Me," Billy Hill's "The Glory of Love," the Gershwins' "Could You Use Me?," Jobim's "Gingee," Alec Wilder's "Walk Pretty" and "The Lady Sings the Blues," Hoagy Carmichael's "Hong Kong Blues," and Jimmy Van Heusen's "Imagination" and "Call Me Irresponsible." Jackie did much of the work on the Wilders and the Van Heusens, and she demonstrated again that she belongs in the same elegant flotilla as Teddi King, Marlene VerPlanck, Barbara Lea, and Mary Mayo. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS (the old Ramblers functioned from 1921 until the early thirties) will be here Wednesdays through March 16th, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. They swing, they have excellent soloists, and they share an enthusiasm that carries them straight to the heart of their music, which includes not only Ramblers stuff but such things as Louis Armstrong's 1931 "Stardust," an early Hoagy Carmichael called "Charlie Two-Step," Fats Waller's 1929 "Ridin' but Walkin'," Fletcher Henderson's 1931 "It Looks Like Rain," Red Norvo's 1935 "Blues in B-Flat," and a wild "Jazz Me Blues" with two front lines and three clarinettists improvising at once. The splendid personnel includes DICK SUDHALTER on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial JIMMY MAXWELL on trumpet, a reed section of SAM PARKINS, AL GALLADORO, and EDDIE BAREFIELD, and a rhythm section of DILL JONES on piano, VINCE GIORDANO on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer TOMMY BENFORD, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. . . . ¶ On Mondays, pianist DAVE MATTHEWS takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, David Friedman and David Samuels, on vibraharp and marimba, respectively, co-pilot a quartet; and Fridays and Saturdays, guitarist JOE PUMA heads a quartet that features JACK SIX on bass and Cecil Payne on baritone sax. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

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ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes. MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, who is the founder of the Chicago musicians' coöperative called the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, and who is a satisfying pianist to boot, leads a quintet through Saturday, March 5. On Tuesday, March 8, drummer Zahir Batim moves in with his Notorious Ensemble, a quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger FRANK FOSTER presides over the LOUD MINORITY, a spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play.*" They play. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist DARDANELLE is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Guitarist BUCKY PIZZARELLI is here through Sunday, March 6; on Wednesday, March 9, pianist HANK JONES and bassist RICHARD DAVIS will come in for four nights. Music from nine until two Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Strenuous, long-distance pianist CECIL TAYLOR and his band will be on the stand through Saturday, March 5; Monday through Wednesday, March 7-9, trumpeter John McNeil will bring in a quintet; and on Thursday, March 10, IRENE REID, a powerful, expressive singer who did blues and ballads with the Basie band in the early sixties, will begin belting blues and rhythm and blues with her trio. Music from nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Through Thursday, March 3, Oregon, a collective-improvisation, oddly instrumented pretentious quartet, will be onstage. Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, HENNY YOUNGMAN will rouse his audiences with an hour-or-so-long barrage of one-liners, interspersed with snippets of his violin playing. Monday through Wednesday, March 7-9, singer Roger McGuinn will appear with his group opposite rock performers Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, will be given over to pop-country singer Ray Stevens. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Pianist KENNY BARRON and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS play through Saturday, March 5. On Monday, March 7, JIMMY ROWLES will arrive with his bassist to take on the musical chores. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist GEORGE SHEARING has just settled in the Café Carlyle for a month's stay. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper. . . . MARIAN MCPARTLAND is back, thank goodness, in the Bemelmans Bar. She performs from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Shirts, the Planets, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, Suicide Commandos, and Susan, perform nightly. Guitarist Danny Kalb, who used to be the fastest picker on MacDougal Street, performs on Wednesday, March 2. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Joyce Bryant is singing, a bit too theatrically, accompanied by Don Sturrock, on piano, and Don Raphael, on Fender bass. Through Saturday, March 5. **MABEL MERCER** will be back as of Tuesday, March 8, along with Jimmy Lyon, her calm and fatherly accompanist. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and eleven-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MAXINE SULLIVAN** is singing here weeknights, and she's supported by pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Thursday, March 10, marks the arrival of authoritative blues singer **JOE TURNER.** He will be backed by pianist **LLOYD GLENN** and guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT.** Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, March 8, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will sit in with the regulars. Sunday, March 6, beginning at eight, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will work with a quartet that features guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. **BROOKS KERR**, the twenty-five-year-old stride stylist and instigator of the swing revival; drummer **SONNY GREER**, an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); and clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, March 6, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will join up with pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**MILT JACKSON** leads his trio Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Friday through Tuesday, March 4-8, Luther Allison, Motown's answer to Muddy Waters, will be on hand. On Wednesday, March 9, the Striders, an R. & B. band, will commence playing. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Through Saturday, March 5, **ALLEN GINSBERG** will be reading some of his own poetry and singing some of his own songs opposite a rock group known as the Flying Hearts. On Wednesday, March 9, saxophonist **JOHN HANDY** and his band will come in for five nights; they will trade sets with comedian Franklyn Ajaye on Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The preserve of the waltz, the fox-trot, the tango, the cha-cha, the merengue, the rumba. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** has the band for them, and its quiet, sleek arrangements are faultless. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Singer **SYLVIA SYMS** will have the stage through Saturday, March 5. Comedienne Elayne Boosler moves in on Tuesday, March 8. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his wonderful septet are still making local waves, and they'll be available at this address through Saturday, March 5. Thursday through Saturday, March 10-12, will be claimed by trombonist Curtis Fuller and his fivesome. Music from ten to two-thirty. On Sunday, March 6, a Jazz Interaction concert from seven to eleven will feature the **REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE.**

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JUNIOR MANCE**, an insistently good-natured and bluesy pianist, heads a trio through Saturday, March 5. Mondays are turned over to saxophonist Bob Mover and his quartet. On Tuesday, March 8, **RON CARTER**, the near-magical bassist, brings in his quartet for a three-week engagement. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—Helen Schneider, who has a strong, rock-inspired voice, performs with her back-up group Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A weekend music place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. **CHARLES MINGUS** inspires his spunky young quintet Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—An institution. **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, who is a reed section all by himself, finishes up here with his Vibration Society on Sunday, March 6. On Tuesday, March 8, a very fine quintet headed by trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** and hard-bop-and-beyond drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization lets off steam. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans; Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like **EARLE WARREN**, **BUDDY TATE**, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 2, at 5:45: **VIVECA LINDFORS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday March 9, at 5:45: **MARTHA SCHLAMME AND ALVIN EPSTEIN.**

Webster Lewis Orchestra and Chorus—With the Collective Black Artists Ensemble and the String Reunion. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Eric Andersen and Tom Pacheco—Town Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8.

Johnny Winter, Muddy Waters, and James Cotton—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Sarah Vaughan—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.

Peter Lemongello and **Walter Murphy**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, March 5, at 7:30 and 11.

Santana and **Gato Barbieri**—Palladium. Saturday, March 5, at 8 and at midnight.

Frank Foster Orchestra—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, March 6, at 2, 3, and 4.

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band, **Rush**, and **Starz**—Palladium. Sunday, March 6, at 8.

Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, March 6, at 8:30.

Peter Allen—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.

Donald Byrd & the Blackbyrds, **Michael Henderson**, and **Karma**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 11, at 8.

Maono—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, March 11, at 8:30.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Carrie Smith. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Chet Augustine—Semi-abstract oil paintings with Futurist, Constructivist, Vorticist echoes by a young artist who often uses striped fabrics and pieces of crossword puzzles in his compositions. Through Saturday, March 12. (Noyes, van Cline & Davenport, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Painted cast-stone torsos that seem to be engaged in a sinuous dance (the artist calls them Radhas, after Krishna's favorite), plus crayon drawings of elephantine creatures who are all body and trunk. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Francis Brennan—Strikingly designed editorial cartoons that make their points with poster-like simplicity. Through Saturday, March 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jorge Castillo—Carefully executed still-life elements (teacups, fruits, plants) in interiors that almost overwhelm them. Through March 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Richard Florsheim—Semi-abstract landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.). . . ¶ Also, a two-gallery exhibit of graphics: Recent works at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., through Saturday, March 5. . . . Early prints at Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St., through March 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Llyn Foulkes—Humorous collage portraits, combining painting and photography, in some of which the subject seems to be stepping out of the frame, or has an arm, or perhaps a necktie, dangling out of it. Through March 19. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Will Horwitt—Box constructions, both wooden and Plexiglas, some with wires extended across the frames, others banded with vertical strips of painted wood. Through March 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Ron Isaacs / Scott Belville—Painted-plywood constructions of antique clothing, mostly, that looks as if it's just come out of a box in the attic. / Representations of gallery space—two perpendicular walls and a floor—on which are hung miniature paintings. Through March 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Julio Fernandez Larraz—Realist paintings, drawings, and pastels by a young Cuban-born artist. Through March 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Graphics, including a complete portfolio of his "Jazz" stencils. Through March 13. (Isselbacher, 1223 Madison Ave., at 88th St. Open Sundays.)

Kunito Nagaoka—Hairline ink drawings provide a framework for these abstract works in which flecks of delicate watercolor are set down on wet paper to produce engaging aleatory effects. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Napper—Romantic, realist paintings of the Shropshire countryside, with wild roses all but getting out of hand, and with housecats and sheep dozing in the background. Through March 31. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander (1906-75)—Geometric color-field paintings. Through March 17. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Edith Schloss—Watercolors, oils, and boxes, all on the subjects of flowers and the sea. Through March 19. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes of coastal Maine and Jamaica, plus other work. Through March 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Ten paintings done during the past three decades by the French Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jill Spelman—Small abstract paintings that share repeated colors and shapes, plus larger works that present a mirror image on a second canvas. Through Friday, March 4. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Abstract oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, March 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

John Wissemann—Watercolors in which tier upon tier of tangled flowers, seen in silhouette, are superimposed on one another, and strange landscapes in which nineteenth-century figures, to judge by their dress, are strolling. Through Saturday, March 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A hundred contemporary Latin-American artists, showing figurative and abstract drawings of exceptional style and elegance in mediums that include pencil, watercolor, and ink. Through March 27. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Americans, among them Gregory Gillespie, Max Weber, and Bruno Lucchesi. Through Friday, March 4. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A refreshing exhibit of choice works on paper, small-scale sculptures, and fascinating oddments by such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell, Joan Mitchell, and Tony Smith. Through March 19. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Robert De Niro, Anne Poor, and Paul Resika exhibiting pastels. Through April 2. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some of the gallery's reserve strength has been brought out for display—a Pascin portrait of the French critic André Salmon painted on brown paper, with vignettes of Parisian high life in the background; a mistral blowing, by Soutine; one of Chagall's valentines; and a villa by Dufy with a glimpse of the sea in the distance. Through March 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Franco Ciarlo—This artist's interest in torn-down buildings began when his studio was demolished. He has produced a series of frescoes transferred to canvas that resemble the stripped walls at demolition sites. Through Saturday, March 5. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Richard Cramer—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a colorist whose large compositions, called "light fields," are made up of color-field areas half the size of postage stamps. In his studies, he reports, he has catalogued ten thousand colors and, by cross mixing, produced thirty-five thousand others. Through Friday, March 11. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Twenty-two etchings, including some comic and bawdy ones involving animals, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Friday, March 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Ferber / Jeannette LeRoy—A new set of abstract paintings. / Drawings in pencil on paper of bread, shoes, gloves, and so on. Through March 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—Fragmented sculpture—a head here, a torso there, and sometimes both arms and legs—molded from sheets of clay, fired by the artist herself, and assembled the way she wants them. Through March 19. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Palmer Hayden (1890-1973)—Oils and watercolors by an American folk artist. Through Saturday, March 5. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Large abstract paintings in which diamond-shaped figures are used as the framework for streaks and swatches of vivid acrylic colors. Through Thursday, March 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gershon Iskowitz—Abstract oils by an artist who is interested in the Canadian landscape as seen from an airplane; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 5. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—A retrospective that includes his stark landscapes of Greenland in winter as well as graphics, textiles, and other works. Through March 19. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Collages based on charcoal drawings done nearly forty years ago, under Hans Hofmann's tutelage, and now dimmed with time. They have been incorporated into recently done abstractions on large, sepia-colored canvases. Through March 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Les Levine—A dozen pinball machines (Captain Fantastic, Fireball, Star Dust), which gallery visitors can feed with quarters while being cross-examined about their artistic probity by video questions flashing from boxes on the walls. Some of the machines are free. Through Saturday, March 12. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Forty-eight sculptures and a number of drawings, all taken from his Cubist period. Through Saturday, March 12. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Handmade paper objects; first solo show in New York. Through March 24. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Mogensen—A new series of this artist's multicolored spirals on solid-color backgrounds; the spirals in this group double back on themselves, having no beginning and no end. Through Saturday, March 12. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vita Petersen—Drawings of items observed in domestic surroundings, such as hanging bath towels and shirts draped over chairs, plus cityscapes. Through March 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Anne Raymo—The central work in this show of quilts is called "The Ancestors" and consists of thirteen quilts, twelve smaller ones surrounding a larger panel. Also prints. Through Friday, March 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Fifteen ladders, each about eight feet tall, some silvery and some white, leaning against the wall of this gallery give it a religious atmosphere, and no wonder, since the idea for them came to the artist in a dream that was much like Jacob's in the Bible: "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." The backs of the ladders are in startlingly contrasting colors. Through March 19. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

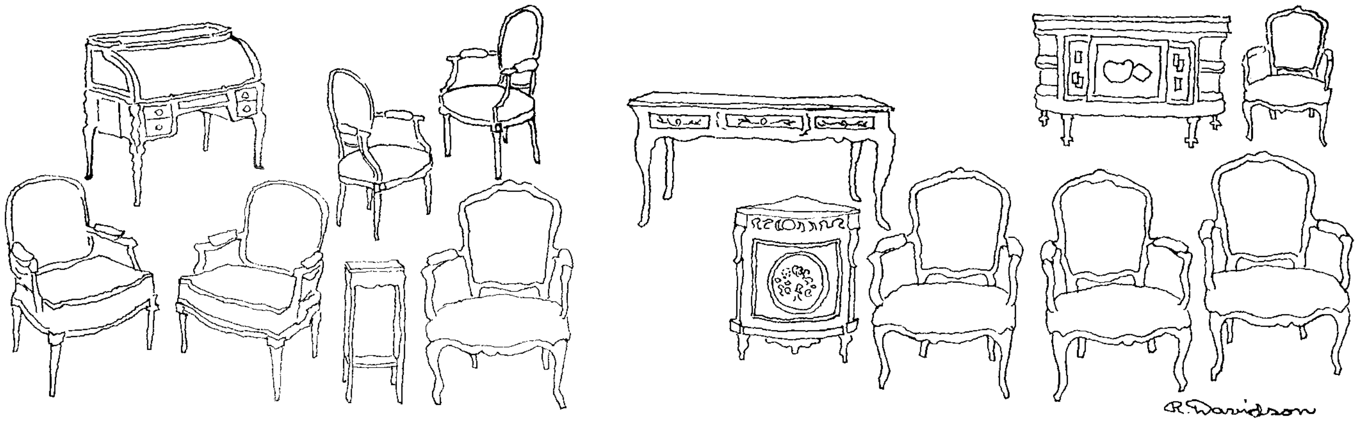
Babe Shapiro—New abstract paintings. Through March 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Supra-primitive paintings depicting Matisse, Degas, Hemingway, Picasso, Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, and other members of that pantheon as they might have appeared on the streets of Paris in front of their favorite hangouts, whose façades are re-created with loving detail. Through March 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Black, gray, and white hard-edge paintings on circular canvases. Through Saturday, March 5. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Stokes / J. B. L. Goodwin—New color-field paintings, these composed of vertical panels of unusual hues that seem to be not so much simply juxtaposed as fused together at the edges. / Small paintings of a pronounced East Indian flavor, done by a New York-born artist who lives on the remote Caribbean island of Saba and spends a good deal of time in India. Through Saturday, March 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GENESIS**, 41 East 57th St.: Recent works by John Hardy, a relative newcomer to the local art scene whose figure paintings have exceptional strength, are being shown along with a selection of smaller works by Raphael Soyer, Marsh, and Rouault, among others. Through Saturday, March 5. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Large, sunny oils that resemble patchwork quilts by Robert Natkin, charcoal studies of peasant women by Francisco Zuñiga, and shaped canvases in elegant stripes by Ilya Bolotowsky are included in this show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Saturday, March 12. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paint-



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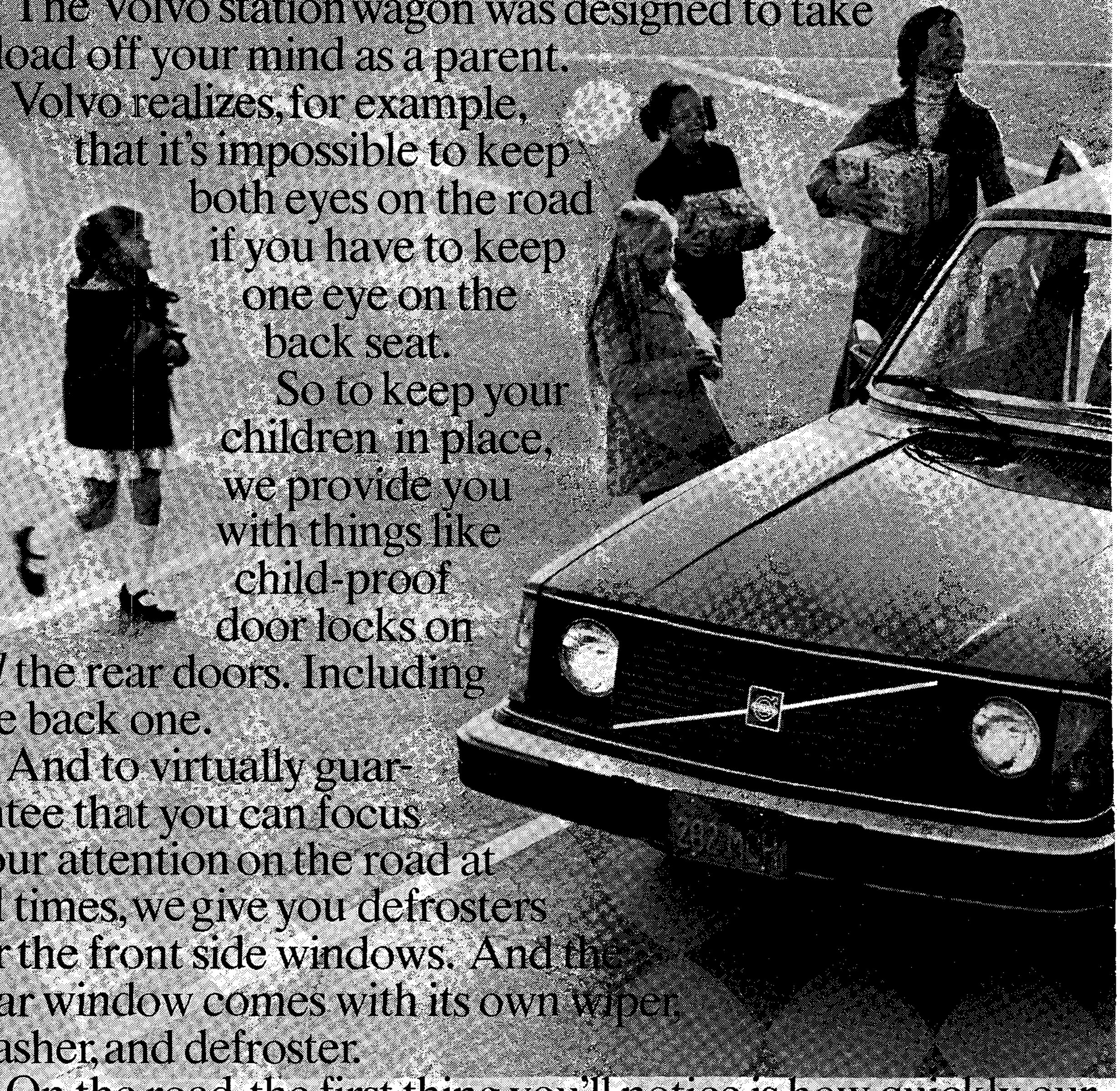

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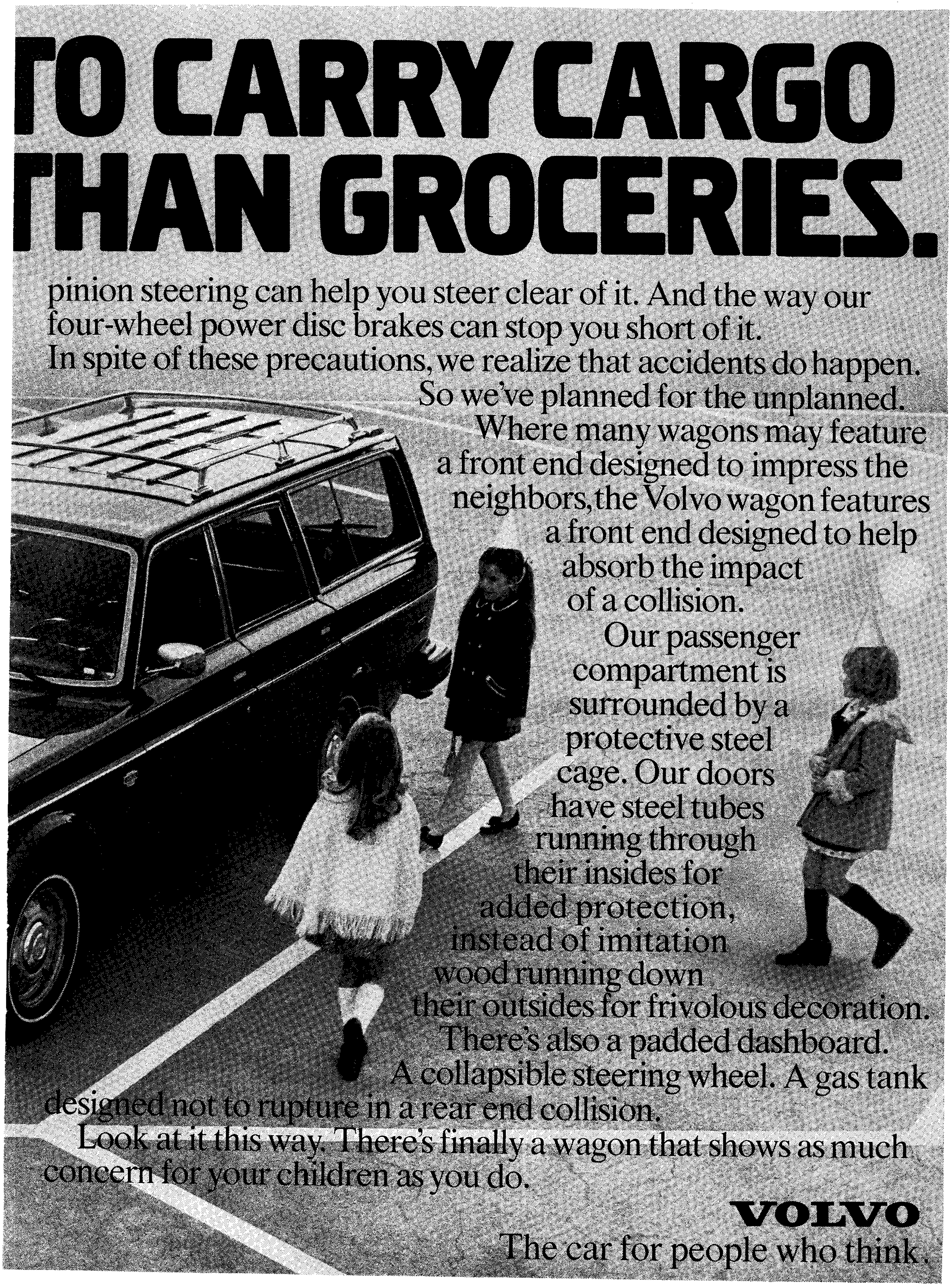

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ings, dating from 1875 to 1950, by American artists, including Prendergast, Demuth, Evergood, Marin, Sloan, and Levine, and a surprising still-life, entitled "Breakfast Table," by Stuart Davis, done around 1915, before his style had hardened into its ultimate classic form. Through March 19. . . . **WASHBURN**, in a new location, at 42 E. 57th St.: A 1943 exhibit in a stylish reconstruction: Marcel Duchamp's "Box in a Valise" (his own work in miniature), boxes by Joseph Cornell, and a series of small gouaches by Yves Tanguy. Through Saturday, March 12.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Calvin Albert—Plaster and bronze sculptures in which a writhing torso seems to be trying to free itself from some sort of spell. Through Thursday, March 10. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Vincent Arcilesi—A nine-by-twelve-foot painting of the artist's studio—with him, his models, and his family posed in a classical arrangement—plus preparatory drawings and some landscapes done in the Rockies. Through Thursday, March 10. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—Paintings of abstract shapes that look like sci-fi instruments performing God knows what kind of function deep in outer space. They are shown against black backgrounds about five feet square. Through Tuesday, March 8. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Jack Brusca—Large, colorful canvases, some figurative but most of them enormously enlarged closeups of flowers, by an artist who has developed a soft and gentle form of Cubism. Through Saturday, March 12. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

David Budd—Big panels of solid-color oil paint, mostly in tones of gray, laid on thick with a palette knife. Through March 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Rudy Burckhardt and Barry Sigel—Realist paintings of contemporary New York City scenes. Through Thursday, March 10. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Campus—Videotapes. Through March 19. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Greg Constantine / Louise Reiner—The mode is narrow horizontal strips of pigment, producing a computerized effect, and the subjects are famous artists standing alongside one of their famous canvases—van Gogh with a self-portrait, Picasso with the Demoiselles. / Small wall constructions in which faded family photos are set, like eggs, in nests of colored threads, plus other arrangements of threads combined with beaded strands. Through Wednesday, March 9. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Shigeko Kubota—Three video installations that express this Japanese woman's frankly idolatrous admiration for the late Marcel Duchamp. Through Saturday, March 5. (Block, 409 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—Two new series of geometric sculptures, one piece a graduated wall of open wooden squares. Through March 19. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Ann Marshall / William Monaghan—Large panels covered with variegated dribbles of paint, forming a rich overall pattern of substantial depth. / Large compositions made up of canvas faced here and there with sections of thin sheet-iron on which water has trickled, causing rust and spilling over to stain the adjoining canvas—all of this planned by the artist. Through Saturday, March 5. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Don Nice—New works, including watercolors of the Hudson River in all seasons, with tokens of each season—picnic leftovers, for instance—framing each work. Starts Thursday, March 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Charles O'Connor / Sandy Gellis—Large abstract paintings, high-keyed in color, in each of which skeletal geometric forms—arcs, ellipses, triangles—play a role. / Wall pieces and floor pieces involving oxidization; one of the former consists of strips of aluminum whose surfaces are eroding except where a coating of wax has been applied, and one of the latter consists of a box of doughy-looking cement pocked with holes in which iron powder is rusting away. Through Wednesday, March 9. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

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Ray Parker—New abstract paintings. Through March 19. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

Ed Puls—Large and nicely composed oil paintings, some of them showing figures in city interiors with windows that afford arresting glimpses of the East River and the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Wednesday, March 9. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

Oleg Sohanievich—Heavy-duty abstract sculptures made of steel beams or inch-thick plates bolted together and then twisted and distorted by turnbuckles or jackscrews. The artist, who does the twisting with his own muscle, calls the work "stress sculpture." Through Wednesday, March 9. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Opens at 1.)

Marvin Torffield—A curved birch plywood form that reflects the sound coming from two loudspeakers facing it. Through March 16. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Alan Turner—Surrealistic paintings that have a photographic quality. Through Saturday, March 5. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Ken Waterstreet—Paeans to fluidity, consisting of Photo-Realist paintings of a splash of water superimposed on a greatly magnified detail of the same splash, resulting in what seems to be a wholly abstract design. Soap bubbles are given the same treatment, their iridescence stretching across the canvas like a web. Through Saturday, March 12. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Tino Zago—Abstract paintings, some of them on envelope-shaped canvases. Through March 26. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Robert Zakanitch—Several large triptychs, and other work. Through March 22. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

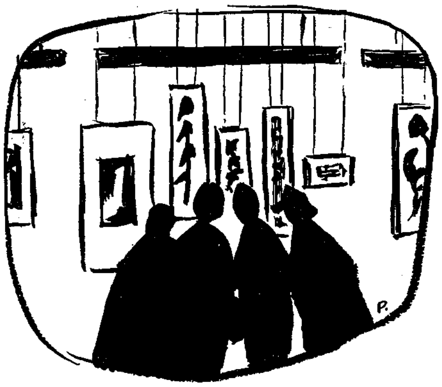
OTHER GALLERIES

Carlos Cruz-Diez—Paintings and graphics by an Op artist. Through April 15. (Galeria Venezuela, 7 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4.)

Herbert Kallem—Bronze sculptures. Through March 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Joe Zucker—Early works, including a massive composition in mixed mediums, by an artist who is known for his paintings made of cotton balls. Through March 19. (Bromm, 114 Franklin St. Opens at 1; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Fine Arts Building—In this aesthetic outpost, at 105 Hudson Street, a couple of blocks below Canal, the **PRETTO** is showing works by Daniel Dezeuze, a mainstay of the French avant-garde Support/Surface movement. These are wall pieces, one of them fifty feet long, made of wood veneer stapled in place, sometimes suggestive of a wrought-iron railing, sometimes in a simple grid pattern. Through Tuesday, March 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.) . . . At the **SRAGOW**, drawings by Marc Eisenberg include stick figures (the artist considers Giacometti a major influence), sometimes shown against a background of black, red, and pale-blue dots of various size. Through Saturday, March 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)



Group Show—Michèle Amateau, Joyce Kozloff, and Ree Morton are among the artists showing some of the sketches and notes they make prior to starting a work. Through Thursday, March 10. (80 Washington Square East Galleries.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71)—A retrospective that consists of nearly seventy works, a number of them printed by the photographer herself. Through April 2. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Carlotta Corpron—A series of light studies made in the forties by a onetime colleague of Moholy-Nagy. Through March 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Evelyn Hofer / Naomi Savage—Sharply defined photographs of architectural details on building façades, as well as portraits and dye-transfer prints. / Photo-collages, toned-and-colored gum prints, and other works by an artist who is a niece of Man Ray. Through March 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marc Kaczmarek—Portraits, studies of dancers, and architectural views. Through May 1. (Studio 505, 39 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., between Church and Broadway. Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

William Larson / Charles Traub—Experimental works that include photographs transmitted by a teleprinter, multiple negatives transferred to metal sheets, and holograms. / Photographs of people taken on beaches and in other public places. Through Saturday, March 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a small selection of her works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Inge Morath—A retrospective of works by the distinguished Magnum photographer. Through Saturday, March 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nadar (1820-1910)—A show of more than fifty portraits of artists, writers, and composers is on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Dennis Stock / Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

New York Press Photographers—The seventy-five prize-winning news photographs of the 1976 New York Press Photographers Association's annual contest. Through Friday, March 4. (New York Telephone Building, 1095 Sixth Ave., at 42nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **CARLTON**, 127 E. 69th St.: Bill Brandt, Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Imogen Cunningham, and László Moholy-Nagy are among the forty photographers whose works are included in this exhibit honoring Helen Gee and the Limelight Gallery, which she founded in the early fifties. Through Tuesday, March 8. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs by Robert Frank, Lisette Model, Richard Avedon, and five others. Through Saturday, March 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers, and including the bronze "Little Fourteen-Year-Old Dancer" in her cotton tutu. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nadar. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, *including the Barcelona chair and stool.* Also drawings for his furniture designs. Starts Thursday, March 3. . . . ¶ A show of posters made by Henri Matisse, Saul Steinberg, Robert Indiana, Larry Rivers, and others to announce their exhibits or other events. Through March 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Tina Modotti. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 10. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at Martin Sumers Graphics, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by nine "promising" American artists. Starts Friday, March 4. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of the American art scene, among the sensations (and mystifications) of which are Chuck Close's huge, incredibly detailed drawings of heads; Barry Le Va's sparse arrangement of slender sticks that occupies an entire gallery, including the floor; Ree Morton's cluttered assemblage of bouquets and ladders and printed words, called "Signs of Love;" and three of Duane Hanson's life-size, lifelike figures. The stage for the exhibit is set on the main floor, in the side gallery, where Dennis Oppenheim has installed an environment called "Lecture," consisting of forty chairs about a foot high drawn up before a tiny lecturer. Only the end seat in the last row is occupied, by a black figure. *Through March 27.* (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. . . . ¶ A review of *the output of American women architects,* explored through photographs and text, slides, and models. Through April 17. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte and architecture exhibits open at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, *Central* Park W. at 79th St.—A travelling exhibit, from the Smithsonian Institution, of nearly two hundred art objects from Cyprus, the earliest pieces dating from the Stone Age. Through April 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art *objects from* China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is the subject of this show. Furniture and decorations from the pavilion, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria and eight of these articles have been loaned to the museum for this show. Starts Thursday, March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May *22.* (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two *Hundred* Years of American Illustration." Through April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages by Al Loving. Through *April 17. . . . ¶ Paintings and collages by* Randolph Williams. Through March *27.* (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, *March 2: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in* English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; conducted by Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 3: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 4: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Rita Shane, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 5: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Heather Harper, Judith Blegen, Maria Ewing, James Morris, Lenus Carlson, Alma Jean Smith, Shirley Love, Andrea Velis, and Renato Capecchi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 5: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 7: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotto, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 9: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 10: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Heather Harper, Judith Blegen, Rosalind Elias, James Morris, Lenus Carlson, Alma Jean Smith, Shirley Love, Andrea Velis, and Renato Capecchi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 11: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Régine Crespin, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 12: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Martti Talvela, and Renato Capecchi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Maralin Niska, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 5, at 1:30, and Saturday, March 12, at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 3, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Sharon Daniels, Henry Price, James Billings, Richard McKee, Alan Baker, and Howard Hensel; conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Glenys Fowles, Gaetano Scano, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . .

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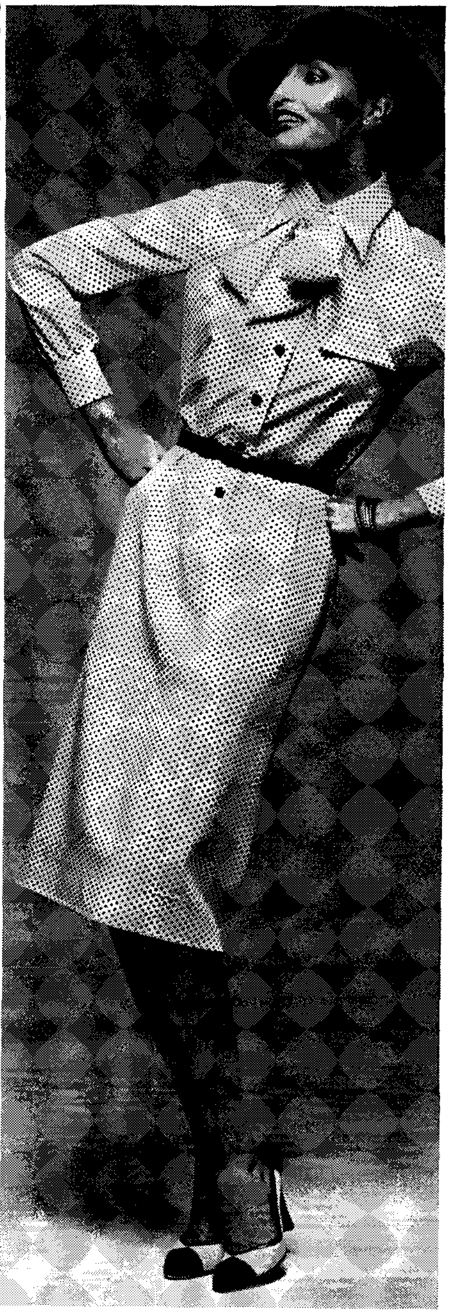

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday, March 5, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 6, at 1: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Roberta Palmer, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, Will Roy, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 6, at 7: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 8, at 8: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Joseph Evans, James Billings, Richard McKee, David Holloway, and Howard Hensel; David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 10, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Richard Taylor, Guillermo Sarabia, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Clamma Dale, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, David Holloway, Richard Fredricks, and Irwin Densen; Michael Charry. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 2: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 12, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Carron, Sandra Walker, Lando Bartolini, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Wolf-Ferrari's "The Four Ruffians," in English, conducted by Imre Pallo and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 10, and Saturday, March 12, at 8, and Sunday, March 13, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call RI 9-2802, Ext. 504.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting a program of Russian music on Wednesday, March 2, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Lazar Berman, piano). . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting on Thursday, March 3, at 8:30; Friday, March 4, at 2; Saturday, March 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday, March 10, at 8:30; Friday, March 11, at 2; Saturday, March 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 15, at 7:30 (all with Rodney Friend, violin).

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting an all-Strauss program, with Ilse von Alpenheim, piano, and Evelyn Lear, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Leningrad Symphony Orchestra—Yuri Temirkanov conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at 8, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin; and Saturday, March 5, at 8, with Eliso Virsaladze, piano.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Bernstein, Kenneth Schermerhorn, and David Stahl conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

North Carolina Symphony—John Gosling directing, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and the Duke University Chapel Choir and Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Krzysztof Penderecki directing a program of his own works, with Syoko Aki, violin, the Chorus of Westminster Choir College, and the Trinity Choristers. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting an all-Dvořák program, with James Kreger, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, March 6, at 2.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the third in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.)

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Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Leslie Parnas, cello, and Morris Newman, recorder and bassoon. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Klein directing, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Manuel Suarez, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Sylvie Carbonel, piano; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Ivette Hernandez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Clark-Schuldmann Duo—Harry Clark, cello, and Sanda Schuldmann, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 2, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Three performances of the same program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—With Mary Burgess, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 3, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano, in a program called "W. A. Mozart—Self-Portrait in Music and Words," created, performed, and read by Mr. Smit, with the Gregg Smith Singers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 5, at 2:30.)

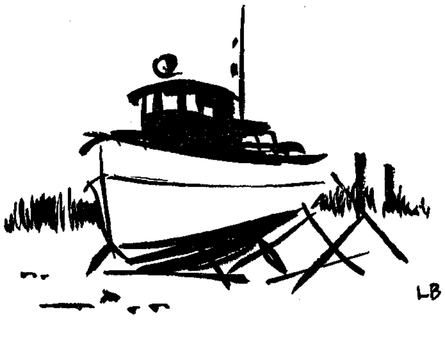
Juliana Markova—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in a program called "American Popular Songs from the 1890's to Now." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti and Mark Kaplan—Piano and violin, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 5, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

Orpheus Trio—Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 6, at 2.)



Fresk String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Karl Richter—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 2:30.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 3.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 6, at 6.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 8.)

Lynn Harrell and James Levine—Cello and piano, in an all-Schubert program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 6, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Festival of Winds—The third in a series of four concerts, this one performed by the New York Saxophone Quartet, with Bernard Hoffer, conductor; Charlotte Regni, soprano; and the American Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 7, at 8.)

Toshiya Eto—Violin. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Tuesday, March 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ruggiero Ricci—The first in a series of three recitals for unaccompanied violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 8, at 8.)

Sequoia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 8, at 8.)

Paige Brook—Flute, with Christine Whittlesey, soprano; Robert Levin, harpsichord; and a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of twentieth-century music, with John Wion, flute; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 11, at 8, and Sunday, March 13, at 5.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the Italian Renaissance courts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 11, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Frans Brueggen—Recorder, in a program of baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 12, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 12, at 8.)

Music from Stony Brook—A benefit concert performed by Bernard Greenhouse and Timothy Eddy, cello; Peter Wolf, harpsichord; Isidore Cohen, violin; John Graham, viola; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 12, at 8.)

New Structures Ensemble—Harvey Sollberger and Daniel Shulman conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Kurt Weill Chamber Music—A program commemorating the composer's seventy-seventh birthday, performed by Chrisselene Petropoulos, soprano; Alan Titus, baritone; and the Curtis Institute of Music Brass and String Ensembles. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, March 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Leon Kirchner Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Mr. Kirchner, conductor; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and the New York String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 9. at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, March 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Thursday, March 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Saturday, March 12, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, March 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, March 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Sunday, March 6, at 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Friday, March 11, at 8:05.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 2: Scott LeDoux vs. Pedro Soto, heavyweights; Harold Weston vs. Jimmy Heair, welterweights; Mike Rossman vs. Ray Anderson, light heavyweights; and Ronnie Harris vs. Ray Seales, middleweights, all 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8; main bouts at 10.). . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals.

Darts—United States Open Darts Championships. (Grand Ballroom, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Saturday and Sunday, March 12-13, at 10:30; the finals begin at 5 on Sunday. Tickets at the door.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Competition. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 12, at 2, and Sunday, March 13, at noon.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, March 3. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Cleveland Barons, Sunday, March 6. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, March 9. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, March 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, March 12, at 8:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Next Move Handicap, Saturday, March 5, and the Swift, Saturday, March 12. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19. The Native Dancer Handicap, Saturday, March 5.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Thursday, March 3, at 8: Derek Walcott reading from his own poetry. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 9, at 8: Jules Feiffer reading from his own plays and novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, March 11-12, noon to 7.

Park Avenue Antiques Fair—American and European furniture, paintings, silver, and other relics, including jewelry designed for Catherine the Great, plus miniature period room settings. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 9-12, from 12:30 to 9:30, and Sunday, March 13, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 5, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Friday, March 11, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—First league games here—Yankees vs. Milwaukee at Yankee Stadium, April 7, 9, and 10 (all day games). . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, at Shea Stadium, April 12-14 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 19 (Atlanta). March 22 (Milwaukee). March 26 (Washington). April 3 (Buffalo). April 5 (Boston). April 7 (Indiana). . . . ¶ The Nets at NASSAU COLISEUM: March 13 (Los Angeles). March 18 (Cleveland). March 20 (Philadelphia). March 23 (Kansas City). March 25 (Portland). April 1 (Indiana).

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 7-10.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on March 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, and 30, and April 3. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on March 19, 22, and 26, and April 2.

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 2.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championship. (Madison Square Garden. March 24-27.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 16. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 14. . . . ¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, March 20. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 21. . . . ¶ Carlo Bergonzi, tenor, March 27. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 27. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Symphony of the New World, March 13. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 13. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, March 17. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 10. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 20 and April 6. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, March 20. . . . ¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, March 21. . . . ¶ Boston Pops Orchestra, March 22. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 23-24. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, March 25-26. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and members of the Boston Symphony, March 27. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, March 27. . . . ¶ Czech State Orchestra, March 28. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, March 30. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, April 1. . . . ¶ Roger Wagner Chorale, April 2. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, April 7. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Seymour Wakschal, violin, March 13. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 15, 20, and 22, and April 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Municipal Concerts Orchestra, March 19. . . . ¶ Juliana Markova, piano, March 20. . . . ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, March 26. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, harpsichord, March 27. . . . ¶ Paul Olefsky, cello, March 27. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, April 2. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, April 4. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Ruggiero Ricci, violin, March 15 and April 5. . . . ¶ Beethoven at the Y, March 17. . . . ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, March 19. . . . ¶ Eugene List, piano, March 23. . . . ¶ I Solisti di Zagreb, March 26. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, March 28. . . . ¶ Ruth Laredo, piano, April 7. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Frans Brueggen, recorder, March 17. . . . ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord, March 25. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider, violin, and others, March 31. . . . ¶ Festival Winds, April 1. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Prague Chamber Orchestra, March 25. . . . ¶ Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, March 27.

Dance—Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, at the Uris Theatre, March 22-April 3. . . . ¶ Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, March 24-27.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Hal Holbrook in "Mark Twain Tonight!" his impersonation of the Missouri humorist, for a brief run. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," starring Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright. . . . ¶ A play by Michael Cristofer called "The Shadow Box," in which Patricia Elliott, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Laurence Luckinbill will appear. . . . ¶ Estelle Parsons, Eileen Heckart, and Rosemary Murphy in Paul Zindel's new play, "Ladies at the Alamo.". . . ¶ A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie;" Liv Ullmann, John Lithgow, Mary McCarty, and Robert Donley head the cast.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Thursday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 29-June 5. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 10. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1976 and estimates for 1977 are due Friday, April 15.

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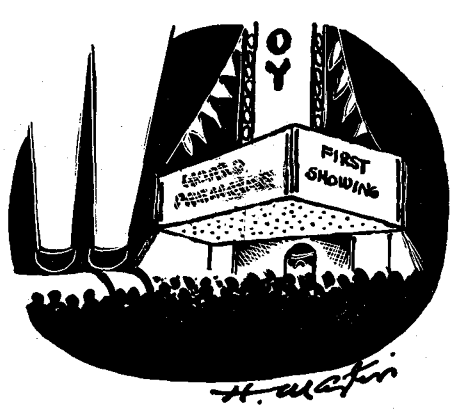
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 3: "Silver Streak."
From March 4: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 8: "Flesh Gordon" and "All Screwed Up."
From March 9: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Slap Shot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Network."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 8: "Twilight's Last Gleaming."
From March 9: "The Farmer."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Silver Streak."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Face to Face."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pumping Iron."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 9: "A Star Is Born."
From March 10: "Welcome to L.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 8: "Thieves."
From March 9: "Islands in the Stream."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Network."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through March 3: "The Town That Dreaded Sundown."
From March 4: "Sandstone" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?" (both X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"F for Fake."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 8: "The Sentinel."
From March 9: "Mohammad, Messenger of God."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 3: "The Cookies."
From March 4: "The Wonderful Crook."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 8: "Small Change."
From March 9: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Network."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Star Is Born."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Twilight's Last Gleaming."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 3: "The Cassandra Crossing."
From March 4: "Taxi Driver" and "Obsession."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Sentinel."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Silver Streak."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rocky."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"A Star Is Born."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Last Tycoon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Network."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: "The Marquise of O . . ." and "Claire's Knee."
Theatre 3: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 4: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 2: Theatre closed.
From March 3: "Mr. Billion."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 8: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."
From March 9: "Carrie" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"All the President's Men."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
To be announced.

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Network."
Theatre 2: "A Star Is Born."
Theatre 3: "Voyage of the Damned."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 5: "King of Hearts" and "Harry & Tonto."
From March 6: "Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 8: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."
From March 9: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and "Family Plot."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 2: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
March 3: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "A Clockwork Orange."
March 4: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Paths of Glory."
March 5: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "The Great Dictator."
March 6: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Modern Times."
March 7: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
March 8: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969), an avant-garde film by Ken Jacobs; and "The Three Ages." (†)
March 9: "Lancelot of the Lake" (†); and "Socrates" (1970), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.
March 10: "L'Atalante" (†); and "Lancelot of the Lake." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 2: "Un Type Comme Moi Ne Devrait Jamais Mourir" (1976), in French, directed by Michel Vianey, with Jean-Michel Folon and Francine Racette; and "Sept Morts sur Ordonnance" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Rouffio, with Michel Piccoli and Gérard Depardieu.
March 3: "Le Petit Marcel" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Fansten, with Jacques Spiesser and Isabelle Huppert; and "Noroit" (1976), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Geraldine Chaplin and Bernadette Lafont.
March 4: "La Bête Humaine" (†) and "Under the Roofs of Paris." (†)
March 5: "Stavisky" (†); and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated).
March 6: "Bonaparte" (1927, 1971), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Antonin Artaud and Mr. Gance.
March 7: "Nuit d'Or" (1976), in French, directed by Serge Moati, with Bernard Blier and Klaus Kinski; and "Demain les Momes" (1976), in French, directed by Jean Pourtalé, with Niels Arestrup and Brigitte Rouan.
March 8: "Moi Pierre Rivière Ayant Egorgé Ma Mère, Ma Soeur, Mon Frère" (1976), in French, directed by René Allio, with Claude Hébert and Jacqueline Millière; and "Juliette et l'Air du Temps" (1976), in French, directed by René Gilson, with Agnès Chateau and Jacques Zanetti.
March 9: "Le Petit Marcel" and "Noroit."
March 10: "Un Type Comme Moi Ne Devrait Jamais Mourir" and "Sept Morts sur Ordonnance."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 3: "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.
March 4-5: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "The Three Stooges Follies" (1974), excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties.
March 6-7: "The Gay Divorcée" (†); and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire.
March 8: "The Conversation" (†) and "Three Days of the Condor." (†)
March 9-10: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 4: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; "Slaughterhouse-Five" (†); "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).
March 5: "Lisztomania" (†) and "O Lucky Man!" (†)
March 6: "Camelot" (†); and "The Loves of Isadora" (1969), directed by Karel Reisz, with Vanessa Redgrave.
March 7-9: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975), directed by Miloš Forman,

with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Mr. Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick.

March 10: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 2: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant; and "Dirigible" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray.

March 3-5: "Platinum Blonde" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Mr. Welles.

March 6-7: "The Lady Is Willing" (†) and "Lady by Choice." (†)

March 8-9: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (†) and "The Whole Town's Talking." (†)

From March 10: "On the Waterfront" (†) and "The Wild One." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 8: "Pit of Loneliness" (1951), in French, directed by Jacqueline Audry, with Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon; and "The Children's Hour" (1962), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and James Garner.

From March 9: "Grey Gardens" (1976), directed by the Maysles brothers, with Edith Bouvier Beale and Edie Beale; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 3: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

March 4-5: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda; and "Weekend in Havana." (†)

March 6-7: "True Confession" (†) and "Made for Each Other." (†)

March 8-9: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†); "Death Kiss" (†); and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back." (†)

From March 10: "Cabin in the Sky" (†) and "Stormy Weather." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 3 at 2:30: "Hôtel du Nord" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Annabella, Arletty, Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Louis Jouvet; no English subtitles.... ¶ March 3 at 6: "Erotikon" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles.... ¶ March 3 at 8:30 and March 4 at 2:30: "Masterman" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation.... ¶ March 4 at 6: "Hôtel du Nord."... ¶ March 5 at noon: "Lilies of the Field" (1963), directed by Ralph Nelson, with Sidney Poitier and Lilia Skala.... ¶ March 5 at 2:30: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; English inter-titles.... ¶ March 5 at 5: "Erotikon."... ¶ March 6 at noon: "Lilies of the Field."... ¶ March 6 at 2:30: "The Parson's Widow" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer; simultaneous translation.... ¶ March 6 at 5: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook; and "Spies" (1928), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolf Klein-Rogge and Willy Fritsch; English inter-titles.... ¶ March 7 at noon: "Le Pink Grapefruit" (1976), directed by Lawrence Halprin; and "Antonio Gaudi" (1965), directed by Ira Latour.... ¶ March 7 at 2:30: "The Phantom Chariot."... ¶ March 7 at 6: "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1974), in French, directed by Jean Eustache; English subtitles.... ¶ March 8 at noon: "Le Pink Grapefruit" and "Antonio Gaudi."... ¶ March 8 at 2:30: "The Parson's Widow."... ¶ March 10 at 2:30: "Caravan" (1934), directed by Erik Charell, with Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, and Phillips Holmes.... ¶ March 10 at 6: "Love's Crucible" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation.... ¶ March 10 at 8:30: "Johan" (1921), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; simultaneous translation. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 3: A program of video films by Connell, Fox, and Fried. Showings at noon, 2, and 4.... ¶ Starting March 4: A program of video films by Holt, Jonas, Kaprow, Mann, and Nauman. Showings at 11:30, 1:45, and 4 (plus 6:45 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Anger, Snow, Keeler, Riefenstahl, Broughton, Peterson, Bresson, Cavalcanti, and others. Showings March 2 at 7 and 9; March 3 at 7 and 8:30; March 4 at 7 and 10; March 5 at 2:30, 7, and 10; March 6 at 8; March 8-9 at 7 and 9; and March 10 at 7.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 3-6: "Yesterday's Witness: A Tribute to the American Newsreel" (1975), directed by Christian Blackwood; and three short films.... ¶ Starting March 10: "A City at Chandigarh" (1966), directed by Alain Tanner; and "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1975), directed by Ismail Merchant. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Screwed Up (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 8.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors but perhaps too good-looking for a newsroom. Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. A carefully observant film about the process of catechizing, the manner of political casuistry, and the courage of uncelebrated and endangered people. (4/12/76) (Little Carnegie.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, with Jean Gabin driving the express on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare St.-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4.)

Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (1937)—John Barrymore, having a good time. His beautiful nose was so famous that when he puts on a false one, he's disguised enough to thwart the villains. With Louise Campbell. Directed by Louis King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8-9.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 10.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn. (Elgin; March 6.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Playboy; starting March 9.)

The Cassandra Crossing—With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O.J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster, and Ava Gardner; directed by George P. Cosmatos. (Loews Ciné; through March 3.)

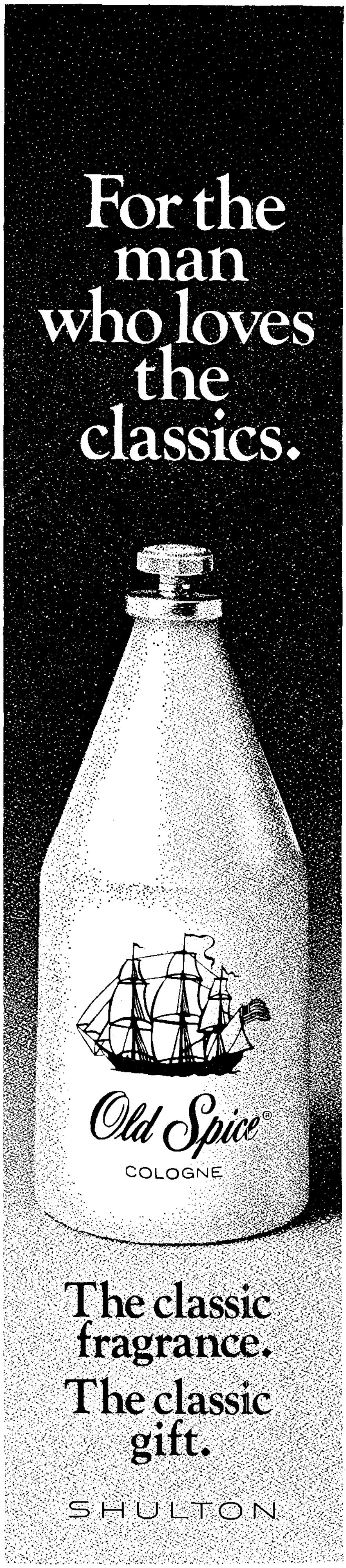
Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Cinema Village; March 8.)

The Cookies—With Jean-Pierre Marielle, directed by Joel Seria. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through March 3.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Death Kiss (1932)—The ultimate in forgettable



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murder mysteries. The cast (Bela Lugosi, Mona Maris, David Manners, Adrienne Ames, Vince Barnett) makes it sound promising, and so does the setting for the murder (a movie studio). But the script is a bummer, the direction by Edwin L. Marin is dismal, and Lugosi is given nothing to do. He glowers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8-9.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Fine Arts.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Olympia; starting March 9.)

The Farmer—With Gary Conway, Angel Tompkins, and Michael Dante; directed by David Berlatsky. (Eastside Cinema; starting March 9.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema I.)

F for Fake—Directed by, and with, Orson Welles. (D.W. Griffith.)

Flesh Gordon (1974)—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 8.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Loews Tower East.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Playboy; starting March 9.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Cinema Village; March 6-7.)

The Gracie Allen Murder Case (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version and Gracie thus made her first solo movie appearance.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, H. B. Warner, Horace MacMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8-9.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Cinema II.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (New Yorker; through March 5.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—In this scatterbrained fantasy, the soul of Joe Pendleton (Robert Montgomery), a contender for the heavyweight championship, arrives in the hereafter fifty years before the appointed time through the overzealousness of a Heavenly Messenger (Edward Everett Horton) who has snatched Pendleton from an airplane crash that he was supposed to survive. The problem of getting Joe back into mortal flesh so that he can win the championship is so acute that it's taken over by Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains), a high executive on the Other Side. The slickly hammy Rains gives Mr. Jordan a sinister gloss, as if he were involved in some heavenly racket, like smuggling Chinese; James Gleason has the contrastingly gruff-voiced role of the fighter's manager. There's too much metaphysical gabbing and a labored boy-gets-girl romance, but audiences loved this heavy chunk of whimsey (which is scheduled to be remade). Evelyn Keyes, Rita Johnson, John Emery, Donald MacBride, Halliwell Hobbes, and Benny Rubin. Alexander Hall directed; Sidney Buchman and Seton I. Miller adapted Harry Segall's play "Heaven Can Wait." (Regency; March 8-9.)

Islands in the Stream—With George C. Scott, Claire Bloom, and David Hemmings; directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Coronet; starting March 9.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (New Yorker; through March 5.)

Lady by Choice (1934)—An inexplicable resurrection. It's about the idylls and ideals of a fan-dancer, and May Robson and Walter Connolly turn up along the way. David Burton directed. (Regency; March 6-7.)

The Lady Is Willing (1942)—Marlene Dietrich, excruciatingly miscast, as an actress who adopts a baby and marries a pediatrician (Fred MacMurray); the baby has a mastoid operation just as she is opening in a new show. Hatted by John-Frederics, Dietrich simpers and suffers; every nuance is inane. Mitchell Leisen directed, in a spirit of hopelessness. (Regency; March 6-7.)

Lancelot of the Lake (1975)—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 9-10.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton.)

LISZTOMANIA (1975)—In a couple of sequences, it erupts successfully with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (11/24/75) (Elgin; March 5.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 6-7.)

THE MARQUISE OF O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (Quad Cinema.)

MR. BILLION—With Terence Hill, Valerie Perrine, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Music Hall; starting March 3.)

MOHAMMAD, MESSENGER OF GOD—With Anthony Quinn and Irene Papas, directed by Moustapha Akkad. (Columbia II; starting March 9.)

MOTHER KUSTERS GOES TO HEAVEN—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting March 6.)

NETWORK—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (34th St. East, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

OBSESSION—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma, enfeebled by echolalia. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. The ambiguity is a fake, and we know it. This is the difference between Hitchcock and De Palma. De Palma declines to give us the information that Hitchcock respects as necessary to audiences. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman called Courtland (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Is she restoring a Daddi? Pun? Because she is his daughter? Or is she his mysteriously renascent wife? Or is she a hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. The most interesting part of this picture is the relationship between Courtland, as a jumped-up Southerner, and his Old South partner, Robert La Salle, played by John Lithgow. (8/2/76) (Loews Ciné; starting March 4.)

O LUCKY MAN! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet; a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Elgin; March 5.)

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Regency; starting March 10.)

PROVIDENCE—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

PUMPING IRON—About the art and sport of body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza.)

ROCKY—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

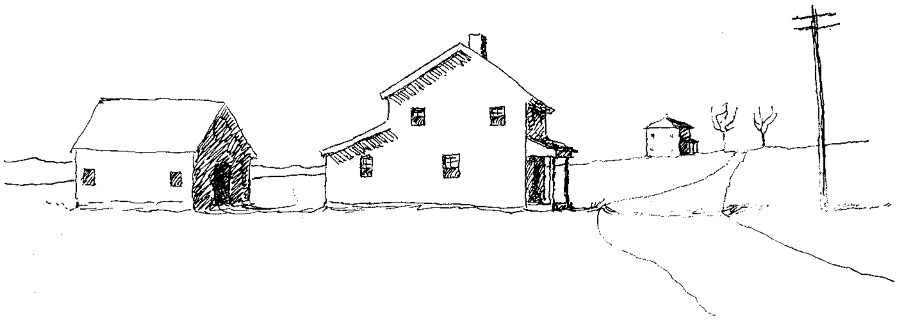
THE SENTINEL—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through March 8.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting March 9.)

SILVER STREAK—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double-entendres. (1/17/77) (Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Art; through March 3.)

SLAP SHOT—With Paul Newman and Michael Ontkean, directed by George Roy Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Beekman.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant



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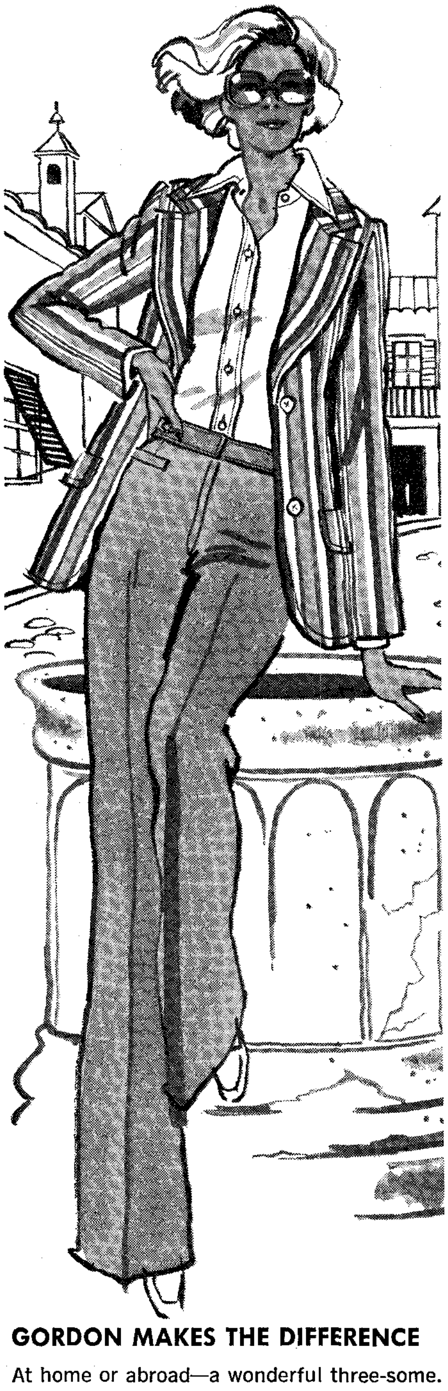

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; through March 4.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. (10/4/76) (In French, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema; and at the 72nd Street East, and Olympia, through March 8. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; through March 8.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (U.A. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Baronet; through March 9.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, and the great Nicholas Brothers. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 10.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. (10/27/75) (In French, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema; and at the Olympia, through March 8. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; through March 8.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Loews Ciné; starting March 4.)

Thieves—New York ghetto schoolteacher Marlo Thomas lectures her sell-out husband, Charles Grodin, about the glories of a mad, carefree existence—with full dedication to the underprivileged. The author, Herb Gardner (he also took over the direction from John Berry), specializes in the urban poetry of craziness; the characters don't talk—they make speeches, every one of them profound. Not a believable minute. (2/28/77) (Coronet; through March 8.)

The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Cinema Village; March 8.)

The Town That Dreaded Sundown—With Ben Johnson and Andrew Prine, directed by Charles B. Pierce. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through March 3.)

True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer-husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 6-7.)

Twilight's Last Gleaming—With Burt Lancaster, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 8.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 4-5.)

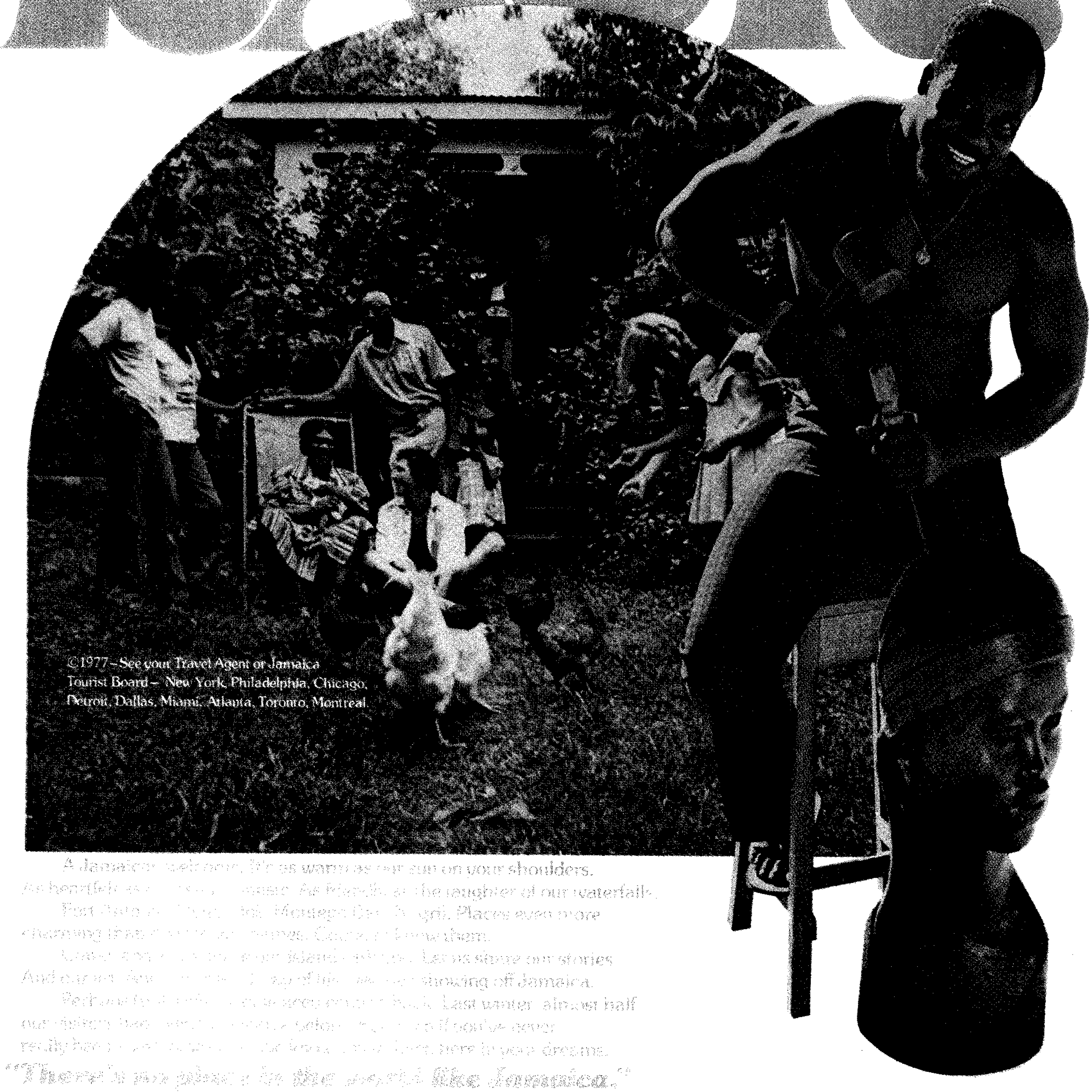
Welcome to L.A.—With Keith Carradine, Sally Kellerman, Geraldine Chaplin, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Baronet; starting March 10.)

The Whole Town's Talking (1935)—Early John Ford melodrama-comedy about a toughie girl called Bill (Jean Arthur) whom a mild clerk dotes on. Edward G. Robinson is in the picture in a double part, playing both the clerk and a twin-faced gangster. Like many of Ford's movies, the film sweetens the air with its lack of violence and its feeling for human detail. (Regency; March 8-9.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïvete and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Regency; starting March 10.)

The Wonderful Crook—With Gérard Depardieu and Marlene Jobert, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 4.)

WELCOME BACK.



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A Jamaican welcome. It's as warm as our sun on your shoulders. As heartfelt as [illegible] music. As friendly as the laughter of our waterfalls.

Port Antonio. [illegible] Montego Bay. Negril. Places even more charming than [illegible] names. Come get to know them.

[illegible] our island [illegible]. Let us share our stories. And our [illegible] way of life [illegible] showing off Jamaica.

Perhaps [illegible] back. Last winter almost half our visitors had [illegible] before. [illegible] if you've never really been [illegible] here in your dreams.

"There's no place in the world like Jamaica."

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THE
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

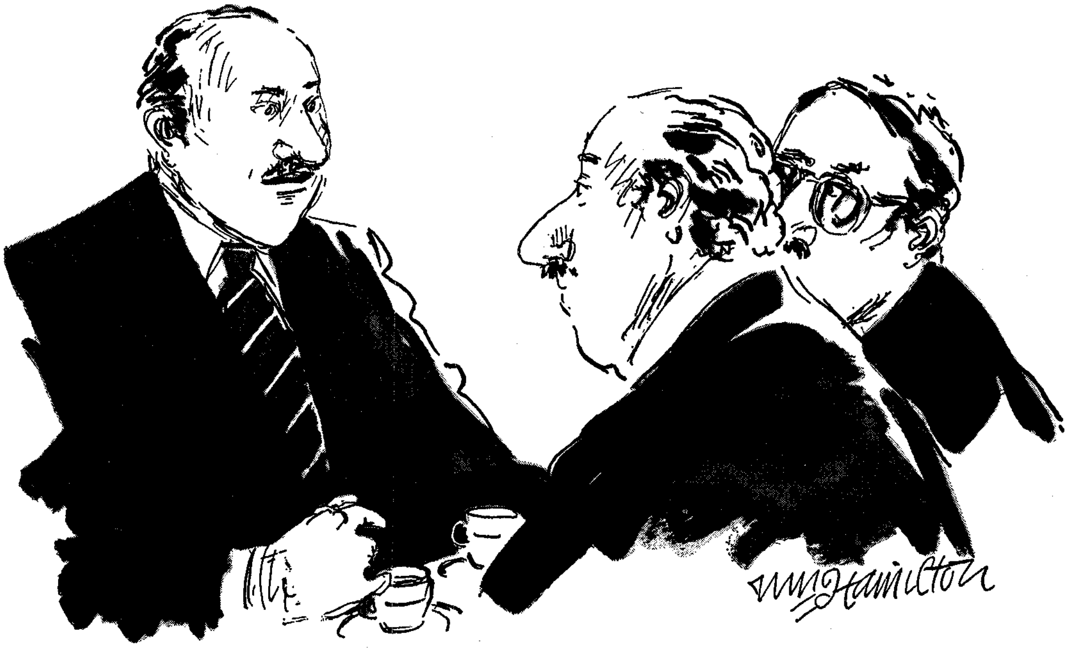
A FRIEND of ours writes as follows:

We all have our ways of placating the betrayed past as we ease into the future. For example, when television first became popular, my grandfather, who was not short of cash, and whose life was devoted to pleasing the eye, chose instead of buying a television set to accept a castoff that had a bullet hole in the middle of the thick glass which covers the screen. It was a neat hole, with a halo of tiny, cobwebby cracks. One could not look at this set without imagining the scene in which someone had picked up a gun and fired at it. No program that one might watch on this television could compete with that scene. The bullet hole made everything that appeared on the set look insipid, if not ludicrous—as in the case of newscasters and heroines, who carried on unaware that they had a hole in the head. It also gave the set itself, whether it was turned on or off, an aura of deep disgrace. Sometime in the past, the set had committed an unpardonable offense, and though it had survived, it was doomed to carry an advertisement of its own outrageousness forever. On these terms, my grandparents and I accommodated ourselves to the age of television.

A more recent example concerns the gift of a Cuisinart to my friend Constance. A Cuisinart, as you may know, is a slick, very expensive modern kitchen appliance that cuts up vegetables at an unbelievable speed. It cuts up vegetables so fast that it makes people feel silly. A hollow plastic cylinder protrudes from the flat plastic lid of a rounded clear-plastic container that sits on the base. If you put some carrots in the cylinder and press lightly on a little plastic presser, the carrots are in thin slices splattered around the bottom of the container. Instantly. The carrots are whole and on top; the carrots are somewhere else all sliced up. It's irrational. There is no transition, no reassuring connectedness of cause and effect. The experience reminds me of the passage in Muriel Spark's novel "Robinson" in which the heroine goes into somebody's study while he is away. Feeling a little nervous, not knowing what she is doing there, she picks up his eyeglasses and idly puts them on—whereupon all the books fly out of the bookcase. The reader's inference that the books' flying out of the bookcase had something to do with the spectacles—actually, there had been an earthquake at that very moment—has several names. I like to call it the Fallacy of Concomitant Variations. The action of the Cuisinart upon the carrots makes one feel like a dupe of the Fallacy of Concomitant Variations. The fact that it is not an illusion only renders it more shocking to the common sense of a person who has not become hardened to it.

The rude efficiency of the Cuisinart was one reason Constance resisted admitting it into her home. A second reason was that, as its name suggests, the machine is associated with a racy, urban, sophisticated kind of cooking, and Constance, harking back to a country childhood, has always favored a cozy kind of cooking. Actually, she confided to me, she would prefer a KitchenAid. An old-fashioned KitchenAid electric mixer. There was one in her grandmother's kitchen; it had been there for years, and there had never been a thing wrong with it. "I like to bake," said Constance—militantly, because she was under growing pressure from her boyfriend, who likes racy cooking, to accept the Cuisinart. He had lined up a string of Cuisinart lobbyists, one of whom, a new owner, had raved repeatedly about something she had made in the machine called "duxelles." Constance spoke the word with scorn. "It's some kind of mushroom butter," she said. "What are you supposed to do with a thing like that?" Her boyfriend said he had heard that it was wonderful for "stretching eggs." Constance hooted, and said, "That certainly sounds economical." The duxelles person, sensing that she was not making headway, had also told ecstatically of how she had used the Cuisinart to make cupcakes. This had served only to further reinforce Constance's opinion of the Cuisinart as ridiculous. "You don't have to pay two hundred and twenty-five dollars to make cupcakes," she said. "You can make cupcakes in anything."

The next time I visited Constance, she took me immediately to her kitchen. Without consulting her, her boyfriend had gone to pick up the Cuisinart, and, knowing that it was the only condition under which she would accept it, had at the same time bought a KitchenAid. The two machines stood side by side, taking up two-thirds of her counter space. Alone, either would have been neutral and fairly uninteresting, but in conjunction they summoned up a silent, uncompromising war between two entirely different worlds. The KitchenAid reminded one of a nineteen-forties Oldsmobile. It was heavy and rounded, at once motherly and powerful-looking, its shape serenely functional and suggesting a long term of service. It had a quality of modesty and dutifulness, of readiness to go to work but only when asked. In comparison, the Cuisinart looked vain, high-strung, and predatory, and much too eager to prove how smart it was. Those few parts of it whose shape followed their function, such as the plastic cylinder on top, were dinky, giving it an air of here today and gone tomorrow. The heavy base exuded power, but, perhaps because of the lightness of the parts on top, it was a willful, unbalanced kind of power. It



"Boy, could I ever use a questionable payment about now!"

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gave no sign of loyalty. Clearly, it would as soon chop up you as your mushrooms. The KitchenAid made you think of roomy country houses, of the smell of something baking in the afternoon, of coming in out of the snow, of children. It made you think of cooking as generosity, as an integral part of a texture. It made you think of families. The Cuisinart did not make you think of families. It reminded you of clever, unencumbered adults whose conversation is as swift and sharp as its light blades. It suggested not comfort but competition. Especially after you had seen it work, it made you feel as though you had better watch out and hurry. And it made you think of cooking not as part of a texture but as a hedonistic obsession. The KitchenAid projected a sense of proportion in life, the Cuisinart a kind of disproportion in which the importance of some things becomes crazily magnified while others completely disappear.

In short, the KitchenAid humiliates the Cuisinart. Though the Cuisinart would seem blameless alone, next to the nobility of the KitchenAid it acquires all the bad qualities with which it is associated in Constance's mind. In this way, it is put in its place. Perhaps the same effect could have been achieved by shooting it, but Constance does not own a gun, and, besides, it might not survive. For the fact is that, like television, the Cuisinart does have its uses. The actual value of the KitchenAid, on the other hand, turns out to be more symbolic than functional. As Constance wistfully puts it, "there's something pointless about baking for two—so much is left over." If you want my opinion, neither machine belongs in her kitchen, which is small for such an intense and ongoing drama and really does not have much to do with the issues in any event. Her apartment is not a farmhouse, and it is not a Beverly Hills ranch, either. Nor is it a French restaurant. But one does not always have a choice in these matters.

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Lecture

MARGARET MEAD, the anthropologist, spoke on "Keeping in Step with the Future" in the auditorium of the American Museum of Natural History the other Sunday and attracted a crowd of more than a thousand, some of whose members looked about twelve years old and some a good deal older than Dr. Mead, who is seventy-five. Dr. Mead was wearing a navy-blue dress with a matching jacket and black open-toed shoes, and when she sat down at a table onstage and began to talk she sounded just as impressively polymathic as ever. Among other things, she discussed museums, stones, stuffed birds, cave paintings, Cro-Magnon man, children, parents, grandparents, dinosaurs, whales, the possibility of life in outer space, education, the youth revolution of the nineteen-sixties, the oneness of the human species, pollution, the ground, the sea, the air, the stratosphere, evolution, growing up in New Guinea, relations between the sexes, the nuclear family, communes, group living, and the fragmentation of communities. One of the most engaging things she said, we thought, was that if some of our spacecraft should leave the solar system and zoom past inhabited planets, then earth would have inflicted UFOs on other civilizations.

After Dr. Mead had answered questions from the audience and received a standing ovation, we joined her as she walked through the auditorium on her way to an informal reception that was to be held upstairs. We remarked that the walking stick she was carrying, which was about four and a half feet long, with a forked upper end, looked like a divining rod.

She shook her head, saying, "Some people confuse it with a divining rod, but they are misled by its V-ness. In a divining rod, the V is bigger, because you'd have to hold it by the two forked parts, so that the other part could move up and down as you walked along. Dowsing is a fact, you know."

We said we'd never been too sure about that.

"Oh, yes," she said. "There are people who can dowse, because they have a greater sensitivity to the changes within the physical world. Some people can do it and some people can't."

Dr. Mead paused to give a few autographs, and as she continued toward the rear of the auditorium, we asked her what she thought of the present state of things in general. "Well, this is a stressful period," she said. "And consciousness itself is stressful. If you go back and make a chronological statement of what was happening in the world a thousand years ago, you find that a lot of awful things were happening. But the people in one place didn't know that they were happening in another. Now we know a very large proportion of the things that are happening. They impinge on us all the time. But one reason I'm able to remain optimistic about what the human race is going to be capable of is that I have seen people move so rapidly. I mean, there are very few people in the world who have seen the kind of change that I have—have actually seen it with their own eyes. I know it can happen. I know it in my bones. I'm not *completely* optimistic, of course. I want us to do something about this nuclear threat, or we're not going to be here.

But I have seen the children of headhunters and cannibals becoming doctors and lawyers and dealing with complex mathematical and philosophical questions and walking around with 'The Oxford Book of English Verse.' ”

A woman rushed up and cried, “Dr. Mead! Dr. Mead! I've got to tell you something. You were responsible for my marriage. Thirty years ago, you spoke at the University of Denver. My family had been opposed to my marrying this man, but after I heard you speak I knew that I wanted to marry him, and I did, and I owe it all to you!”

“Are you still married to him?” Dr. Mead asked.

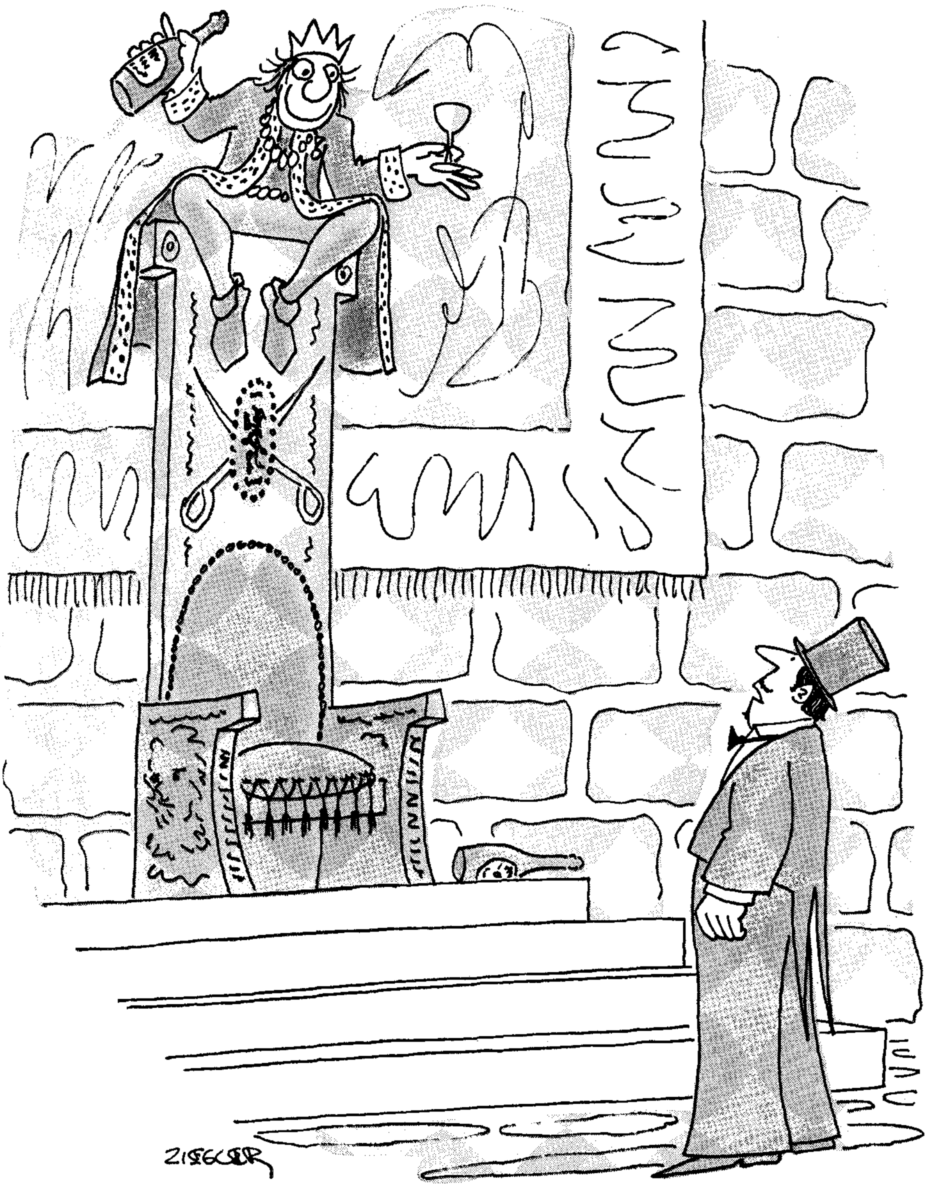
“Yes,” the woman said.

“Good,” said Dr. Mead, and she walked on, smiling.

Faces

WE stopped by the public lobby of the United Nations General Assembly Building one recent morning to attend the opening of a photographic exhibit called “The Great American Face.” The particular faces on display were there because they had won a photography contest begun a year and a half ago, the idea of which was to assemble an entire family of great American faces. The show contains the photographs of forty-eight Americans, all of whom have great faces, and twelve of whom, according to the judges, have the greatest. These twelve people are also the subjects of photo essays by Arnold Newman, the portrait photographer, which make up a large part of the exhibit. The owners of seven of the greatest faces—the Great American Grandfather, Grandmother, Father, Teen-Age Girl, Pre-Teen Boy, Baby Girl, and Baby Boy—were actually present in the lobby. (Missing were the Great American Mother, Teen-Age Boy, Pre-Teen Girl, Young Adult Male, and Young Adult Female.) That made the event resemble something that has come to be thought of as performance art, although in this case most of the performances were rather restrained. John Dorian, the Great American Grandfather and the possessor of a spectacular white handlebar mustache, performed with the least restraint. After two hours at the U.N., all the Great American Face people went to the World Trade Center for lunch. There Mr. Dorian serenaded his companions with Greek and Turkish songs. Then he dozed off. Mr. Dorian really should be at the U.N. all the time. He told us that, in addition to Greek and Turkish, he speaks Armenian, French, Italian, Spanish, and “some English.” To certify his grandfatherhood and his greatness, he had brought along four of his grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Some of his descendants hadn't seen him for a while, because a year or so ago Mr. Dorian, who was a chief mate in the merchant marine and later spent eleven years working on tugs and ferries in New York Harbor, went to live with one of his daughters, in Poway, California, near San Diego. Life there apparently agrees with him, for he pointed out a California state-flag pin on the jacket lapel of his three-piece blue suit.

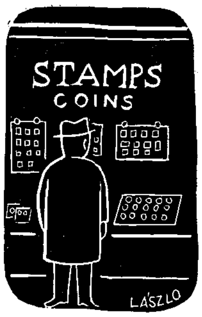
The Great American Faces, although more than a few of them look as if they had been ordered from Central Casting, actually come from all over the country. For instance, in the Great American Grandmother division, Keziah Patterson, of Marshalltown, Iowa, narrowly outpointed Maude Eberts, of Eureka, Kansas. Selecting winners must have been tough on the judges, but, having met Mrs. Patterson, we agree that she was a sound choice. When we approached her, she was involved in a polite conversation about the New York weather with some people from the Kinney Shoe Corporation, which sponsored the photography contest. Mrs. Patterson continued that thread with us. “It's been awfully cold in Iowa this winter, but we haven't had enough snow,” she said. “I'm worried about my red-raspberry bushes. Also, the alfalfa crop has been hurt, because there wasn't really any snow cover when the cold came, and alfalfa's like strawberries—if the ground freezes and then thaws enough times, the roots will break.” Mrs. Patterson, a widow of seventy-seven, used to operate a dairy farm with her husband, and now she owns a small flock of sheep. Arnold Newman's work shows her during



“But the people, Your Majesty! The people are not happy.”

a fairly typical day: embroidering a quilt; eating lunch with her son, Duane, and her "adopted grandson," Mr. Keith Briggs; carrying a covered dish to a church supper and chatting with her close friend, Billie Huston. The portrait of Mrs. Patterson that won the contest was taken by Mr. Briggs, a Quaker minister who free-lances as a photographer for the Marshalltown *Times-Republican*. He, too, was at the opening of the show, and he told us his technique for photographing a great American face. "Well, I just went and knocked on her door one day," he said. "I was working as an extension agent with the 4-H Clubs then, and Mrs. Patterson had some extra land on her farm that we wanted to use as a vegetable garden. I introduced myself and said what I wanted. I told her, 'I don't want to be pushy. Take your time thinking about it. I can give you a reference, if you like.' And she said yes, and my wife and I became her friends, and then her 'adopted grandchildren.' Then, eventually, I took her picture." Mr. Briggs caught Mrs. Patterson just right: her smile (plenty of teeth), her rimless eyeglasses, her short white hair (kept under a hairnet), and the wrinkles that a seventy-seven-year-old woman is entitled to.

Having the owners of so many great American faces present in one room offered several press photographers a chance to play with a broad range of permutations; e.g., Great American Baby Boy with Great American Father, and Great American Baby Girl with Great American Teen-Age Girl. Jason Jardine, the Great American Pre-Teen Boy, got fed up with the whole thing fairly quickly and spent the morning bending over, punching his forehead with the heel of his palm, and telling his parents that it was time for lunch. At one point, Mrs. Patterson stood in front of her portrait as someone from the Associated Press snapped away. "I'm not hungry, I'm just a bit tired of standing," she said. "And, actually, I'm not even tired of standing. I'm just tired of standing and having my picture taken."



Bull

DR. ROBERT GALE, the United States Department of Agriculture veterinarian who serves the special needs of wayfarers at the Animalport, at Kennedy Airport, run by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, now has on file an official account of the events surrounding the recent escape and recapture of Gallagher's Pioneer, an eight-hundred-pound Aberdeen Angus bull. Gallagher's Pioneer has since been expatriated to France. The official account, a dispassionate report handwritten by John Schneider, who is an attendant at the Animalport, is printed in its entirety below. In his statement, Mr. Schneider does not assign specific blame for what has come to be known as "the loose-bull incident." However, he has told us privately that nothing unplanned would have happened if Gallagher's Pioneer had been equipped with a proper nose ring. Kevin O'Bryan, the foreman of Gallagher's Angus Farm, in Ghent, New York, where Gallagher's Pioneer was born, last May 6th, disputes this conclusion. On Wednesday, February 9th, just before loading the bull into a trailer for the ride to J.F.K., Mr. O'Bryan personally removed Gallagher's Pioneer's nose ring. At that point, a well-plotted scenario called for the bull to board a cargo plane the next day to fly to France for the Salon International de l'Agriculture—where G.P., a perfect all-black specimen, is in fact at this moment trying his best to represent all Angus cattle everywhere. The getting there, however, was a bit of a problem.

Historically, French people who have bothered to think about it have thought rather lightly of American Angus cattle, but Jerry Brody and the American Angus Association would like to change that. Mr. Brody, a member of the association, owns Gallagher's Steak House, on West Fifty-second Street; the Oyster Bar & Restaurant at Grand Central Terminal; Gallagher's Angus Farm; and sixty-three registered Angus bulls, cows, and calves. The pride of this herd is Manhattan Gal, who was named Supreme Champion at the American Angus Breeders' Futurity in Louisville last summer and Grand Champion Female at both the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City last fall and the National Western Stock Show in Denver a couple of months ago. Mr. Brody was feeling sanguine about his career as a cattleman until the loose-bull incident intruded. "Everything was all set," Mr. Brody explained to us the other day. "Kevin O'Bryan brought the trailer with the bull down from the farm on Wednesday, and while he was on his way I talked with a guy on the phone who told me that Seaboard World Airlines, the cargo airline that the bull was supposed to fly on, had a strike in Paris. All flights were landing in Frankfurt or Amsterdam and trucking to Paris. I said, 'We can't do that. He'll never clear all the paperwork in either of those places in time to get to Paris.' This bull had just spent *thirty-four days* in quarantine. Kevin left him at the A.S.P.C.A. place, and I arranged for the bull to fly with Air France on a Friday-night cargo flight. Then, on Friday night, the bull's halter came off. The bull got loose."

We take you quickly to John Schneider's statement:

Date: February 11, 1977
Time: 6:15 p.m.
Where: A.S.P.C.A. Garage
Subject: Bull handling while trying to load

At or around 6:15 p.m. found that the halter was not on the bull. Mr [Harvey] Coates [livestock transporter] asked horse groom, name unknown, to put it on. Said he would try. Try he did. Had only partial success. Got halter only around neck. Gave up after 15 minutes.

At or around 6:30 p.m. Mr. [Alex] Nichols [horse transporter] and Walter [Walter Wylie, horse handler] and 2 unidentified men tried to put halter on. Had only partial success, before bull got out of stall. Halter was around neck only. For the next ½-hour they tried to get the bull back into his stall. Could not do it, so we left him in the garage to calm down. About 15 minutes later they tried again, and after about 5 minutes they got the bull to go back in his stall.

John P. Schneider

Kevin O'Bryan's reaction: "They tried to put the halter on all wrong. They tried to put it on the neck instead of the head. Then, once they let him out of his stall, they decided they couldn't load him that night. They called up and said, 'We can't load him without you.' So I had to go to Columbia County Airport and fly down to J.F.K. Saturday night to put on the halter. By the time I got there, Dr. Gale had managed to get the halter on, and all I had to do was give the bull a tranquillizer. Unfortunately, by then the word's all the way to France that Gallagher's Pioneer has a poor disposition. The fact is, he's a victim of circumstance. Anyone who's had proper experience working with cattle would have known how to fit on that halter. That nose ring was not the problem. He doesn't need the nose ring to help him behave. I took the nose ring out so he could eat and drink. He just needs to be treated reasonably. By the time I got down to New York and flew back to the farm,

"*Well, today I dreamed the impossible dream, and it was impossible, all right.*"

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I wondered if we were doing the right thing trying to send that bull to Paris. I wondered if somebody wasn't against us, or something."

And now Mr. Brody continues the saga: "So the bull can't fly out Friday night. Meanwhile, while Kevin is flying down Saturday to put on the halter, the people at Air France decide that they're going to end up with an unruly bull on their hands, and they say we need to send an attendant with the bull to Paris. Now, this is a cargo flight, so I say, 'What are you going to do—make someone sleep on a mattress down in the cargo hatch next to the bull?' Air France says, 'Oh, no, this is a 747. The chaperon sits in the lounge, gets free drinks, everything.' Meanwhile, the shipping charges have tripled, so I begin to have second thoughts about the whole thing, and decide to put the bull back in the A.S.P.C.A. shelter for the night. The next thing we heard was that the Seaboard cargo handlers in Paris had ended their strike, so we made a reservation with them on a Tuesday flight. All day Monday, I'm on the phone again, talking with the people from Cofranimex, a French livestock-import-export firm. This has blown up by now into an international incident. They say, 'Your bull is too dangerous. We refuse him.' I told him it wasn't the bull's fault, and they were willing to reconsider. I might add that the guy from Cofranimex is personally a bit peeved, because he's already shown up at the airport three times to meet the bull and the bull hasn't landed yet. Next, a Department of Agriculture man in Washington calls me and says, 'Should we go through with this? The French have got us in a position where they can say, "We told you so. Your Angus bull's no doggone good."' So what we decided to do was compromise and have the U.S. agricultural attaché meet the bull when he landed in Paris. The poor bull finally left at ten o'clock in the morning on Tuesday and didn't end up landing in Paris until three the next morning. Despite all that, the last we heard, he was doing just fine."

A few final thoughts from John Rivera, foreman, Animalport: "Having a bull out here is a rare thing. I didn't see this one get loose, but I heard he was a real tiger. This is an animal-hotel-motel facility. I remember the time we had thirty cobras, but lately, with the wildlife-protection regulations, it's mainly dogs and cats, and a lot of monkeys. We had six elephants once. They stayed a long time—I'd say a good month and change. They got so used to this place I could open up both garage doors to take them for exercise and they knew which way to go. They wouldn't try to run away. Then we had Oliver, the half-man, half-ape—you know, the missing link. He looked like an overgrown chimp to me, but he actually rode in the passenger section of the plane when he flew. If he could do that, I don't know why they had to bring him here. I guess the government makes all sorts of V.I.P. arrangements. Our job here is to see to it that there is no act of cruelty to an animal. I won't move certain animals without talking first to their handlers. Bulls are special. With a bull, you got to know what you're doing."

FREE AND CLEAR

MIKE took his vacation upstate in May, right after the mud season. It was a small change, but it counted to him. For the last five years, he'd lived on schedule—two years behind a desk in Fort Myer, then three in New York City, working in the distribution department of a film company. Every August he went to his grandparents' house near Hoosick Falls and returned to work the Tuesday after Labor Day. "Business," he would sing on his way to work, "business ain't nothin' but the blues."

This vacation, Mike brought his guitar, and he intended to rearrange some of his old songs. He was trying to put an act together and was planning a first album. During college, he had performed in some clubs in Boston. Just before he was drafted, he had been trying to get work singing in the Village. It was now so long since he'd performed in public or finished a song to his satisfaction that he didn't tell people he was a singer and songwriter. People in New York knew him as amiable enough, content to float or rise with no more volition than a helium balloon.

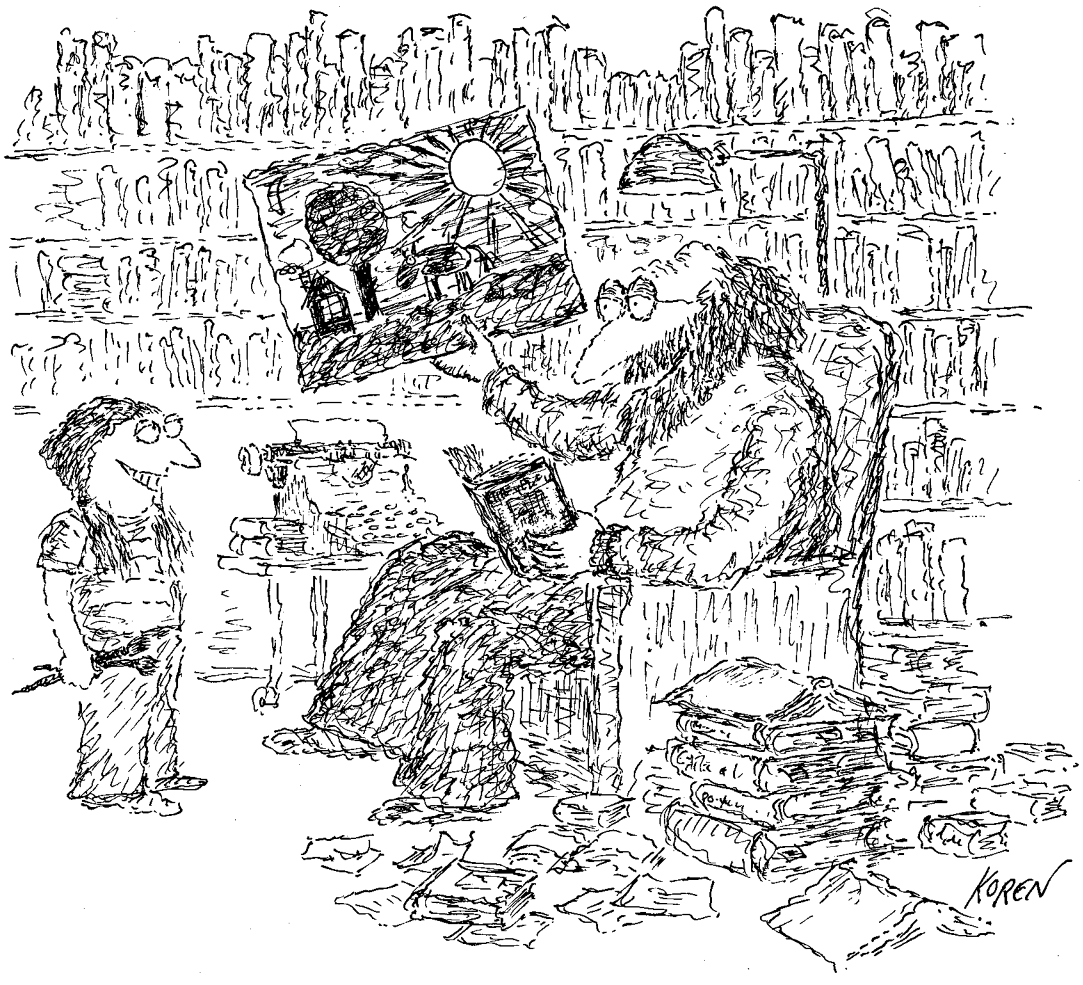
He'd spent every summer of his childhood in his grandparents' house, and the happiest Christmas and Thanksgiving holidays. From the time he was five, he had taken the bus by himself to Bennington. His grandfather, D.C., would meet him there and drive him back to the house, which always looked the same to Mike. In the past year, D.C. and Mary had become ill. She died in August and D.C. in February. Mike visited them both in the hospital in Troy, but he missed D.C. at the end. He wanted to be there, but no one called him until it was too late. He was only in New York City, he told D.C.'s lawyer after the funeral. Mike wanted to emphasize both that it was only four hours away and he could have been there and that it was too late now and all could be forgiven. The lawyer replied that it was none of his affair where Mike had been.

His grandparents left him the house and land, and every last one of their possessions, including D.C.'s collection. They hadn't told him they would do that, and Mike wondered if he would have said yes or no if they'd asked. A real-estate broker came by the first day Mike was there and urged him to sell while the market was good. Each time Mike drove into town, he slowed down to glance over at the cemetery. He didn't adorn their graves with bunches of flowers or potted plants. He didn't set a plastic wreath against their stone. He went once to see that the stone was all right, but he didn't stay long.

His parents were retired in Arizona. They wrote Mike a letter telling him to be careful around real-estate people. They asked him to ship them his grandmother's rocker. His father added the postscript: *Real estate is a steady investment but it has its costs.* Mike meant to write a song from his father's advice, but he hadn't gotten around to it yet. He doubted anyway that he could cram it all into one song.

THE house was chilled and a little damp; the furnace had been shut off for weeks and it would be summer before the house was dry. When Mike first walked in, he put down his guitar and suitcase and, out of habit, went straight to the kitchen. The room was clean, and when Mike checked the refrigerator he saw that it was empty. Someone had thrown away all the half-finished jars of jam, chutney, and pickles Mary used to take out for lunches at the bleached wood table. He noticed a photograph, tacked up on the wall by the stove so long before that its edges curled over the thumbtacks. He took it down and looked at the back. In his grandmother's handwriting: *Mike as a Cowboy*, and the date, an August day twenty years before. In the photo he stood, one hand steadying his two-wheeler, streamers hanging from the handlebars. He wore a cowboy vest over his plain shirt and jeans, and a toy gunbelt hung from one hip. He was squinting into the camera, starting to form the lines now definite around his eyes. Behind him there was a white picket fence and, propped against the fence, the skull of a cow. Mike had a memory of D.C. calling out to him, "Hold it right there," and of Mary tacking up the picture, but he felt no connection with that serious boy, holding so stiffly to the handlebars.

The first night, he went around to the back of the house where his grandfather kept his tools. He found a hammer and some nails. The toolroom looked and smelled as if cats had been in it, and the tools were scattered with terra-cotta pots on the floor. The



"Alexandra, you possess a very large talent."

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE

• •

light was out in the toolroom, so Mike straightened up by moonlight. He stepped outside and listened to the spring night. There were some sounds missing. The chickens were gone. Mike couldn't remember if D.C. had given them away or sold them, or if he'd mentioned them at all. People in the city forget how noisy the country is, he thought. The storm windows were still up in the house, and if he left the door open for the night air mosquitoes would consume him. He took the hammer and the nails he'd found back into the house. He drove two nails into the parlor wall, side by side, and hung his guitar by its embroidered strap. He stepped back to see how it looked on the wall. Here was the house he now owned, there was his guitar on the wall, and no one to ask if it was all right to have put it there. He felt a small guilt at his act, but in the morning it reassured him to see the guitar.

In Mary's time, the downstairs had been kept dark. Every spring, she applied a fresh coat of varnish to the floors of the parlor and the dining room, and to the woodwork in each of those rooms. In the middle of the dining room was a round oak table, at which Mike sat the second morning he was there. He tried to compose a postcard to a woman he'd been seeing in the city. He'd met her three weeks before at a party on a Circle Line boat trip around Manhattan. The gaiety of their meeting hadn't been matched since, and when he tried to write that it was great here and would she like to come for a weekend—"I'll pick you up at the bus"—it didn't sound right. He couldn't imagine being with her for Friday night, Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday. They dated in urban parcels of time, and over the long stretch of a weekend they might have nothing to say. He put his attempts at postcards in the middle of the table and left them there. He recalled a terrarium his grandmother had made, and he went into the parlor, found it, and set the terrarium on top of the postcards. The terrarium contained several specimens of cactus, set in sand. Mary kept the top sealed with a piece of domed glass that magnified the green and silvery plants. When the dome caught what little light entered the dining room, the terrarium glowed and Mike thought that dawn in the desert must look like that.

In the next few days, Mike went through old letters his grandmother had saved and he threw away many of them. Others he didn't know what to do with: those congratulating Mary on a birthday or anniversary, those condoling with her for the death of her eldest son, killed in the Second World War, and for the loss of her father, mother, and two sisters, killed in a car accident in Florida one winter. There was a picture of the son on top of the piano, where it always had been. Mary and D.C. had stood by Mike when he decided to try for noncombatant status in the Army. He didn't believe they had respected him for it or had even listened very carefully as he explained that the war in Vietnam was a different kind of war and required a different response. They stood by him because it was the right thing for them to do, and he had accepted that as good enough. He stopped talking about the war.

It didn't seem right to Mike to throw away the letters Mary had saved, but he didn't want them. He imagined sending them to his mother. It was her dead brother, her aunts and grandparents, but he didn't kid himself that she would appreciate his gesture or that he would ever hear the end of it. He wouldn't have the energy in a million years to put together a package of the letters, much less take the package to Hoosick Falls and mail it. So he made a bundle with the same string Mary had used and he put the letters back in the desk in the parlor.

EVERY morning, Mike mowed the lawn, extending it another foot or so into the fields that surrounded the house. In the evenings, he sat on the porch and played his guitar and thought about the house. He thought that if he kept the place he would sand the floors of all those layers of varnish. He would strip the woodwork and wax it with paste wax. He would steam off the wallpaper and paint the plaster behind it. But when morning came again Mike changed his mind. He was used to the old patterns on the wallpaper. He remembered how cool the dark floors kept the parlor in summer and how formal at Christmas.

Having gone through Mary's letters, he turned to D.C.'s collection. When Mike was a boy, there were several small rooms upstairs. In recent years, D.C. had decided to make a public museum of his collection. He wrote a letter to Mike's father saying that the location was perfect, smack between the horse-racing museum in Saratoga and the art museum in Williamstown. He'd knocked down most of the walls upstairs, leaving one room for Mike when he visited. In the middle of the large space, he set a table that ran the length of the room, and there he laid out the shoeboxes and display cases that contained his collection, which included the planes and trains he'd carved while recovering from a wound received at the end of the First World War. Each model was labelled: *Carved by D. C. Welch while confined to hospital Albany New York.* There were also pearl buttons and tobacco tins, harmonicas and kazoos, stuffed birds, can openers, nineteenth-century safety pins and toothbrushes, arrowheads, crushed bullets, a jar of pencil ends, glass from an early Coke bottle, and a piece of a Greek temple. During Mike's childhood summers, D.C. took him to the battlegrounds near Schuylerville and Bennington to dig for relics of the Revolution. They found one belt buckle and wanted to find a smashed human bone but never did. Now everything in the collection had a number painted on it in white. The number corresponded to an entry in the large ledger that sat on the desk at the doorway of the room. The first page read: *Miniature Museum.*

If he were to keep the house, Mike thought, he could just write off the upstairs. He couldn't dispose of the collection and certainly couldn't move it. His father had always laughed at D.C.'s collection—laughs that ended in a bitter snort, as if D.C. were taking something away from him by collecting all those little things. His third year in college, Mike had written one song about the museum and another about the expeditions to the battlegrounds. If he ever made an album, he'd like a picture of the museum room on the record jacket.

For the present, his problem was that everything in the museum was dusty and fragile. He cleared away the dust on top of the closed boxes with a feather duster, but when he tried to brush off some nineteenth-century beadwork, the piece popped in his hand, and the crystal beads spelling "Roses" sprayed all over the floor. He also ruined one model plane. The old balsa was so brittle he had barely touched it when half a wing fell off. He did all right with pieces of famous rocks—Mt. Rushmore and the Blarney Stone—but he lost the skin of a piece of birch bark from Robert Frost's woods over in South Shaftsbury. If he kept the house, he thought, he would have to do something about the collection. If he kept the house and moved into it—if he gave up his job in New York and tried to live off savings and odd work—he could dust it every day. Perhaps he would get some songs written if he lived in the house.

HIS grandfather's friend Arvid Karlssen came by one evening after work. He came at around the same time D.C. used to drive in from Eagle Bridge Machine & Tool, and Arvid's Chevy looked a little like the one D.C. used to drive. But Arvid looked nothing like Mike's beanpole grandfather. Dark and squat, Arvid walked like an athlete or a sailor, like someone testing the ground. Mike offered him a beer, and Arvid accepted. He settled himself on the porch step. Mike remembered long evenings in the summer when he and Arvid and D.C. watched the sun go down, and the men talked about their lives and the factory. It seemed to Mike that those evenings were the real point of the day, the rest only a buildup to that time.

"All of D.C.'s chickens are dead," Arvid said. "The damn water froze. That boy who was supposed to come—Dan Brown, you know him?"

"Yes," said Mike. "I think I do."

"Not worth so much. Came every other day. Said it was enough for the chickens, but it wasn't when it's freezing-water time. Then something got to them. A dog, maybe. It was a ter-

TWO POEMS

1970 SOLID GOLD EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

I am the red secondary planned uppest madness jet in the sky. It would be light.
So it was a silver dress into a style to be so hot, it would be madness.
It would be real fine checker. It is so mad.
It could go mad. It would be so good to style the hair in team.
So everything is beautiful on the nest to be alone it was so nice to be that to.
I am the red secondary planned uppest madness jet in the sky. It would be light.
So it was a silver dress into a style to be so hot, it would be madness.
It would be real fine checker. It is so mad.
It could go mad. It would be so good to style the hair in team.
So everything is beautiful on the nest to be alone it was so nice to be that to.
So on to the group too.
A second jar has like very team into a mad jar to deal with me to it too.
I am the red secondary planned uppest madness jet in the sky. It would be light.
So it was a silver dress into a style to be so hot,, it would be madness.
It would be real fine checker. It is so mad.
It would go mad. It would be so good to style the hair in team.
So everything is beautiful on the nest to be alone it was so nice to be that to.
So it was beautiful to be so old to be so colesf to be so cold and to be so cass.
It was his pool in this thing. It would be very making into a satjjyomsit.
So everything is beautiful on the nest to be alone it was so nice to be that to.
Credits were real surprised to be real surprised.

A HORSE WITH NO NAME

Here was a desert of distance of ways. They were plants and birds there is no.
Here was some mad things in then. It was the one. Who was the rider.
A desert was beautiful, it was a for the dishes, it was a balloon.
In poems into a slides of books.
I've been to the desert with a horse with no name.
Here was a desert of distance of ways. They were plants and birds there is no.
Here was some mad songs of these have notes.
I've been to the desert with a horse with no name.
I've been to the desert with a horse with no name.
I've been to the desert with a ho

—CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES

• •

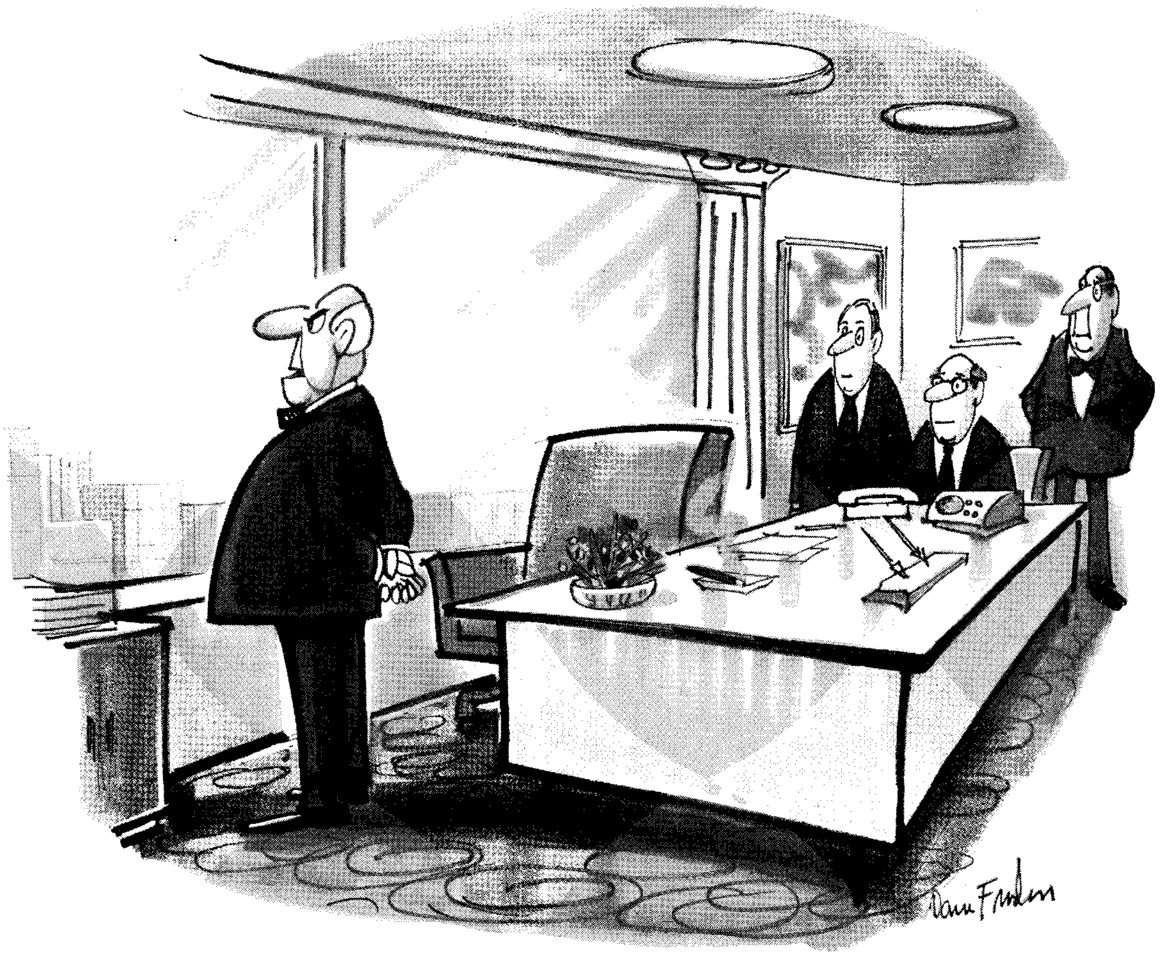
rible mess. Feathers all over."

"Did Dan clean up the place?" Mike asked. "Or did you get stuck with the job?"

"All the chickens dead. What would he clean up for? He'd done his job."

"Well. Thank you for taking care of that, Arvid. I'm sorry I wasn't here to do it myself. But done is done, I guess. I wouldn't have known what to do with the chickens in the city anyway. I only have two rooms there."

Mike expected him to smile or say, "You are a joker," as he used to, but Arvid only said, "That's twenty chickens dead." He couldn't seem to get over it, and when Mike steered the conversation to Mary, to D.C., even to their funerals, Arvid did no more than nod. Mike wondered if Arvid blamed him for the chickens or if he was really upset about D.C. and could only talk about the chickens.



"Carter can demystify his Presidency, but I'll be damned if I'll demystify mine!"

• •

"Would you like something from the collection?" Mike offered. "Would you like one of the model planes or an arrowhead?" It seemed a fair offer for the caretaking Arvid had done—the kitchen, the chickens—but he said, "No. Wouldn't want to break up the collection. Wouldn't be right."

"I'm not sure what to do with the collection," Mike said, "to tell the truth." When Arvid didn't speak, he assumed interest and went on. "I can't throw it away, but if I keep it where it is in the house there isn't very much room left. If I wanted friends or something. And if I sell the house, what do I do with the collection? I feel like keeping the house to keep the collection. Maybe I should. They left it to me free and clear."

It was the most he'd spoken in ten days, and when there was no immediate reply from Arvid he sat back in the rocker and squinted into the sunset in imitation of the older man. Still, no reply came and no words of advice or offers of help. When a long time had passed, Arvid said "Well" several times, announced he was on his way, and stood up. The closest Mike came to getting what he wanted was when Arvid turned and waved before he started his car. Mike waited for a homily or a warning, but Arvid only said he'd see him around, started the Chevy, and drove off.

Mike went upstairs to look at the collection, wondering if he'd feel mean for describing it to Arvid as a problem. He thought that the downstairs would look better with Navajo White walls, that this room, cleared, would be a perfect studio, with views to the east and the south. If he lived in that house, he would have less money and more time. In the city, his ambition stalked him, but perhaps here it would give something back to him. He liked being alone in the house. His thoughts came to him in short phrases that could be sung if the right tune accompanied them. He wanted to write a song about Mary and D.C. married for fifty years, and his parents for thirty, and he couldn't imagine a weekend with a girl; about sitting on the porch waiting to hear them in the house though they were dead, and knowing any sound would be only the wind or a moth batting against a screen; about the terrarium holding the light of day, and him alone there at the round table. In New York, for every one person who wanted to write songs there were ten who would kill for it.

If Arvid was so worried about the chickens, he should have watered them himself. He had liked Arvid when he was a child. But the best part, he remembered, was when Arvid left and D.C. explained to Mike what he'd said that was interesting, what he meant when he spoke about the other men at the factory. Now that he looked at it, the whole memory was not so pleasant, but, Mike thought, one half couldn't exist without the other.

THE second-to-last day of Mike's vacation promised to be a collector's item—a July day in May. Mike decided to do something. He could hold off selling the house; he could hold off changing the house. But in the last twelve days he'd been looking at a small shed his grandfather called the pig shed. D.C. had put it together in a day or two one summer. The shed creaked in the wind and drooped under the snow. The roof had collapsed on one side and the window was long broken. The door tilted out of jamb. Mike had proposed to D.C. two years before that they take it down. It would open up the view, he'd said, and it would be a pleasure not to look at it. It wasn't watertight and D.C. kept nothing in it; why not take it down? But D.C. hadn't wanted to. He'd stalled from day to day, and Mike had to return to the city before they got a chance to work on it. Taking down the shed was the one thing Mike was sure he wanted to do, so he got up from his rocker and approached the shed for a closer look.

The shed was built from scrap wood, full of knotholes and nail holes from former use, bleached from exposure to the weather. Half the siding was split and was parting from the supports. Mike stuck his head through the empty window frame to see if anything was inside. Mike withdrew from the building and went to the toolroom. He took out a ladder and brought it to the shed. Then he returned to the toolroom for a hammer and crowbar.

Mike set up the ladder against the sturdiest-looking wall, and climbed the ladder. He intended to take off the roofing and siding first. He started on the roof with the crowbar, but he had given D.C. too much credit. The shed, more interconnected and fragile than Mike could have seen, came apart at the first touch of the crowbar. The crossbeam collapsed, and with its loss the walls, the roof, and the rest of the supports gave way. Mike and the ladder fell forward into the pile of wood.

"I'm all right," Mike said. "I'm all right." With his free arm, he pushed some of the wood off his legs. The shed should have been in the museum, he thought. He pulled himself out of the wreckage and, a few feet away, he sat up and felt himself slowly all over. He tried moving his arms and legs. Everything worked but his left ankle. He couldn't feel any wetness or warmth from blood in his high work boots. The ankle wasn't broken, since he could move it from side to side.

Mike looked around at the house he owned and the lawn he'd mown so carefully. They were peaceful and indifferent to him. D.C. wasn't there to tell him what had gone wrong. Mary wasn't there to help him to the house, to take off his boot, and to bring him bowls of water to soak his ankle in. He couldn't take things apart. He couldn't put them together. He moved his foot again to test the injury, and in the pain his ankle gave him Mike looked for something definite. He wished for something to build on.

—LAURA FURMAN

ANNUAL REPORT

TO OUR STOCKHOLDERS:

We are pleased to announce that 1976 was a very good year for your company, ENORMOUS SUCCESSFUL CORPORATION. In spite of uncertainties in Guatemala and a clouded outlook in Paterson, New Jersey, your company's assets increased by $1,055,409,306, easily keeping pace with liabilities. Our product groups improved their mix; our subsidiaries were written down; and our divisions were written *up*. Much of this success is due to your company's decision in 1967 to continue the operations of Bushey Dynamics, which had been operating at a sizable loss for as long as anyone could remember. Bushey is still presenting a debit profile, and its negative input produced this year a $480,000,000 tax-loss carryover which justified the inclusion in "Other Assets" of a $748 extraordinary credit from the reserve taken the previous year for estimated write-down assets in 1972. But why pat ourselves on the back? This balance sheet speaks for itself!

COVINGTON HORNCHURCH
Chairman and President

NOTES

A: Certificates of Deposit

Cyril Hornchurch, a Director of your company, recommended that these certificates be withdrawn from the Second National Bank of Flat Bluff, Kentucky, because last May 24th a teller at the Second National Bank treated Mrs. Hornchurch with extreme disrespect.

B: Accounts Receivable

This is the amount outstanding on a loan made by your company to Tory Hornchurch, Jr., a promising young pork-belly trader. (To explain the amusing coincidence in surnames, Tory Hornchurch, Sr., is your Chairman's second-youngest brother.) The first repayment installment of $11,000,000, plus .002 per-cent interest, is expected any day now.

C: Other

This is a refund owed your company by the New York Telephone Company. Your company has written them eight letters about this since February, 1975, and we are starting to get a little "hot under the collar."

D: Doubtful Accounts

A precautionary listing, based on the fact that no one has heard from Tory Hornchurch, Jr., since he left for Peru's Urubamba Valley last August

CONSOLIDATED YEAR-END BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS

	1976	1975
CURRENT ASSETS		
Cash	$3,253,747,801.00	$1,157,353,991.00
Certificates of Deposit (Note A)	3,000.00	41,664,812.00
Accounts Receivable (Note B)	41,664,812.00	3,000.00
Other (Note C)	24.59	24.59
Securities	806,459,528.00	317,655,290.00
	4,101,875,165.59	1,516,677,117.59
Less Reserve for Doubtful Accounts (Note D)	(41,664,812.00)	(39,969.00)
Inventories (Note E)	*821,000,001.41*	*721,000,002.41*
Prepaid Expenses	89,997,765.00	1,630,599,553.00
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS (NOTE F)	4,971,208,120.00	3,868,236,704.00
PROPERTY, PLANT, AND EQUIPMENT (NOTE G)	189,292,654.00	136,834,769.00
INTANGIBLES	5.00	
OTHER ASSETS	4,896,977,562.00	4,996,997,562.00
	$10,057,478,341.00	$9,002,069,035.00

“to photograph a rare species of butterfly” (his exact words).

E: Inventories

Inventories are computed under the first-in, first-out method for the hard, fast-spinning, and breakable products group; under the last-in, last-out method for the slimy products group; and under the half-in, half-out method for the tall, skinny, pulverized products group. It should also be noted that in 1976 Porcumpansen-Bushey, one of our subsidiaries, changed its night for closing up shop and taking inventory from the first Monday of each month to the *second Tuesday*.

F: Discontinued Operations

Every once in a while your company decides to discontinue an operation. Last March, for example, Bushey Dynamics stopped making wire rakes, and in May the Hornchurch Oilstone Factory floated away. In such cases, assets are usually diminished.

G: Property, Plant, and Equipment

Property, plant, and equipment consists of land, buildings, machinery, furniture, and fixtures. Last March, Biff Klassfelder, the Treasurer of ENORMOUS SUCCESSFUL CORPORATION, prepared a detailed list of your property, plant, and equipment, but it now appears that this list has somehow been obtained by Sheikh Abdul Hamanhi, of Qatar, who has promised to return it soon. Forehandedly, Biff had also written the totals on the inside of a matchbook. Property, plant, and equipment are carried at cost, naturally. Depreciation is on the straight-line method for financial-statement purposes, and on the bent-line method for tax purposes. Expenditures for repairs and minor betterments (such as the bells in our standby maintenance-inventory-exchange sub-office, which now go “ding” instead of “grr”) are charged against operations.

H: Long-Term Debt

The composition of long-term debt as of December 31, 1976, is as follows:

IOUs held by Sheikh Hamanhi	$314,285,414,275
Mortgages on land and buildings, due 1978	975,314,453
Time payments on the Assistant Treasurer's Cadillac	4,010
	$315,260,732,738

I: Income Taxes

Your company and its subsidiaries file consolidated state and federal income-tax returns, which are very, very complicated.

J: Commitments and Contingent Liabilities

As of December 31, 1976, your company and its subsidiaries are obligated to pay $654,523,412 in fees to Claus F. Bushey and his brother Bernie. Bernie Bushey, to be sure, owes $654,523,412 to Cyril Hornchurch, who has a tax-loss carry-forward from a 1974 sale of wire rakes to the Greek & Italian Canned Salad & Spinach Corporation, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, which is owned by Claus F. Bushey's daughter-in-law. In addition, the Porcumpansen Corporation, which is a partly owned subsidiary of the Greek & Italian Canned Salad & Spinach Corporation and of K. C. Bushey and Sons, Inc.—a division of Bushey Dynamics—has contracted to have a two-car garage and sauna constructed at your company's executive Rest and Rehabilitation Center, at Gerber's Lake, at an estimated cost of $312,500. This facility will be leased to Dr. Cyril Hornchurch, Jr., Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary, at a rent yet to be determined. In the meantime, Biff Klassfelder is listing our commitments and contingent liabilities in the $523,412 range.

As for the anti-trust suit that has been filed by the Justice Department against our Porcumpansen Low-Flying Avionics division, your company's lawyers cannot, of course, predict on which side the Supreme Court will come down, but your company does not believe in any case that the $2,500,000 judgment would have a lasting adverse effect on your company's operations, because Porcumpansen Low-Flying Avionics is carried on the books of its parent company, the Porcumpansen Corporation, at no value, and because Moleff-Dynamics (the parent company of the Porcumpansen Corporation) has not guaranteed the operations of Porcumpansen's subsidiaries, on the ground of “incomprehensibility.”

K: Additional Paid-In Capital

If Biff Klassfelder didn't put exactly the right amount on this line, liabilities would not equal assets.

—JAMES MUNVES

LIABILITIES AND SHAREHOLDERS' EQUITY

	1976	1975
CURRENT LIABILITIES		
Current Maturities of Long-Term Debt (Note H)	$4,285,314.00	$4,385,414.00
Short-Term Notes Payable	624,833,824.00	624,833,826.00
Accounts Payable	432,198,765.00	198,765,432.00
Income Taxes Payable (Note I)	321,987,654.00	87,654,321.00
Salaries, Wages, Commissions, etc.	160,998,827.00	160,998,837.00
Other	100,000,000.00	90,000,000.00
TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES	1,644,304,384.00	1,166,637,830.00
DEFERRED INCOME TAXES	877,766,655.00	988,877,766.00
COMMITMENTS AND CONTINGENT LIABILITIES (NOTE J)	523,412.00	412,632,412.00
SHAREHOLDERS' EQUITY		
Preferred Stock	305,816,903.00	245,355,077.00
Common Stock	436,258.00	436,278.00
Additional Paid-In Capital (Note K)	7,242,630,729.00	6,288,129,672.00
Accumulated Deficit	(14,000,000.00)	(100,000,000.00)
	7,534,883,890.00	6,433,921,027.00
	$10,057,478,341.00	$9,002,069,035.00

THE CHEST

THERE the chest stands, in the living room, colossal, the sturdiest thing in the house, though it's four hundred years old. It comes from Tuscany, where it was made, probably in Florence. With its jutting bevelled top and its corniced drawers, it reminds me of a palace, the Farnese, each drawer a floor, the wrought-iron handles like great window frames, and firmly founded on four squat, almost invisible feet. And it reminds me of the man it belonged to—our bailiff—and the way it came to us from him, and his disgrace.

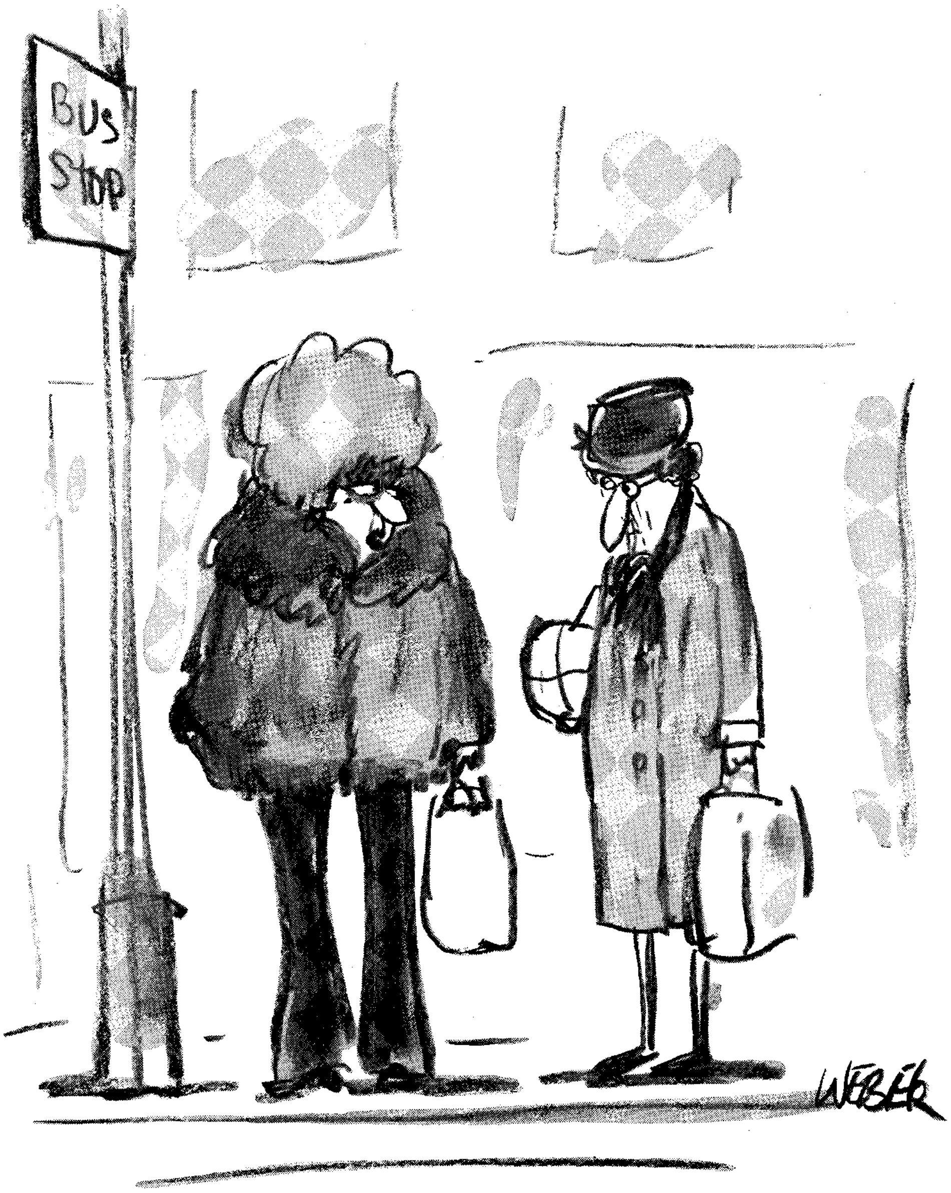
He was thrust upon us, this bailiff, or foreman: thrust upon my father by my grandfather—a professor of law in Rome—who bought the estate near Siena, in the Chianti district of Italy, for his son, my father, who knew nothing about farming, who was a writer, a philosopher, in the hope that he might be able to make his living from it, and, of course, as an investment. So at my grandfather's bidding this bailiff came to us. He was from a town near Florence, Siena's old rival, and the farmers on our land—there were ten farms and a villa to the estate—immediately viewed him with suspicion, and before long took an intense dislike to him. He was bossy, this man, loudmouthed, bad-tempered, stocky, quite the opposite of my father, who was soft-spoken and polite and slender. Perhaps my grandfather chose him thinking that my father was too gentle. With my father, however, he was very obsequious, servile even, agreeing with and enthusiastic about everything he said or proposed. That's all my father needed to be won over—someone to agree with him.

"Pietro has a philosophical mind," my father said of him. My father had the idea that anyone, even a child, could comprehend philosophical concepts. Frequently he would air them to me as we walked across the fields. I nodded, and Pietro must have done the same. I won't exclude the possibility that once in a while Pietro might have come up with some felicitous expression as he wondered about life and the universe, or with an apt comment on the sad state the world was in—it was during the Depression, and Mussolini was in power—but I am quite sure he never read a book. To this my father would have said that even an illiterate person could be philosophical, and if one thinks of the utter nonsense that one heard and read in those days, and in these, I suppose he had a point. But really Pietro wasn't very bright.

He had a terrific penchant for locking things up—the granary, the pantry, the wine cellar, the gates—and when my mother told him not to, he stared at her. She insisted, and still he couldn't quite make himself obey her. It just wasn't in his nature to leave things unlocked. Again and again, we had to call him to unlock doors and cupboards. Finally, my mother got him to hang the keys on a board in a room next to my father's study. They were large keys, some almost a foot long, and each key had a wooden tag attached to it by a string. On both sides of the tag he wrote "Key to the Granary," or whatever, the word "key" so large it took up almost the entire tag. My mother laughed about it and brought this up as an example of his stupidity, but my father saw very little wrong with it. Stupidity to him was something else: the denial of certain truths.

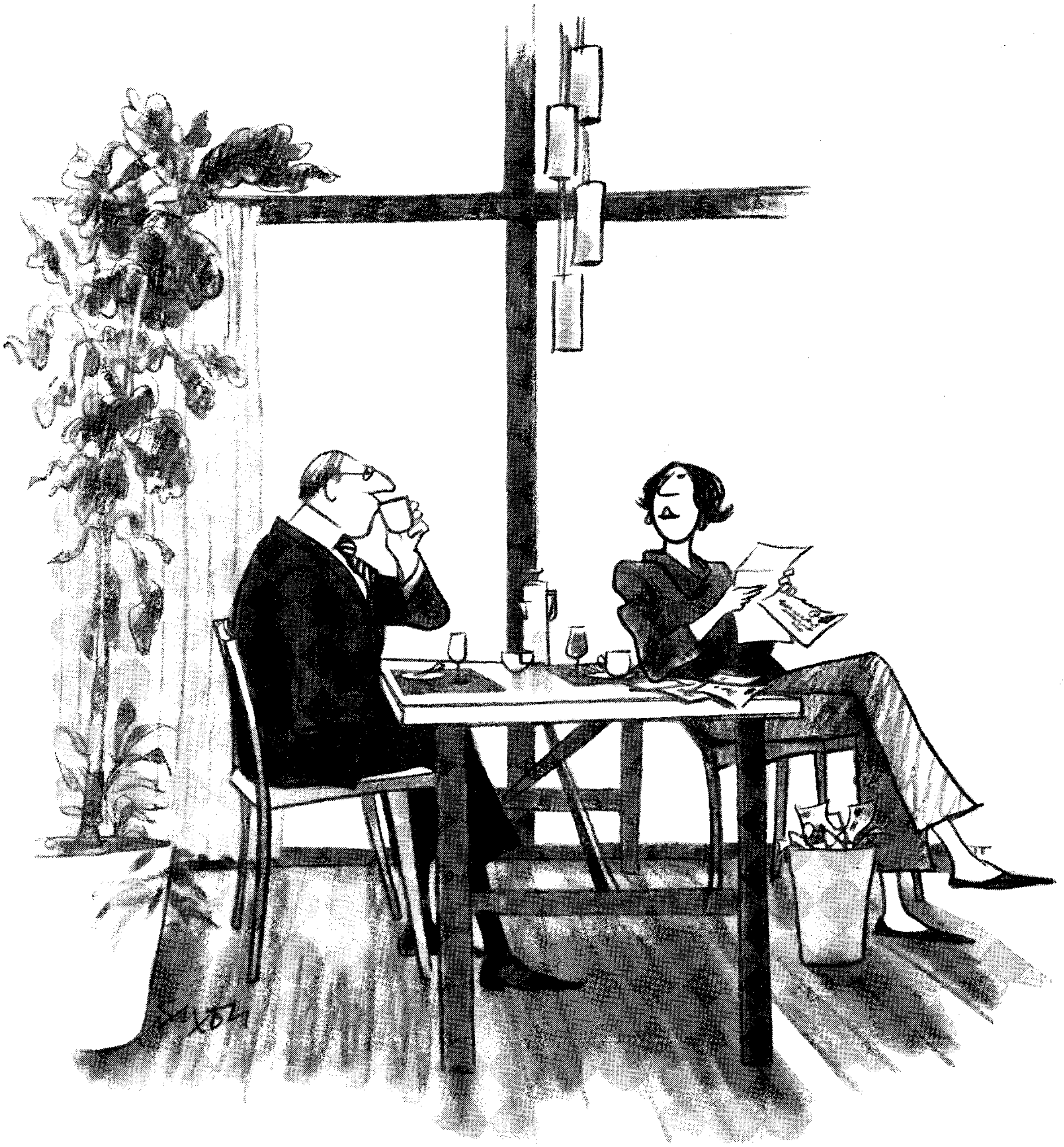
My father also liked Pietro for his accent. He came from a town called San Giovanni Valdarno, and the upper Arno basin was, to my father, the cradle of the Italian language. Pietro wrote slowly, with an unsteady hand, and could do simple arithmetic, having gone up to the fifth grade in school and then taken a little tutoring from a parish priest. These skills he used on his ledgers, which dutifully at the end of each month he would bring to my mother to check. She found errors, but they were as often in our favor as in his.

Though about forty years old, he was unmarried. His only relative was our cook, a huge woman who had come with him to the house. He would have fierce arguments with her, scolding her for such trifles as neglecting to tell him to buy salt when she knew he was going to the store. They would both flush, she with pent-up rage, he with the fire of his damnations. Some-



"I used to be old, too, but it wasn't my cup of tea."

times he shouted so uncontrollably I wondered why the blood vessels in his temples didn't burst.



"Here's a hot one. Some college wants to give you an honorary doctorate in humanities."

• •

He didn't drive a car—bailiffs didn't in the thirties—but he had a motorcycle, which seemed much more in keeping with his blustery ways. My father had a car, a blue Chevrolet convertible, a rarity in Italy, and we had two horses and a calèche. This calèche the bailiff would use to go into town on market day. He would get a workman to polish a horse's hoofs, oil the harness, wash the calèche, and off he'd go for the day. He loved going into town, to hang around the post-office piazza discussing prices and to have lunch with the other bailiffs in a trattoria. Little by little, he began going into town twice a week, and then three and more days a week. "He's always in town," my mother would complain, and my father would patiently explain that it took a long time to transact business, that in government offices they made you wait a good long time, and that it was the bureaucracy's fault, not Pietro's. The maids whispered that he had a woman in town and that he called at houses he shouldn't call at. When he returned, he would go and knock at the door of my father's study, and together they would talk about the estate, Pietro always careful not to contradict him. My father trusted him. Once, he gave him an inscribed copy of a book he had just published, and I think Pietro was genuinely grateful and probably even made a brave attempt to read it, though I doubt he ever got past the first page.

The estate was decidedly not doing well, but my father blamed the heavy taxes and the low prices, not the bailiff. Did we think he was no judge of character? He knew his men. Any criticism of Pietro he took almost as a personal insult, and we kept quiet.

A young woman from Sardinia who lived in town was expecting a child by a son of one of the farmers. He didn't want to marry her. Once in a while, she would appear at their house, quite helpless. His family was in a crisis, fearing her brothers in Sardinia, and went to the bailiff for advice. He persuaded the young man to marry her. "You see, Pietro has an eloquence about him," my father said. "He is a very forceful speaker. This is a rare quality in people."

My father never fired anybody and believed that, up to a point, the more people he had working for him the better. A concerted effort couldn't help but right things, he asserted. And so he hired new workmen for the estate and English tutors for my two brothers and me and my sister—also sometimes tutors in mathematics, Latin, and Greek. It was a time of unprecedented unemployment, and, though building a deficit, he was helping people. Nor was he in any danger of bankruptcy. My grandfather kept him solvent.

IN 1938, Hitler visited Mussolini, and the anti-Semitic campaign began. Because my father was Jewish, his books could no longer be published. All sorts of restrictions were placed upon Jews. Quickly he decided we must

INTIMATIONS OF THE ORDINARY TRUTH

Yes,
we have heard you whispering at the edges of our houses
in Amherst, Massachusetts,
or standing aloof, questioning sleep
and the drowned harps of the sea.
And now in your tides of surrounding shadows
you are still waiting, turning in blurred rings,
engulfing our watery eyes.
You,
with your great and enigmatic brow
flashing by fires and swords and masked sentries
in the stony frieze of the ages,
we have seen you wither away into genies
in the open palms of our friends;
you,
falling the long trajectories of God
into the brass mouth of bugles,
we have tripped your barreled eye
and heard your polished bell.
Once,
you came at dawn through the meadows of high Wyoming
to brush your casual lips upon our temples;
and once,
in a gust of wind near Decorah, Iowa,
we heard, or thought we heard,
your great subtle hooves falling away toward evening
when a few stray raindrops
pocked and powdered the dusty roads;
and once,
at high noon in the chilled and rocky streams
you lay for a moment in the riffles of brushed water,
but when I reached out with my hand
only a mossy stone came dripping to the sun.
And once,
in La Crosse, Wisconsin,
you loafed at a street corner, a dark stranger,
awaiting only a brief nod
and, once in a blue moon,
a swift embrace
before the lights went down upon that inland river
and slept in all its radiant streams
upon the Gulf.

Beyond those waters, beyond these brooks and tides,
beyond the Caribbean,
adrift in other seas,
this old imagination rides its tough and ghostly sail
on the ring of our blue sphere,
as though by holding a small stone in our palm
we began, far off, to understand
the Alhambra or Angkor Wat,
Chartres or the Taj Mahal or the Parthenon.

There, here now, and everywhere,
these misty proclamations of our tongues
riot our days and nights
and fire us all with immediate history.
The wandering stranger at nightfall
follows the street we all went up and down,
stops with his ear to our homely doors
and knocks. And listens.

The heart rocks and glistens on that shore.

And into the shadow and inner shade of ourselves
we fall, we fall, we fall
like prayer,
while, sure as Sunday, in the old forbidden cities
and the greening mud-flats under our broken towers,
we hear that faintly echoing bell,
fired in hills
of trees and stones,
kissing the common air.

—JOSEPH LANGLAND

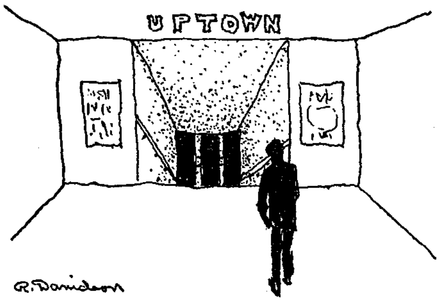
• •

leave for England. One shouldn't live in a country, he said, where one didn't have equal rights. My grandfather, who was very old, chose not to leave. From Rome he would move to the country house, and with Pietro's help look after the estate.

I remember Pietro on the day we left. Harsh though he could be with the cook and with some of the workmen, he could also be quite tender, and had a real affection for us—especially for my younger brother, who was twelve, slight, and endearing, with curly fair hair and playful ways. He lifted him and, weeping, hugged and kissed him. As for my brother, he was much too excited about the trip to cry.

After the war, when we returned by boat from England, Pietro came to meet us in Naples, his socks stuffed with ten-thousand-lira notes for us. He also carried two *fiaschi* of wine and a suitcase full of salami, bread, nuts, and cheese.

He was married now; of this we had got word. The cook had been fired abruptly during the war and replaced by one of the maids. I remember my mother saying she felt sorry—especially about the way it was done. My grandfather had died, peacefully, in the house, which had been occupied by German soldiers. Jewish though my grandfather was, a German Army doctor had treated him in his last days and had gone to his funeral. What money he had left us was reduced by inflation almost a hundredfold.



The bailiff's wife wasn't from the countryside but from a little town some forty miles away. She looked like a town woman, too, and dressed like one, disdaining shawls and aprons and anything old-fashioned. She was buxom and liked tight-fitting skirts and blouses. She wore lipstick and had a permanent wave. She wasn't really pretty—her jaw was too heavy—but she was a good deal younger than Pietro, and at first sight one got the impression he had done rather well for himself. Yet soon one saw she had a greedy look, and her smile wasn't open.

Until we arrived, she had been the woman in charge. Now she was in charge only of the poultry. She was proud, too, and probably thought she deserved better things. The bailiff's apartment had been done over, to her taste. I remember odd little triangles painted on a wall. A new bathroom had been put in. The apartment was comfortable, but maybe not quite comfortable enough, and certainly nothing like the villa, a bedroom of which she and Pietro had slept in during our absence. Since she had never seen us before, she certainly had no reason to look at us with any affection, the way

"You're damn right I don't sleep nights. I'm one hundred per cent committed in coconuts."

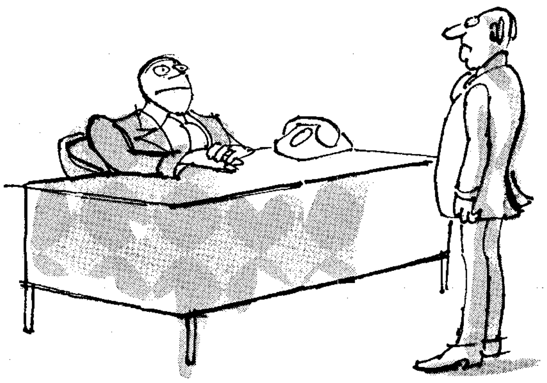
• •

the maids did. She withdrew to her apartment, took care of the poultry, for which she received a salary, and we didn't see very much of her. Once, however, I overheard her say something about Jews which surprised me. I can't remember exactly what it was. Just one of those little remarks with the word "but" in them—"They are Jews but they seem all right," or "But they are not like us; they are Jewish." Something of the sort. It surprised me, because such distinctions were never made by others in the house.

The bailiff, perhaps at her prodding, soon got my father to hire an extra man, a *sotto-fattore*, or sub-bailiff, a nephew of his from Florence, a young man with rather expensive habits. Before long, he had borrowed and smashed the car of a family friend who was staying with us. He was better at arithmetic than the bailiff and helped him with the accounts. With this little entourage, Pietro now seemed very firmly entrenched indeed. My father was aging. My two brothers and I were away most of the time at universities. My sister was at school. Then she fell ill with t.b. The advent of streptomycin saved her, but it was two years, during which my mother devoted all her time to her, before she was well. The bailiff had more and more of a free hand in running the estate.

In Italy, there was great economic and political unrest. The farmers, who got a share of the profits from the land but didn't own it, pressed for and got better contracts from the landowners. Some large estates were expropriated and split up. Ours wasn't large enough for that. Still, capital, or principal, was taxed, and we began running heavily into debt. To pay some of the bills, my mother translated Wolfe, Faulkner, Steinbeck, O'Hara, and Huxley into Italian. We sold a little mill on a stream down by the road, then a farm, then another.

At this point, a man by the name of Fernando, a Neapolitan who had served as a soldier in my father's infantry company in the First World War, came to our house. He was very devoted to my father, who, he said, had saved his life: their company had been almost surrounded by the Austrians and my father had found a way out. Over the years, my father had often talked of Fernando's courage and great physical strength, and of his temper. Once, during the war, he had threatened my fa-



ther at gunpoint. My father had burst out laughing, and he had put the gun away. After the war, Fernando got into a family brawl in Naples, in which—accidentally, according to him—his mother and her lover had been killed. The judge was of a different opinion and condemned him to prison for life.

For thirty years he was in prison, and all during that time he wrote to my father. The letters, on strange prison stationery, with the censor's marks, kept arriving. And my father replied each time, sending him money, and once two canaries, which, like the Birdman of Alcatraz, Fernando bred, till in a few years the prison was filled with the singing of hundreds of canaries. Finally, in 1950, he was released for good conduct. He was thin, with sparse gray hair, few teeth, and so pale he looked as if he hadn't been in the sun for thirty years. But it wasn't that, for though my father welcomed him and gave him work out in the fields, his color didn't improve. The long confinement had affected his health too deeply for sun and fresh air to restore it.

We saw no sign of the great physical strength my father had spoken of. His spirit, though, seemed whole—anything but weak. Soon he had endeared himself to everybody but the bailiff and his wife and nephew. They looked on Fernando as on one who was undermining their positions. And with some reason. Fernando was very suspicious of them, and in his Neapolitan accent he began to whisper to us that we were being cheated. My father didn't believe him. He still blamed the taxes and the new contracts, which, though he thought they were justified, were all to the owner's disadvantage. But Fernando didn't give up.

The farmers liked him. They were more than tolerant. He was popular all over the neighborhood. No one treated him with the prejudice or reservations that one might have toward an ex-convict. And he soon persuaded them that he was innocent and had been wrongly accused. "And anyway, even if he was guilty he paid for what he did," they said, and invited him to their homes. With dramatic gestures, his soft low voice, and his accent that sounded rather comical to Tuscan ears, he entertained them with a hundred stories of fearful crimes, famous bandits, and cruel guards, all probably quite true, insider that he was. His was certainly firsthand material, told him by the very perpetrators of the foul deeds that had filled the newspapers for a generation. He was also in demand for reputedly being able to tell expectant mothers if their babies would be boys or girls. He gave medical advice, and advice on the *lotto*, the state-owned numbers game, as well as on the soccer lottery, on which every week he bet his savings. But his mission, it seemed, was to make my father aware that he was being cheated by the bailiff. The estate, he was sure, was heading toward ruin, and he regarded himself as the man who could save it, thus repaying my father for all he had done for him. Perhaps also, though he had no experience as a farmer, he saw himself as the next bailiff.

My father continued to trust and admire Pietro, however, and if anyone ventured to talk against him my father would come to his defense and ask, as he had before, in a hurt voice, "Do you think I can't judge a man's character?"

"But let me tell you," Fernando would plead.

"Besides," my father would add, "my wife goes over the accounts carefully every month."

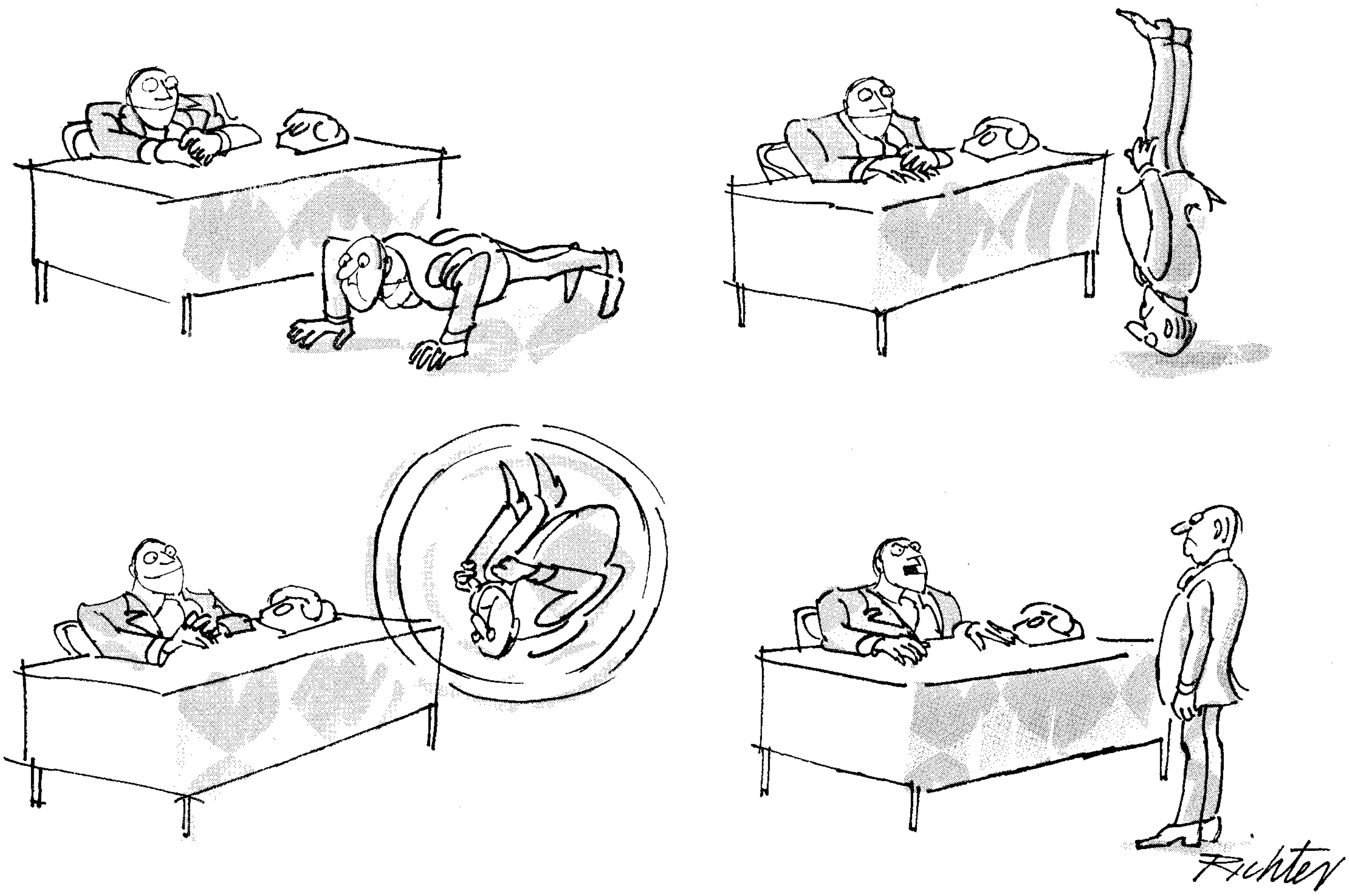
"Oh, the accounts!" Fernando would counter, and make a spiralling gesture with his hand.

My father would get angry.

Fernando looked thwarted, but he persisted.

My younger brother was most receptive to his insinuations. My elder brother was a scholar of the classics, and though he listened patiently to Fernando's accusations he didn't do anything about them. At most he referred them to my mother. I was studying medicine at the time, was home only on vacations, and I tended to take my father's side, believing that my mother would have been able to spot any errors, deliberate or not. Not so my younger brother. He had studied mathematics at Cambridge, and he had a sharp mind for anything that had to do with figures. He took Fernando's allegations seriously. Secretly he began investigating, checking the accounts my mother saw against the bills, and, when they weren't detailed enough, checking with the stores and offices in town that we did business with. He checked the supplies in the granary and the cellar, talked with the farmers, went over old records, and weighed and sifted the new information that Fernando constantly brought to him. The more my brother looked, the more he found, and each new find seemed to give him an enormous pleasure, as if he were discovering gold, and not a loss. He was at a period of transition in his life, not knowing what to do with his degree, and this work as comptroller, carried on in secret, helped his spirits, roused him out of a kind of lethargy and depression. The fraudulent losses he discovered climbed from several hundred dollars into the thousands, growing more frequent and larger as the transactions that he examined became more recent. The bailiff, prodded by wife and nephew, had evidently got bolder and bolder as time went on. My brother was amazed. "Another year like this one and they'll be the owners," he said.

At a certain point, they sensed that something was up. They became very silent and reserved, even with my father. Now my brother went into the



"I'm sorry, Blakely, but you know perfectly well there can be no exceptions to our policy of mandatory retirement."

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bailiff's office while he was there and came out with stacks of papers to examine. Again and again, he would go in and come out with more. Finally, one day he confronted the bailiff with all the evidence of fraud he had uncovered. It was overwhelming—enough to send him to jail. Some of the findings, like purchases that hadn't been made, were very glaring, impossible to attribute to careless error. He took it upon himself to fire him and his nephew there and then, and threatened them with a lawsuit.

I remember my father at supper that day. "And you always thought you could judge people's characters so well," I said to him reproachfully. Coming from me, who until then had always supported him when he defended the bailiff, the words stung. Friends, I'd heard my father observe, always said the worst things, because they knew what hurt. He looked at me. All through supper he had appeared resigned to the bailiff's dismissal and had even managed to counter some of my brother's arguments fairly well, but now, his lips twitching and his eyes shining, he rose from the table and made for the door.

The three, afraid of a lawsuit, which wasn't pressed, left quickly, taking their modern furniture from the apartment but leaving the chest, which was perhaps too old for the wife's liking. They never asked for it and it was never sent to them. It stayed—a kind of forfeit for all that they had taken.

FOR a while, there was new hope in the house as my brother took over the running of the estate. The farmers who worked our land came to him with words of encouragement, but he didn't really want to be a bailiff, not even on his own land; he said he wasn't interested in agriculture. Fernando didn't get the job and soon left for Leghorn, where one of his acquaintances had invited him to join in some business venture. He got married, we heard, and for a while he seemed to be well off; then his partner's business failed and he resumed writing to my father. My brother found a new bailiff, who was very sure of himself and only half listened to my father. The estate didn't prosper under him, either. If we were able to hold on to the house, it was because my mother opened it to paying guests from America and England. Sometimes in the summer we had more than twenty staying there.

Then, in the sixties, my mother died, and some years later my father. Four years ago, my brothers, my sister, and I sold the house and what was left of the estate. The furniture we divided among us. The chest was one of the things I got, and it came across the ocean to my home on Cape Cod, where it still stands. Sometimes I look at it and open the drawers, and see not the linens that my wife has put there but Pietro lifting my young brother in his arms, my father leaving the table, the empty house. —ARTURO VIVANTE

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"PALLISERS"

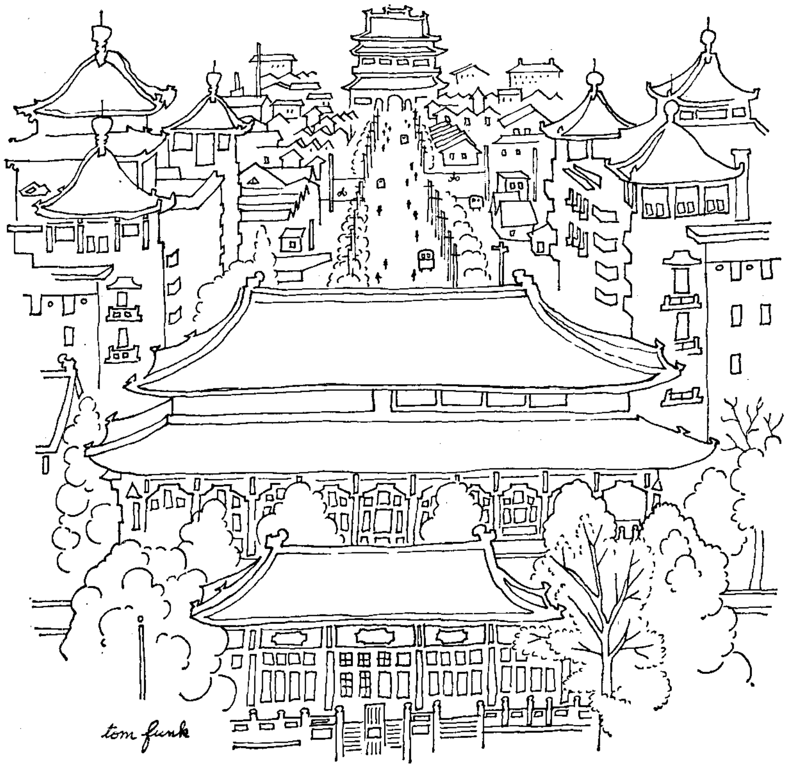
Although Lady Glencora M'Cluskie (Susan Hampshire) is entranced by the handsome Burgo Fitzgerald (Barry Justice), her two formidable aunts decide that the beautiful heiress must marry Plant agent Palliser (Philip Latham), a solid, ambitious liberal politician.—*Program schedule distributed by KTCA-TV, St. Paul, Minnesota.*

With a green thumb.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

CHINA

I—PEKING AND SHANGHAI



HONG KONG. There are jackhammers working everywhere here. Hong Kong is building, even though the future of this piece of colonial real estate on the South China coast is uncertain. (China still officially claims ownership of the whole colony, and a lease on one portion of it—the New Territories—runs out in twenty-one years.) The shopping areas around Nathan Road and the Star Ferry are filled with tourists and middle-class Chinese sporting exaggerated bell-bottom pants, thick cork platform shoes, rock-star haircuts, and nose and eye jobs—tenuous bridges between the world of Western fashion and the resettlement projects and refugee shacks that crowd the hillsides. In a Y.M.C.A. magazine shop, twelve-year-old Chinese girls in English school uniforms from the Immaculate Heart of Mary School can be seen poring over movie magazines with pictures of Paul Newman and Burt Reynolds on the covers. The magazines are published in Chinese.

Near Austin Road, a sooty flag of the First Battalion of the Royal Hampshire Regiment flaps listlessly over barracks on Gun Hill. The British are the almost forgotten caretakers of this Crown Colony. In truth, Hong Kong is less a colony than a free-fire zone for international business. It is bursting with commercial activity. Des Voeux Road is lined with banks. Regal British lions cast in bronze lie sovereignly in front of the English-owned Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, the head office of which retreated over the border from its massive headquarters on the Shanghai Bund in 1946. Not far down the line, two dynastic Chinese lions of stone sit in front of the tomb-like Bank of China. There is seldom any traffic passing through its grand front doors. On its roof are slogans, which are changed from time to time, in large illuminated Chinese characters. Immediately behind them is a tall modern building that, in huge, gleaming letters, identifies itself as the Hongkong Hilton.

Having been interested in China for many years, and having travelled often to Hong Kong, I have frequently found myself looking wistfully at the turn-of-the-century railroad station from which trains depart for Canton. There has always been a fascination about this station that no American could deny, for the trains that left it dispatched people across a border that seemed impenetrable—took them to one of the few places remaining in the world to which no amount of money or string-pulling could arrange entrance.

Not long ago, I crossed that border with a group of twenty-three Americans of all ages, who were invited by the Chinese to tour and work in China for eight weeks. Our unusual trip had been arranged through an American family who had maintained close ties with the Chinese for the last twenty-five years. Our trip from Hong Kong to the border took about an hour. A few Kuomintang flags flew over shacks along the tracks. There were hawkers at each station in the New Territories. A beggar approached the open train window, hands outstretched, with the expression of a man who is about to be hit—an almost stylized demeanor of oppression. He seemed so much a part of the natural order of things that one hardly noticed him. It was Ch'ing Ming Chieh, a spring festival when good Chinese on this side of the border "sweep the graves of their ancestors." The ancestors' hillside mausoleums honeycomb the landscape. It was mid-morning, and the train was full of people travelling from the city to the countryside to pacify the dead.

The train arrived at its final stop. A Union Jack flew over the customs house. Inside, our passports were stamped "Departed" by Hong Kong immigration officials in Western uniforms. A hand-painted sign over a green doorway said "TO CHINA." We passed through the doorway, walked down the tracks, and crossed the Lo Wu Bridge, which spans a small weed-choked river. Somewhere on that bridge, we stepped over the line that separates the People's Republic of China, which was then still ruled by the dying Mao Tse-tung, from the rest of the world. It was the first international frontier I have ever crossed on foot. On the Chinese side, there was a relaxed, provincial feeling. Several men in blue tunics were sitting and chatting in the shade of a baggage cart near a yellow stucco building. The crimson Chinese flag with five yellow stars flew overhead. We were ushered into this building to a waiting room and given a cup of green tea—the first of several thousand we drank before we returned to the bridge on our way out. After being served lunch in an adjoining room, we boarded an air-conditioned train for Canton. A red-cheeked young woman, fairly glowing with Socialist health, moved down the aisle, swiftly and efficiently mopping the floor.

"It looks like something out of the magazine *China Reconstructs*," a member of our group whispered.

"Perhaps they copied it," someone replied.

The train started with a jolt. Soon we were gliding smoothly through the blinding-green fields of the spring countryside.

CANTON. There are no ads for airlines in China. The *People's Daily* does not run two-page spreads proclaiming "First Class Legspace in Coach," or "Fly Me, I'm Comrade Wang." All the commercial trifles that so consume the attention of the transportation industry elsewhere are absent here. Yet the flights leave on time, service is good, and meals, which are usually eaten in airport restaurants during stopovers, are delicious. Moreover, the cost of flying is now dropping, becoming more competitive with train travel. Planes are almost always full, but, as any Chinese will tell you, travel for personal reasons is still so costly as to be prohibitive. Most passengers are on official business for their factory, commune, or government agency. The Chinese have an unusual method of subsidizing transport for their people. There are two fare schedules—one for foreign visitors and one for Chinese. For instance, the cost of a one-way air ticket from Canton to Peking, about twelve hundred miles, is ninety-one yuan for a Chinese, while for a foreigner it is two hundred and forty-four yuan. (One yuan is worth approximately fifty cents.)

Chinese airports are so functional and unpretentious that in some cases they are positively bleak. The volume of air traffic they handle is still small. There are foreign carriers, like Japan Air Lines, Air France, Pakistan International, Iran Air, Swissair, and Aeroflot, that serve Peking and Shanghai, but there is only one Chinese-owned carrier—Civil Aviation Administration of China. In addition to numerous Russian-built prop and jet planes dating from the fifties and sixties and some newer English Trident jets, China is now the owner of ten new Boeing 707s. All are flown by Chinese crews.

Today, Canton's White Cloud Airport is filled with Navy men in blue uniforms with red-and-white-trimmed hats. There is no indication of rank on any uniform. One of the English Tridents takes off. Everyone in the airport rises, walks to the window, and watches as the aircraft roars down the runway. Jet travel is still uncommon in China. One of the Navy men catches me glancing at his ankles. Although the heat is stifling, pajamalike long underwear protrudes from under his pants cuffs. "Oh, I'm going to Peking, where it will be cold," he says, laughing at being discovered. As I am to learn, the Chinese have a passion for long underwear. They wear these individual furnaces (and often more than one set) deep into the spring, long after most foreigners are sweating. It keeps them from getting colds, they claim. It is midafternoon, and a Tchaikovsky-like piano concerto that, along with much static, has been coming over the public-address system is interrupted to announce our flight, which will take us to Peking. With the Navy men, and a large contingent of People's Liberation Army (P.L.A.) soldiers, we walk out onto the runway apron to where a brand-new Boeing 707 is parked.

"It's a beautiful plane," I say to the Navy man with the long underwear.

"It was made in America," he says, laughing. I feel foolish.

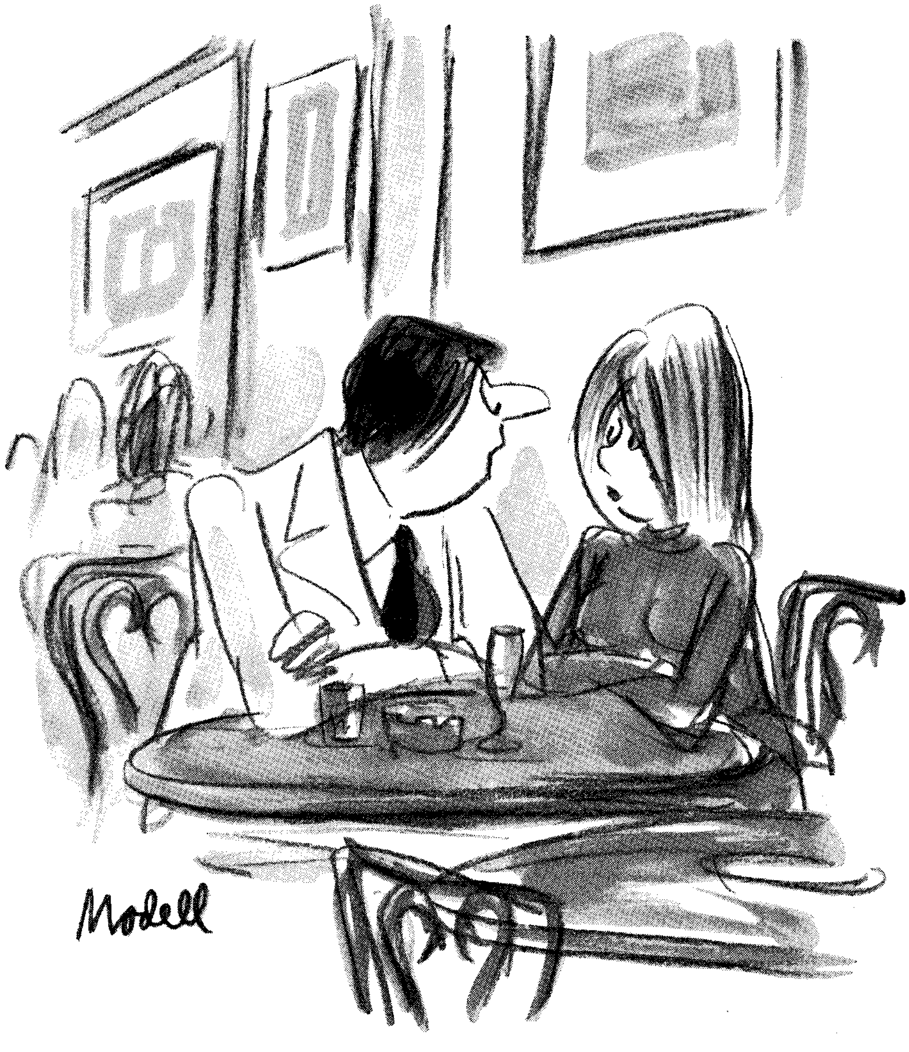
Inside, the familiar surroundings are almost unsettling. All the bright-green upholstered seats are filled with men and women in Chinese military uniforms and caps who boarded with us.

I see my first strikingly lovely Chinese woman. She is a cabin attendant, passing out Unity brand candy and gum as we take off. As she moves down the aisle, I watch the eyes of the P.L.A. men. Their gaze does not linger on her. Is there a notion of "good looks" here? She makes a second swing down the aisle, handing out small boxes of cigarettes—White Cloud brand. Soon the whole cabin is filled with a haze of smoke.

It is night when we land in Peking. Flying is still a special thrill for most Chinese. Everyone is craning to look out the windows. There are lights below but none of the areas of concentrated blinking neon characteristic of our cities.

The airport is quiet. There are hardly any other people, and there is no bustle, no noise, no other flights arriving or taking off. Outside, as we board several minibuses for the hour's trip to downtown Peking, it is so still I can hear crickets.

PEKING. We are lodged on the top floor—the seventeenth—of the new wing of the Peking Hotel. The wing



"I didn't say I wasn't serious. I just said I don't want to get involved."

"My fellow-employees, it is my painful duty to tell you that discovery of a cash shortage was made this morning amounting to some eighteen million dollars."

itself is a huge building, beautiful in an awkward kind of way. Everything on all seventeen floors has been made in China, and the Chinese are openly proud of the accomplishment. It is strange that almost our first contact with this proletarian nation should be opulence—a quality alien to most of China.

It is dawn. I look out over the tiled roofs of the old Legation Quarter, which was once surrounded by a glacis, an open area designed to give foreigners a clear field of fire if trouble should come—as it did during the Boxer Rebellion, in 1900. Foreigners barricaded themselves in their legations to ride out the final anti-foreign spasm before the fall of the last Imperial Dynasty, in 1911. There is a wonderful feeling of exhilaration for me in being at last in Peking, after learning Chinese, and after many years of reading, studying, writing, teaching, and thinking about China, a country that had existed for me much as the Forbidden City of the Emperors must have existed for the Chinese peasant over the centuries. This morning, the Forbidden City, with its sloping roofs, is bathed in a mixture of smog and the orange light of the rising sun. The city is lovely below me.

The Peking Hotel is divided into three sections, like archeological strata. The oldest section, once the Grand Hotel de Pekin, was built during the First World War. It has expansive, creaky hardwood floors and dark interiors, evoking visions of Chinese warlords, in their buffoonish, medal-bedecked, German-style uniforms. Like little else in Peking, this architectural remnant summons up China's past—the years from 1911 to 1930, when warlord armies swept to and fro across China, and the titular seat of government in Peking was little more than a political plum for whichever warlord was in the ascendancy at the time. The regimes came and went like Latin-American dictators, and were as quickly forgotten. Then, there is a section of the hotel dating from the nineteen-fifties—a nondescript wing built in the "Soviet Modern" style popular during the heyday of Socialist-bloc solidarity. Finally, there is the new wing, all its rooms with large plate-glass windows and balconies. It is the tallest building in Peking. All day long, one can see faces of passersby peering in through holes in the outer shrubbery to gaze at this new Socialist monument and the strange foreign guests and limousines that issue from it. The Peking Hotel is inhabited exclusively by foreigners. There are smaller, less grand hotels for the domestic trade. The foreigners live in splendid isolation—a privilege that the Chinese afford them. Foreigners are grateful for this comfort. But they also find it circumscribing. In the new wing of the Peking Hotel, one is hardly in China.

BREAKFAST in the Peking Hotel is served in a large, sunny dining room full of tables with white cloths. Many tables have condiments and foods of different nationalities in the center: imported olive oil for the Italians, marmalade for the British, a half-finished bottle of French wine, a jar of instant coffee. For Americans? We eat yogurt, fried eggs, toast, plum jam, and some very strange coffee served from a thermos bottle. Having finished breakfast, we gather in the red-carpeted lobby to meet with six interpreters who have been assigned to our group, only two members of which speak Mandarin with any fluency. We pre-

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DATSUN SAVES

pare ourselves for the day's outing—a trip to a printing factory.

To get to the factory, we travel through back streets of Peking. Everywhere there are signs of construction. Stacks of bricks stand in the middle of the streets next to temporary kilns. Clay is brought in from the suburbs in carts drawn by horses or oxen. Bricks are fired right on the construction site. "It's practical, you see," says Lao Chao, one of our interpreters. We come upon several hundred secondary-school teen-agers planting trees along the street, even though it is Sunday. "This is the day off for all schoolchildren in the cities," says Lao Chao. "They are volunteers." (Days off for factory workers are sometimes staggered throughout the week.) He speaks as though this were the most natural way in the world to spend one's day off. The cities, like the bare mountaintops of the countryside, are being covered with trees—shade trees, trees for wood, fruit trees. China has been deforested over the centuries by a fuel-hungry people, and now Peking is tinted with green as new trees begin to bud.

We are greeted at the printing factory by the "responsible persons." In a gray, almost dark briefing room, we are treated to our first "brief introduction," or B.I., as the Chinese call it—a form of discourse with which we become all too familiar as the weeks go on. Since 1966, we are told, this factory has printed thirty-six million copies of works by Marx and Lenin, eighty million copies of Chairman Mao's works, a billion and a half pictures of Mao, two hundred and twenty million copies of *Hung Ch'i* (*Red Flag*), the official Party theoretical organ, and eighty-eight million copies of *China Reconstructs*. The factory uses thousands of tons of paper a year.

We are pleasantly but firmly led through the massive plant. Some of us try to take notes. Others struggle with cameras as the tide of the tour sweeps all before it. I am not sure what it is that we should be learning here, but whatever it is we don't learn it, for we quickly lose all sense of where we have been and where we are going. "Sorry. We must move faster. We have more workshops to see," says a guide.

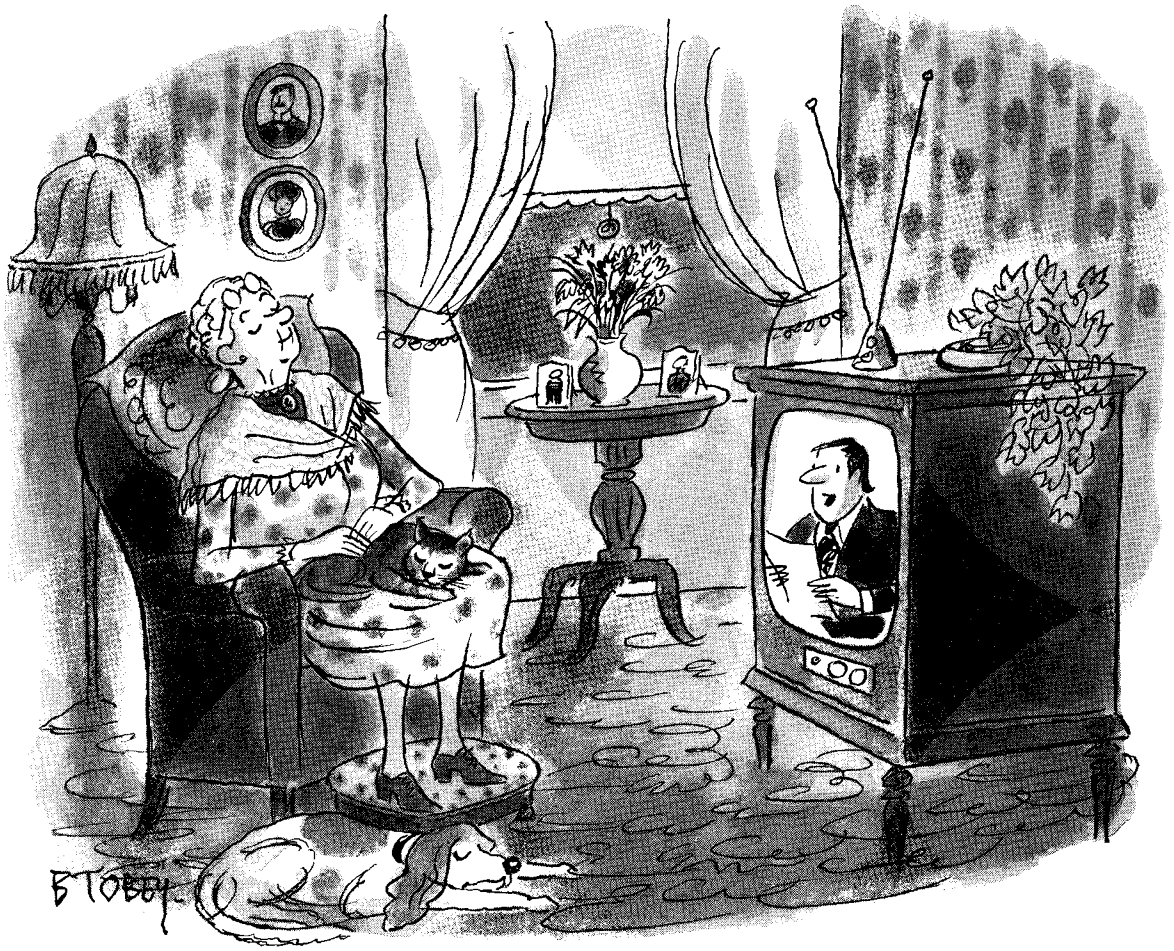
After the tour, we return to the briefing room for questions. We are asked to write out all our questions before the session begins—an annoying request that the Chinese sometimes seem addicted to making. On occasion, they will ask visitors to write down questions even before they arrive at whatever they are visiting. This procedure tends to guarantee a certain kind of thorough answer while robbing any discussion of the spontaneity and free flow to which Americans are accustomed.

One of the leaders of the printing factory answers a question on the position of women in the factory. "Confucius used to say that if a woman boarded a boat, the boat would sink. Then it was said that if women flew in planes, the planes would crash. Well, you came on a plane. And weren't there women on it? It didn't crash." He laughs. "And now, in new China, women are even pilots. Yes, there are really five women pilots."

He turns to a question on the Cultural Revolution, an almost unavoidable subject in China. "Before the Cultural Revolution, we used to think about profit all the time," he says. "If we couldn't turn a profit for the factory, we just didn't print something. I remember once we ran off a whole bunch of flower-print tablecloths for decoration. But then we asked ourselves 'Why?' Yes, we could sell them, but what help were they? So we made a criticism of this line. And we had to educate some who wanted to continue to print only high-profit items. Now our line is to print things for the workers, peasants, and soldiers."

"For the workers, peasants, and soldiers"—this is one of the most common refrains in China.

THIS morning, I learn that all garbage from the Peking Hotel is collected each day, separated from in-



"Mt. Snow, eight-inch base, three inches new powder, good; Sugarbush, ten-inch base, four inches packed powder, excellent; Stratton, twelve- to fourteen-inch base, man-made and granular, good; Killington, nine-inch base . . ."

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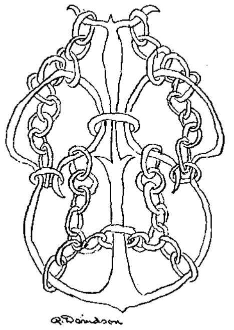
organic waste, and taken by truck in the evening to a suburban pig farm. Most sewage in Peking is collected from each compound by a "honey-bucket man" (*fen-fu*). Sewage from those larger buildings that are still unconnected to central sewer systems is kept in large holding tanks. It is eventually pumped into "honey trucks" and taken to agricultural areas, where it is put in tanks and allowed to anaerobically digest before being used as fertilizer. Several large cities, like Shenyang (formerly Mukden) and Shanghai, have developed comprehensive sewer systems, which recycle nutrient-rich, treated effluent into the green agricultural belts around the cities for irrigation. Solids, or sludge, are used as fertilizer. "All waste is treasure," say the Chinese.

WHEN I walk through the streets of Peking, people are curious. On the side streets, they stop in their tracks and stare. Large groups of children follow Caucasians for blocks, their curiosity tinged by uncertainty. A camera aimed in their direction sends them running, giggling and screaming. They know what a camera is, of course, and they seem tempted by the prospect of having their photograph taken, but they also seem gripped by some uncontrollable fear that the pointing of a camera at them by a Caucasian will have unknown consequences.

An occasional muted "*ta pi-tze*," meaning "big nose," can be heard from one of the braver children, and this is reminiscent of times past, when foreigners were called "*yang kuei-tze*," or "foreign devils." But times have changed since China was ruled by emperors. People are still curious about foreigners but not stupefied by the sight of them. The Chinese have indeed been isolated. Particularly here in North China they are genuinely untouched by the confusion of the world outside. Few tourists, few businessmen, and few signs of the capitalist world have been allowed to penetrate China. The Chinese leaders have kept the people focussed on revolution and, as much as possible, untempted by the world of money and things—seductions that are anathema to their passion to build Socialism. China is not a land of endless choices, great variety of experience, and infinite possibility. It is a nation where the word "Communism" sums up *the* possibility.



The main streets are full of shoppers and strollers. Everyone is dressed in the practical unisex clothes—usually blue, gray, or khaki—that are worn throughout China. These baggy cotton outfits, consisting of pants, uniform-like jacket, and cap, far from blurring people into sameness, seem to accentuate their faces. The question of the shape of a person's body is a moot one in China, since it is virtually impossible to divine the figures under the shapeless clothes. I sit on a main street near the hotel and watch people pass by. And then, as if conjured up by my own thoughts, a European woman walks through this flow of Chinese. There is an unmistakable air of self-consciousness about her. She is wearing a tight, sleeveless yellow top, a rather short skirt, and low heels. Her breasts protrude in an almost shocking manner, and seem utterly out of place in this busy street of comrades whose bodies and shapes remain undefined beneath their sensible tunics. Her hair, dyed orange and set in waves, has hundreds of eyes riveted on it.

I get up and walk on, and then stop to look at a birth-control propaganda display in a pharmacy window. Two young girls wearing Red Guard armbands notice me and turn toward each other, half amused, half embarrassed. Arching up behind Wang Fu Ching, one of Peking's main shopping streets, is the sloping roof of a huge structure in the traditional architectural style. Built by the Rockefeller Foundation in the twenties, it was once Peking Union Medical College, the finest medical facility in China. During the Cultural Revolution, it was renamed the Anti-Imperialist Hospital. Now it is the Capital Hospital, and is said by various Western friends who have been patients there to be still an excellent one.

There are steady streams of people moving in and out of one of the many branches of the Peking City Department Store. It is a building of several spacious marble floors, filled with counters of goods. People walk around at a leisurely pace, doing more looking than shopping. Cigarettes range in price from .15 yuan to .38 yuan. Dark glasses cost either three or four yuan. Fan or Panda brand detergent is .53 yuan in the large size. Alarm clocks are twelve yuan. There is a variety of equipment for amateur photographers. Leather soccer balls cost nineteen yuan. Sweaters range from twenty to thirty yuan. Wool blankets are forty-eight

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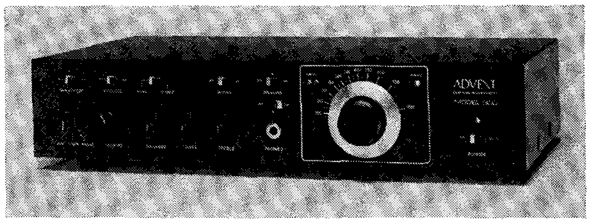

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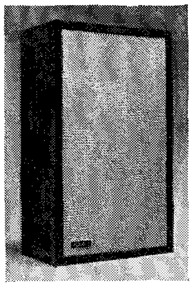

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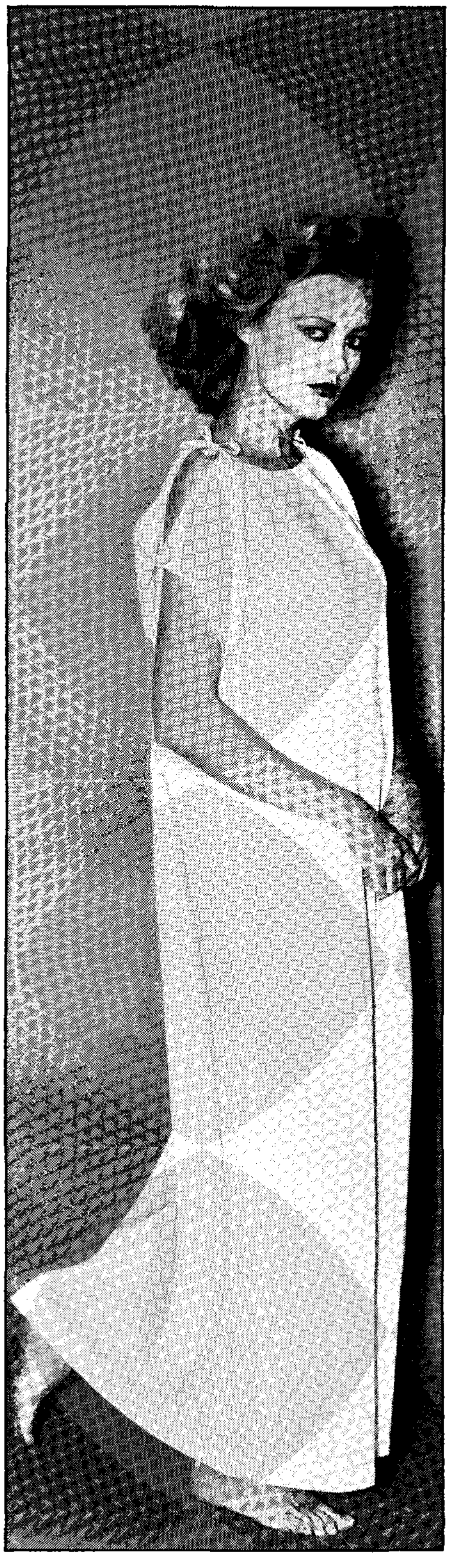

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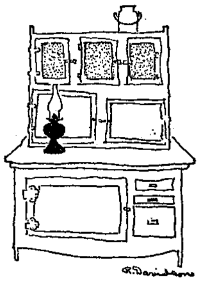
yuan, long underwear is 2.49 yuan, flashlights are 1.50 yuan, popguns are 1.10 yuan, plum wine is 1.30 yuan a quart, and toothpaste is from .40 to .60 yuan. Good-quality plastic raincoats cost four yuan, and I buy one. Canned goods are expensive: pineapple is 1.99 yuan, preserved apples 1.24 yuan, mandarin oranges 1.36 yuan, and jam three yuan. Long-playing records cost about 2.50 yuan and include such songs as "Militia Women in the Grasslands Bring Coal to the People's Liberation Army in the Snow," "An Ode to Peking," "Songs of the Great Leap Forward," "Chasing the Truck," and "Friendship Springs from the Ping-Pong Table." These prices are fairly high in relation to average incomes, which range from thirty to eighty yuan a month. But, except for food and clothing, most basic expenses in China—for education, health care, housing, utilities, transportation—are either free or heavily subsidized by the government or a local collective.

Being here watching people move about their daily tasks removes the cloud of coldness and remoteness in which China is still shrouded for most Americans. China has been a political system, a world force, a military power, and an abstraction. It is a relief to feel part of that abstraction reconstitute itself into concrete reality.

Tomorrow is May Day, or International Labor Day, as it is called here. It is a time for families to reunite, and one of the few times when work stops throughout China. Tonight, in celebration, lights fringe the tall buildings, as though it were a sort of Chinese Christmas. A warm night breeze blows through the budding trees. Almost all the stores are closed now. The streets are full of people out strolling. A whole family on a bicycle cart comes slowly down Ch'ang An Chieh, the widest boulevard in Peking. The mother, two children, and an old granny with bound feet sit together on the small flatbed behind the father, who pedals languidly. One of the small children wears a cap with the characters meaning "hero" stitched on the brim. The eldest son, about twelve, rides alongside the cart on a bicycle, like a skiff next to a large boat.

"WE want workers to be intellectuals and intellectuals to be workers," says Chou Chün-yeh, director of Revolutionary Education at Peking University, beginning a "brief introduction" for our group. "Why should theory be divorced from practice? Why should students be locked up in school and kept apart from workers, peasants, and soldiers? What we really want to do is run our schools with the doors open. We want our schools to be in society, not above it."

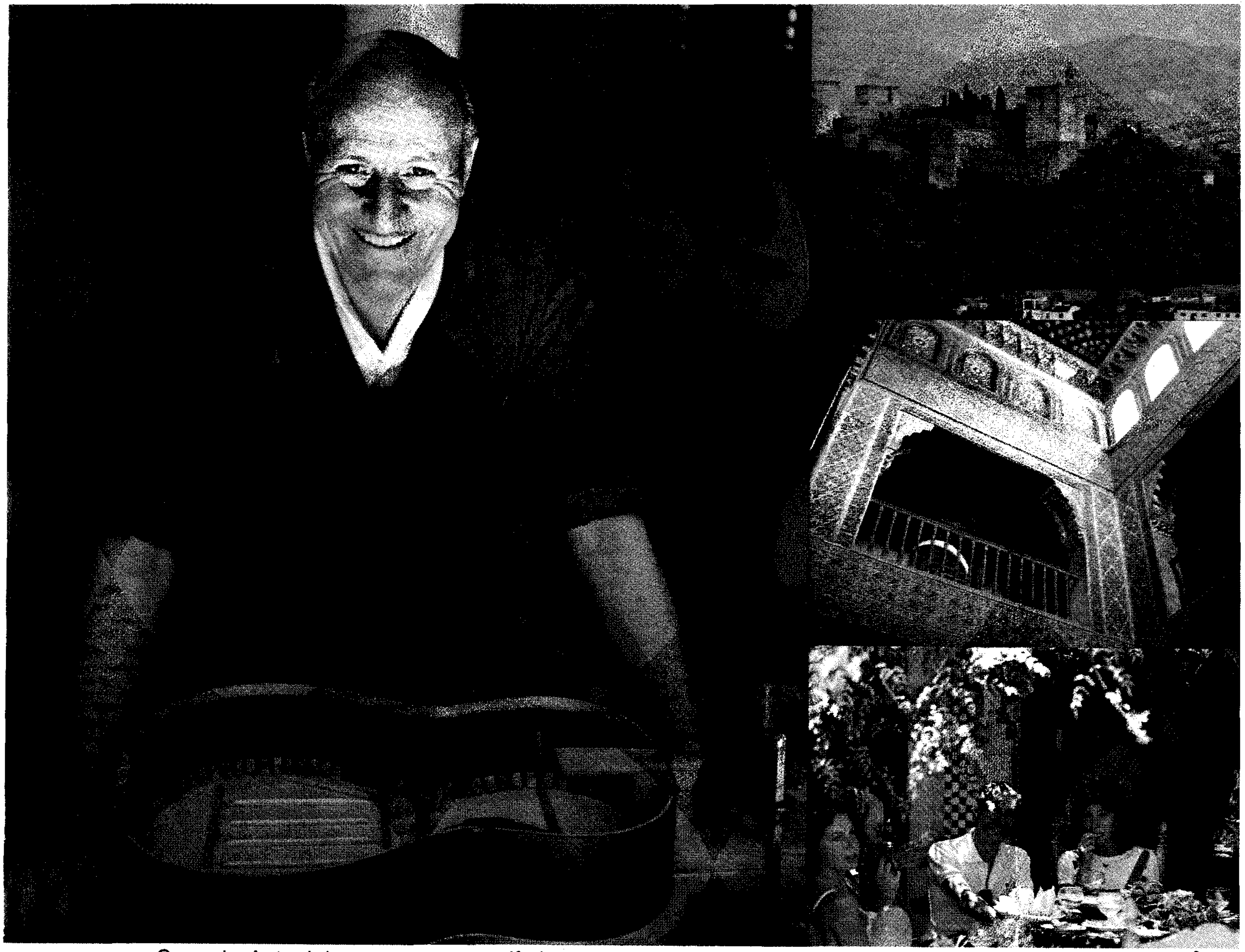
Peking University is the grandfather of Chinese universities. It was to Peking University that the young Mao Tse-tung came as a library assistant in 1918. His real motive was to be near the center of politics and to study with Li Ta-chao, one of China's earliest Marxist intellectuals. Since that time, Peking University has undergone many changes, not the least of them during the Cultural Revolution. In fact, I get a distinct sense, sitting here in a briefing room today listening to the B.I., that many of the issues raised during the Cultural Revolution are still unresolved and sensitive. There is a stiffness in the room, a formalism, which suggests tensions that are unrelieved. The speakers make strained declarations of finality, which remind me that beneath China's political surface the contradictions of the "two-line struggle" are forever boiling, and that the pendulum of political lines can swing surprisingly fast, without warning.



"Students used to study about literature," says the vice-chancellor of the Literature Department. "They memorized the poets Tu Fu and Li Po from ancient times. But what good did it all do? Old literature has a use, but if it is not related to Socialist construction it doesn't mean much. So our courses are not the same as they were before the Cultural Revolution, when most of them didn't relate to anything practical. Nor are the exams the same. Now we don't want to just trip up our students. The most important part of the exam, after all, is to help students learn how to analyze problems. So sometimes we don't even ask students to take formal exams. We just ask them to fulfill certain projects. There are no grades. In the past, we graded students on questions we asked them. But maybe some students couldn't answer one question and failed. What help was that to anyone?"

We take a tour of a pharmaceutical factory, one of seven factories that the university maintains on campus as adjuncts to various departments. It also keeps in touch with about sixty-five

Come to Antonio's Spain.



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Granada. Antonio's great-great-grandfather would still feel at home here, even in the twentieth century.

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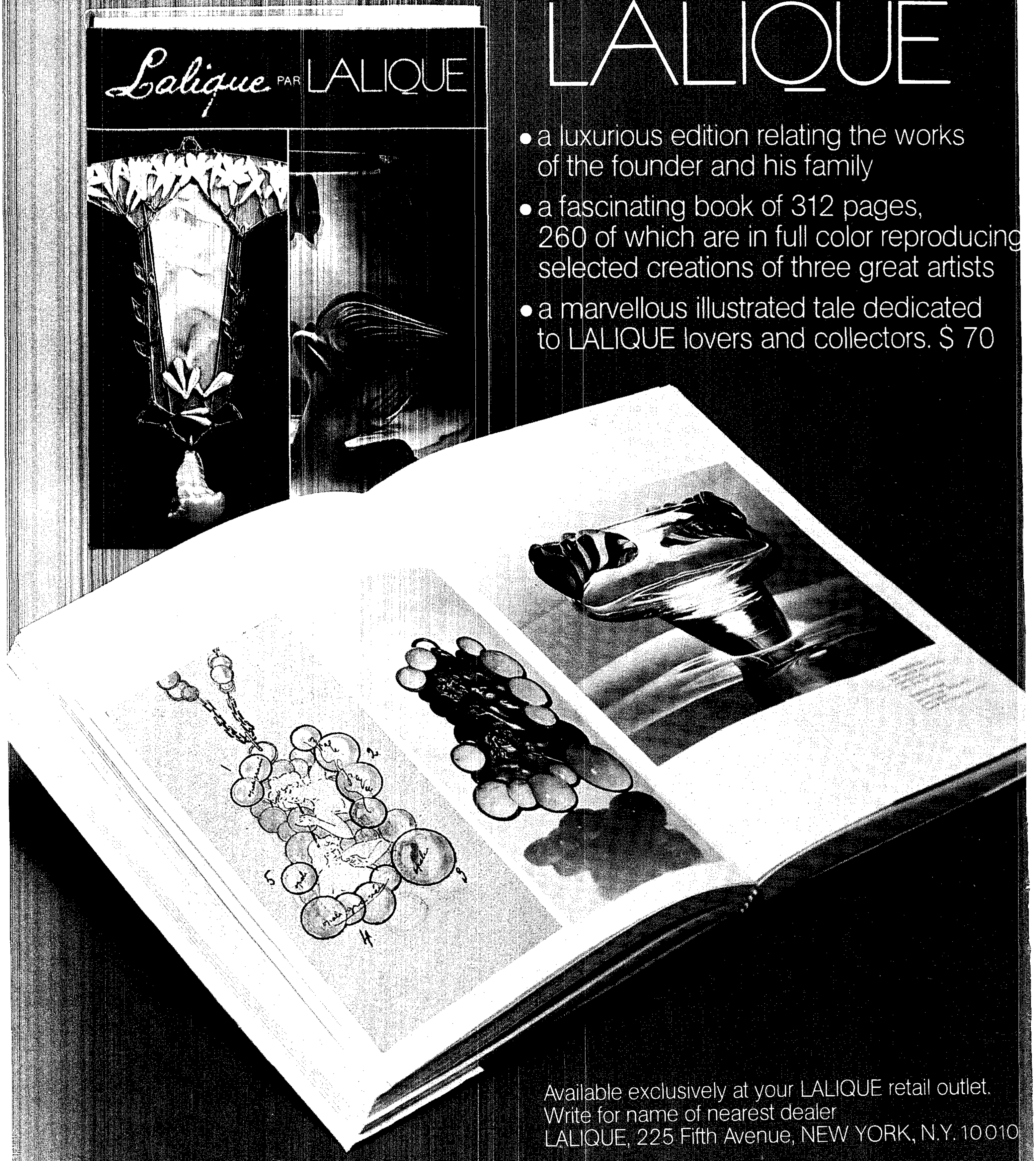

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other factories throughout the country. All this is concrete evidence of its continuing effort to preserve contact with the practical world outside. The pharmaceutical factory is filled with temperature-controlled vats and other equipment made and manned by the students. "It used to be that students just wanted to write a thesis, get it published, and become famous," says our guide, looking at several students who are watching over the dials and thermometers. "And, you know, if they'd ever got into a factory that made what they were studying about, they wouldn't have had the foggiest idea what to do." In another room, there is a small display of medicines that have been manufactured at the university factory. There are bottles of roundworm pills, vials of anti-shock medicine, and a new kind of anesthetic. "We used to import this anesthetic from Russia at seventeen yuan an ampule," the guide says. "But then in 1959 they cut us off, so we had to learn to make it ourselves. Now we make it at a cost of two yuan."

We are back in the briefing room after our all too short and superficial tour. This is a frustrating experience that is to occur again and again. It is the frustration of being able to communicate only on the level of formal political ideas. There is a coldness in this room today. An avoidance of real interchange. A scripted learning experience, in which I collect facts and points about "the system." The facts and points are interesting. But, as these comrades around the table answer written questions and recite familiar litanies extolling the Cultural Revolution, I feel a lack. The exchange is tightly controlled. Questions go unanswered, and politeness seems to require that they not be pressed.

"It would be interesting to hear some of you discuss the problems you yourselves encountered during the Cultural Revolution," I say, hoping to steer the discussion into more personal channels. There is a silence. "Well, who would like to go first?" I say, smiling, hoping that perhaps a little levity will break the ice. It does not. It is immediately clear to me that I have taken "the wrong line," and the question is ignored.

What are some of these older professors thinking as they hear us getting B.I.ed? Some of them have lived through half a century of history. Do they secretly think of us as naïve and uninquiring? Does anyone in the room, waiting his turn to speak, secretly yearn to reach out and talk more informal-

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Webster says it's a yarn dyed cloth woven in stripes, checks or plaids. Florence Eiseman says it's just plain fun! Little girl gingham designed and constructed as only Florence Eiseman can . . . with quality and a little bit of fun in every detail. Polyester/cotton dresses in sizes 2-4T at $22, sizes 4-6x at $24. Mix 'n' match halter sets in sizes 4-14 from $26. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue and other fine stores.

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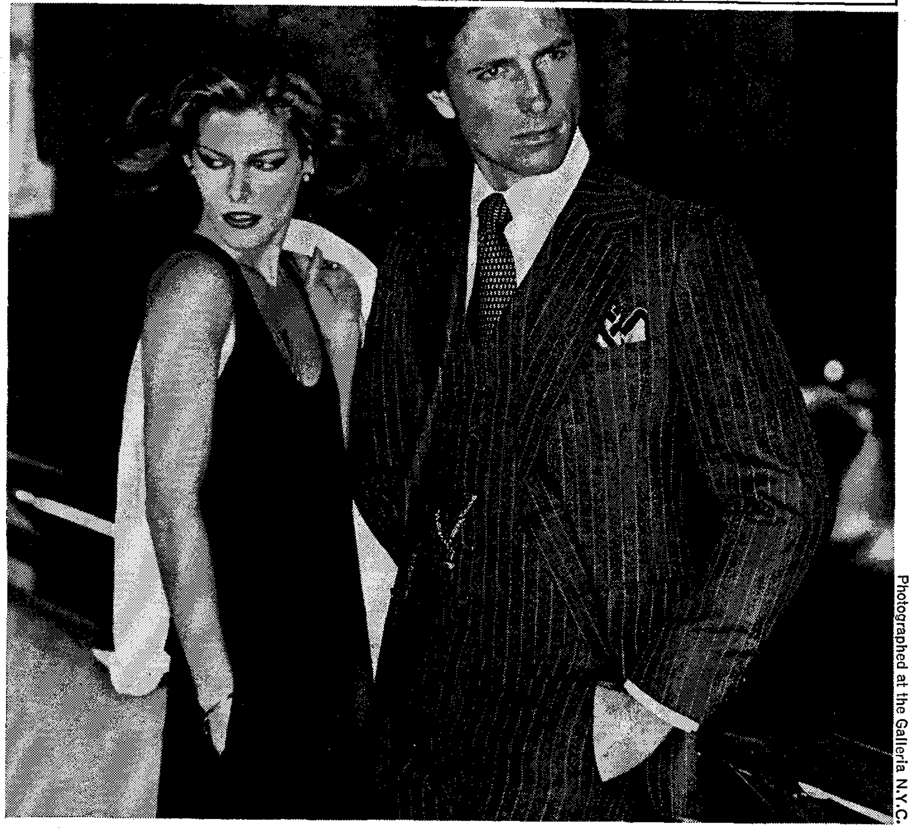

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ly? I do not know. Everyone is silent.

We are given a long history of the Cultural Revolution at the university. Although most of the information is available in books, members of our group take notes. Some take notes regardless of what is being said, apparently feeling that the Chinese would be offended if the note-taking were to cease. A strange transformation seems to occur in many Americans when they get to China. Leftists, in particular, seem to lose their political equilibrium. They forget that they are not Chinese. They have a willingness to believe that China works perfectly—a willingness that is enforced by what they see as the collapse of their own country. Learning becomes a matter not so much of delving into the world around them as of obediently recording what is said. And, surprisingly, the Chinese, the apostles of experience, often seem relieved to escape with a recitation of words and ideas.

The history of the Cultural Revolution grinds on. Even some of the Chinese students have started yawning. How many times have *they* heard it all before, as endless groups troop through this briefing room from almost every country in the world? One student of English, a young woman I talked with as we visited the memorial to the American writer Edgar Snow, which is on the university campus, begins to drift asleep. Her head falls slowly chestward. Her chin hits her collarbone, and she wakes up. The speaker drones on. He does not speak of present political battles and disagreements. This does not come easily to the Chinese; they speak of experiences in the past but not of the present—the unresolved present, which has erupted into deep conflict so often in Chinese Communist history that people seem wary of public declarations that might spell grief in the future. The Chinese also speak only rarely of their individual reactions. Perhaps it is because their experiences are primarily group experiences. I keep wanting to coax them into a more personal space, into retorts and descriptions that will reflect their own feelings and judgments rather than the current political line. But they elude me. They let questions pass, change the subject, and return to discussions of movements, political tendencies, and ideas. There is a difference in the way we as peoples communicate. There is also a difference in the way we experience, and the meaning we extract from our experiences. In China, what has meaning (at least, what is worth recounting to foreigners) is rarely something that one has experienced oneself. People are fulfilled not by becoming themselves but by becoming part of the collective whole. And thus it is hardly surprising that what they wish to pass on to us as significant is an account of the broad social and political movements that surround them, rather than the pain or joy of their private lives.

YENAN. We are in the cradle of the Chinese revolution in the thirties and forties. I am sick. Fever. Chills. I stay in bed all day reading some of Mao's talks and writings that, curiously, are still officially unpublished here in China. Because of changes in the correct "line," many of Mao's works were not published until long after conception, when one or another politically powerful group found publication expedient. The works I am reading were printed during the Cultural Revolution as underground pamphlets and were subsequently smuggled out of the country and published in translation abroad. I have brought copies with me. If and when they are published in China, they probably will be sanitized. Through the years, Chairman Mao no doubt found it odd to read his own writings and utterances purged of their earthy content by some faithful cadre looking over the editor's desk.

Talking to an assemblage of Chinese leaders about the weaknesses of the Great Leap Forward, Mao speaks of who must bear responsibility. "The chaos was on a grand scale," he says, "and I take responsibility. Comrades, you must all analyze your own responsibility. If you have to shit, shit. You will feel much better for it." Or, again, "Those of you who shirk responsibility or who are afraid to take responsibility, who do not allow people to speak, who think you are tigers, and that nobody will dare touch your ass, whoever has this attitude, ten out of ten will fail. People will talk anyway. You think that nobody will dare touch the ass of tigers like you? They damned well will!"

There is great vitality in Mao's writings—particularly those that are unexpurgated. He writes with the utmost confidence and intelligence, quoting the classics (even the present supreme bête noire, Confucius) as he pleases. There is a quality of frankness and good humor in Mao's speeches, writings, and interviews which is sadly and, at times, almost frighteningly missing from the pronouncements of many of the lesser leaders. While there are startling and refreshing exceptions, there is a tend-

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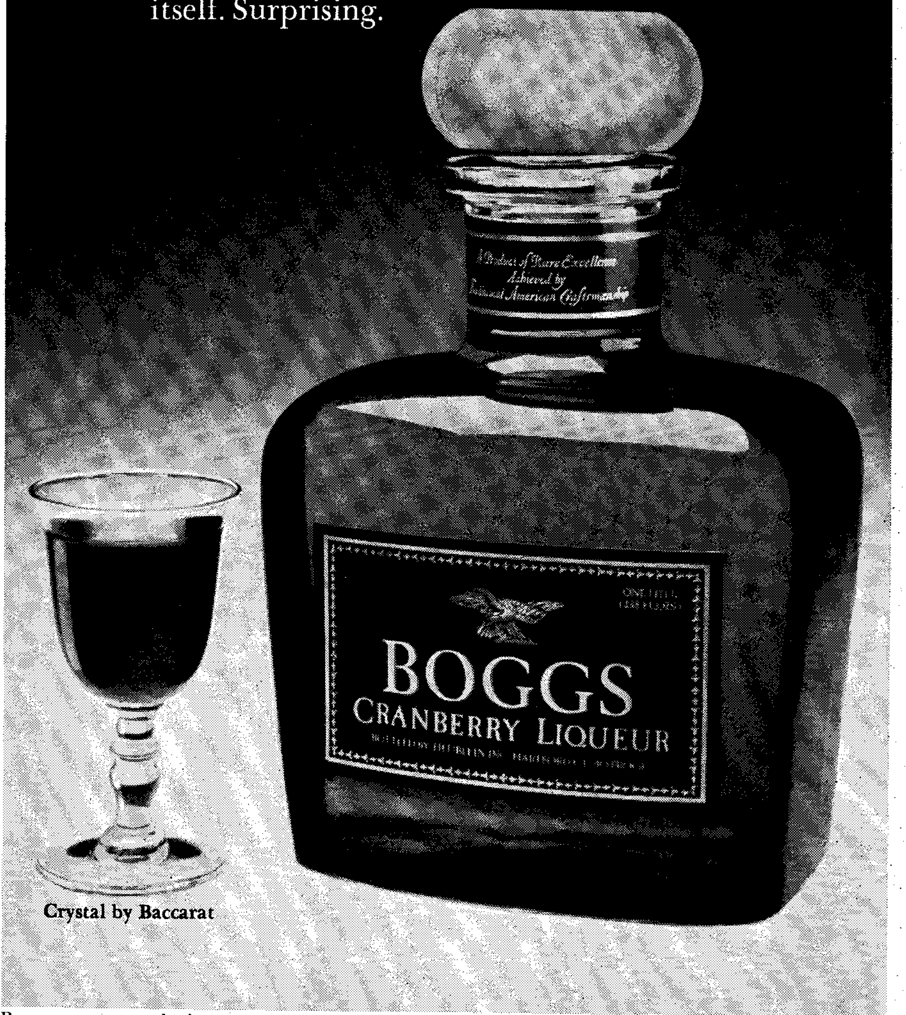

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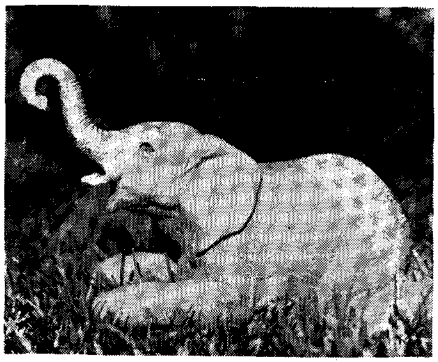
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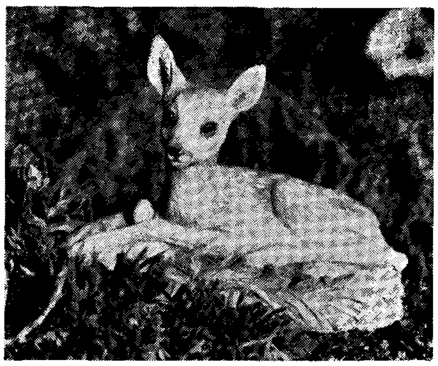
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ency among the responsible cadres at lower levels to avoid difficult or embarrassing questions, to hew to the present Party line with a lifeless tenacity.

Mao repeatedly speaks of the unity of opposites, of the need to understand, and even tolerate, both sides of many contradictions. He has lectured assembled officials on "struggle," "divergencies," and "splits" as natural and healthy, as part of the process of releasing tensions and gaining new consensus and unity. "We cannot talk of monolithic unity alone, and refuse to talk about struggle, about contradiction," he says. "To talk all the time about unity is a pool of stagnant water; it can lead to coldness. . . . Things cannot possess only unity and common features, without also having independence and distinctive features. . . . Each unit of production, each individual has to have initiative and a certain degree of independence. All must have independence which is linked with unity."

Mao's writings do not condone individualism on the Western model, or the unrestricted right of people to do what they want when they please. The writings present careful philosophical distinctions between antagonistic contradictions (those, for instance, between a man and an outright enemy) and nonantagonistic contradictions "among the people" (those between friend and friend, which can be worked out through discussion and negotiation). Mao repeatedly stresses the need for people to be assertive, to disagree, to question, to maintain a certain critical awareness. Mao's writings reflect no love of yes-men or of people who try to find which way the wind is blowing before they speak their minds. "Many of our comrades," he says, "when confronted with numerous codes and conventions, do not consider whether there might be an alternative formula. . . . They do not make any analysis, or use their brains. They do not make comparisons." The Chinese are far from being without initiative and imagination, which are officially encouraged at every turn. But they seem to feel freest in expressing themselves in practical or technologically innovative ways. Political imagination appears to be very risky. China has an abundance of middle-ranking leaders and cadres who seem genuinely confused and afraid (at least, with foreigners) of the possibility of innovative political ideas. A subtle but deep and repressive sense of hierarchy still exists in China. It has little to do with money, better houses, clothes, or more expensive cars, for class distinctions of this kind have largely disappeared. The hierarchy tends to congeal around the question of leadership and authority. In spite of the many ways in which the Chinese have made egalitarianism their hallmark, they still have more than a lingering fascination with and respect for people of high rank. They seem to find no contradiction between egalitarianism and the notion of strong and revered leaders. For instance, when we arrive at some new destination the waiting leaders relentlessly seek out the leaders of our group, often brushing by the others as though they did not see them. The Chinese are deeply uneasy when they cannot identify the leaders of whomever they are dealing with. And lower leaders often freeze in the presence of higher leaders. This would not be a particularly salient observation if it did not contrast so sharply with China's orthodoxy of egalitarianism. The higher the level, the deeper the freeze.

In spite of all the rhetoric from the Cultural Revolution about "daring to rebel" and "bombarding the headquarters," most Chinese seem reluctant to challenge authority. In fact, they often seem uneasy with people who do. Perhaps it was recognition of this very problem which helped generate the rebellious rhetoric. Perhaps, also, the key to the Cultural Revolution, which was indeed a vast challenge to the new and growing bureaucratic class in China, was that it was sanctioned by Mao instead of springing from any innate or cultivated quality of Chinese rebelliousness. Mao's writings are full of derogatory references to people who view the world from behind a desk or a book. "Only two emperors of the Ming Dynasty did well. Hung-wu and Yung-lo," he says. "One was illiterate, and the other knew only a few characters. Afterward . . . in the Chia-ch'ing reign, when intellectuals had power, things were in a bad state. . . . To read too many books is harmful."

One cannot help wondering who will be around in the future to lead such assaults on the middle-aged spread of the revolution. "Whenever the mind becomes rigid," said Mao, "it is very dangerous."

EVERYWHERE in China, you hear people asking one another when they are going to *ch'a tui* or

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	Nova	18	23
	Vega	21	28
Ford —	Maverick	18	24
	Mustang II	21	29
	Pinto	23	32
	Thunderbird	15	19
Lincoln-Mercury —	Bobcat	23	32
	Comet	18	24
Mazda —	Cosmo	18	26
	RX4	18	26
	808	23	30
Oldsmobile —	Starfire	21	28
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	Monza	8
	Nova	14
	Vega	10
Datsun —	B-210	12
	F-10	14
Dodge —	Colt	7
Ford —	Maverick	12
	Mustang II	8
	Pinto	8
	Thunderbird	14
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	Comet	12
Mazda —	Cosmo	10
	RX-4	11
	808	10
Oldsmobile —	Starfire	10
Plymouth —	Arrow	10
Pontiac —	Astre	10
	Firebird	7
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Lincoln-Mercury —	Bobcat	77
Mazda —	Cosmo	73
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Who are we to argue?

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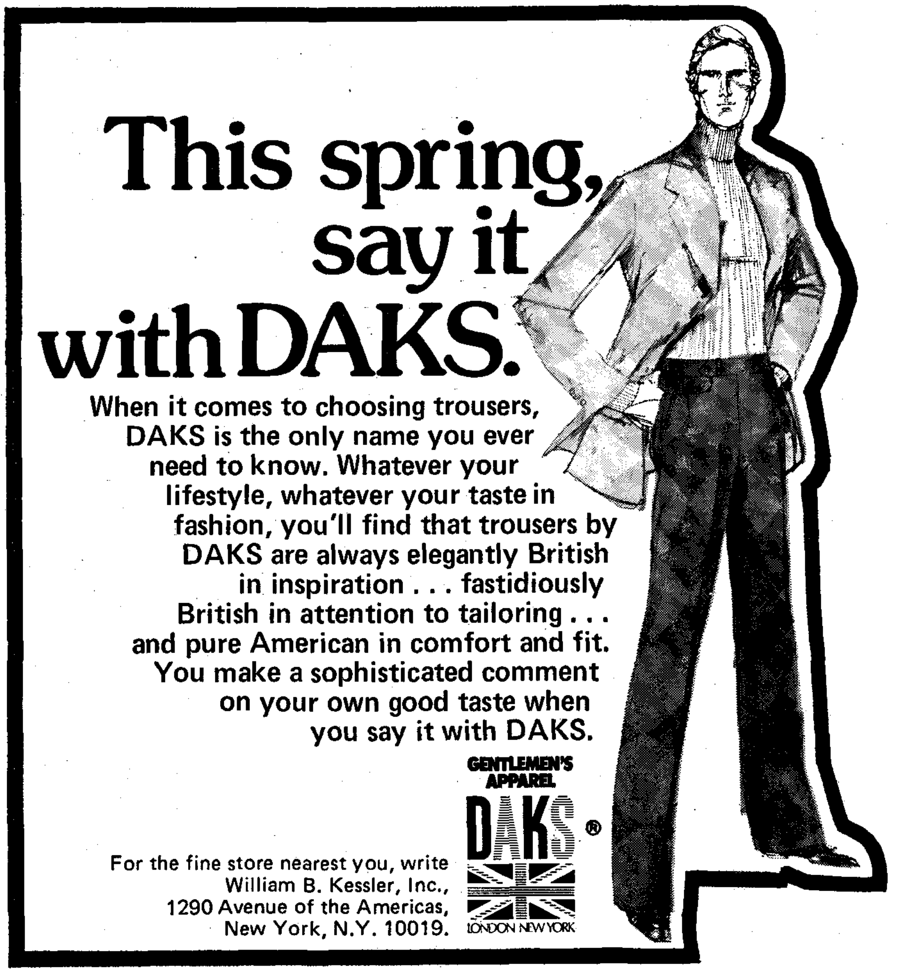
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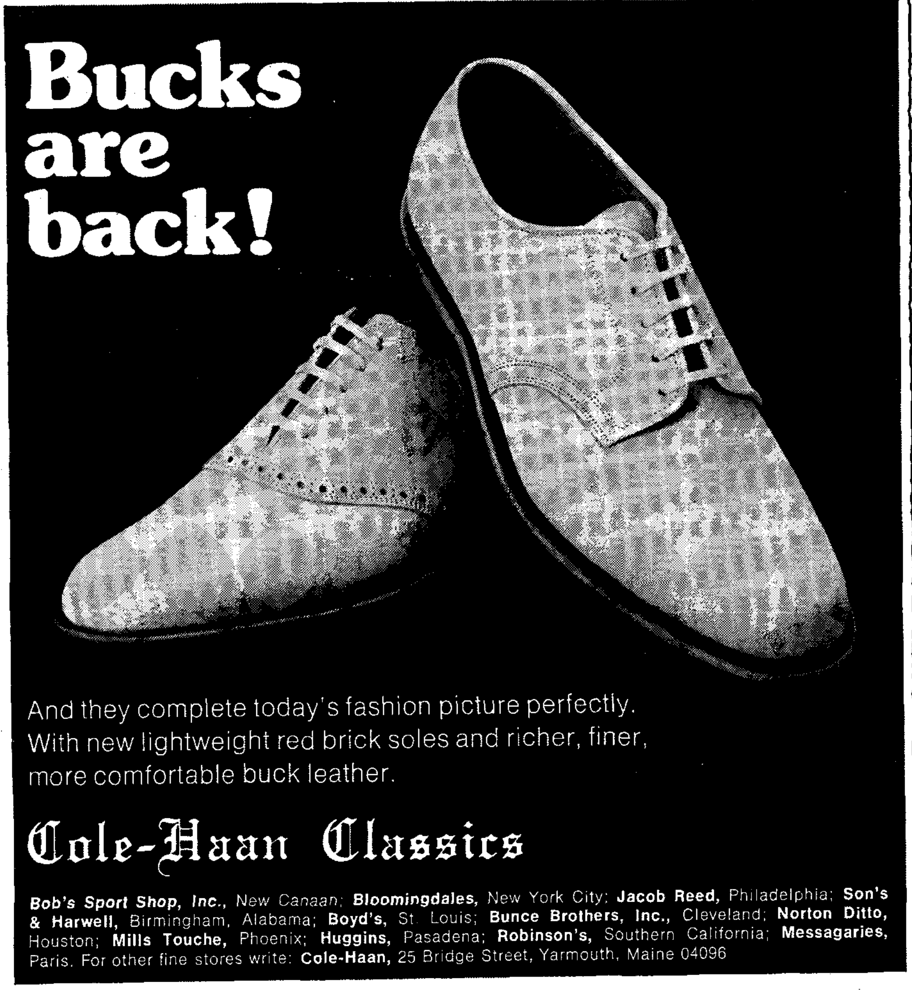
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whether they have already done so. Literally, *ch'a tui* means "to be inserted into a production team" or "put out in a production team." It is one of the many expressions in modern-day Chinese—like *hsia fang* (literally, "to be sent down")—used to connote the process whereby intellectuals, bureaucrats, and students in the cities are sent out into the country, by the government, to work. All over China, the "educated youths" live and work in rural communes and brigades with the peasants. (Rural communes are composed of brigades, which are not only work units but places; they usually comprise one or more villages.) It is a wrenching experience for most of the city youths—one that they idealize but may also find extremely painful.

The object is to bring the learning of the city to the countryside and to bring the practical experience of farming to the city dweller. And, whereas many older professional people (agricultural experts, musicians, doctors, engineers) may be sent down for a year or two, most young people are sent down indefinitely upon graduating from secondary school. While preference as to place and type of work can be expressed, a young person is basically bound by the final decision of administrators at his or her school. A national organization is responsible for making the initial arrangements for each person's journey to the countryside. An allotment of six hundred yuan is made by the state for each young person to assist in the necessary initial investments for housing and household utensils. After a year with a particular work unit, a young worker begins to be remunerated locally, like any peasant.

Since 1964, the government has sent some ten million "educated youths" to the countryside from the cities of China. This is a significant number when one remembers that only fifteen per cent of China's population is urban. A young woman tells me that in her secondary-school graduating class of sixty, only eleven stayed in the city. Some of the eleven may have had elderly parents to care for, and a few may have just refused to go—a possible but almost unthinkable option. The fate of these few is doubtless extreme isolation. Their unusual refusal cuts them off from work, leaving them idle pariahs in a land of endless purposeful work.

At the Tsao-yüan Brigade, near the city of Yenan, members of our group meet with several young Chinese to discuss brigade life. "When I first came here, I still really wanted to go to the university," says a young woman who has been with the brigade for a year. "But I did not have a correct line. Then we had a series of really heated discussions among ourselves on how we felt about settling in a small place. After I had been here awhile, the brigade members asked me if I wanted to stay longer. I just answered in a vague way, still hoping I could somehow get away and back to my studies. I said that I would do whatever the revolution needed. But the comrades saw through my unenthusiastic reply." She laughs nervously, and sits forward on her chair. "I used revolutionary words to cover up my individualism. Of course, others had the same problem, and we talked about it in the fields a lot. The peasants would tell us that the countryside needed mechanization and needed educated youth to help. I gradually began to see how I was using my revolutionary words to cover my own personal intentions. But now I know that I must alter my world outlook by tempering myself in the country. The change of one's outlook is fundamental, you know. It's not easy to change your class standpoint and outlook to that of the peasants. But I've made up my mind to do it, even though the process may be painful and difficult."

When she ceases talking, there is a silence in the room. She looks to one end of the room and then to the other. She is clearly interested in the effect her words have had on those listening. But it strikes me that she is also testing the effect of her words on herself.

SIAN, Northeast China. We sit in the practice room of the Sian Song and Dance Troupe. There are big red characters hung above the ballet mirrors which, translated, read "Rehearse for the Revolution." The mirrors are slightly imperfect, giving the effect of a fun house. As the B.I. progresses, I play with my reflection in the mirrors, moving one way or another in my chair so as to render my body headless or possessed of a huge unnatural bulge.

Behind us, an orchestra waits. Actors, dancers, and musicians stand in clumps by the door listening and watching. Many have their arms around each other, or are leaning against another comrade with a naturalness that is striking. The men are with men, the women are with women.

"Students must go down to the masses," Liu Fung, chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of the Song

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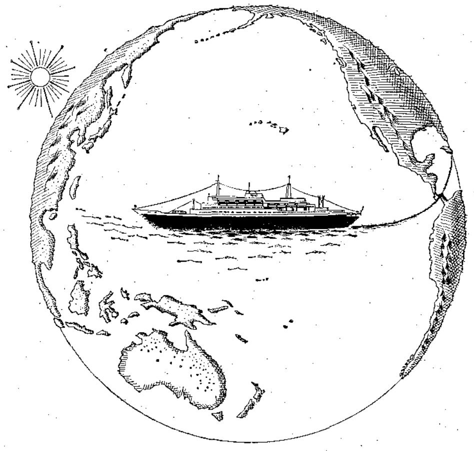

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and Dance Troupe, is saying. He is an older man. “They must try to write plays and songs based on the principle of ‘Coming from the people’s life but improving the people’s life.’ They must try to meet the political and entertainment needs of the Shensi Province masses. All art and literature are for the masses of people—especially the workers, peasants, and soldiers.”

“We are opposed to works with bad political viewpoints,” says another comrade. “But we are also opposed to works that lack artistic power. We are now trying to perform more works showing the heroic posture of the workers, peasants, and soldiers.”

“We have gone down into the coal mines three times,” says a third speaker. “We went four hundred metres underground to work and to discuss things with the miners in order to prepare material for a dance. When we want to write a long play, we always go down to the factories and fields and gather material. Then we analyze it in a three-in-one committee of writers, directors, and performers. The idea is first discussed with our Revolutionary Committee. Then it is discussed with everyone. We feel that our art should help build Socialism and social transformation, not weaken the Party’s leadership. And, in fact, some performances are altered because after they are shown, the workers and peasants do not approve. They may say something like ‘This doesn’t show the spirit of our time.’ For instance, in one dance a woman did a fluttery kind of step. And some people thought that it didn’t really reflect the proper proletarian strength. So we changed it.”

A group of women ballet dancers take their positions at the barres around the room. They wear brown tights, loose bloomers, and blue knit shirts. They have muscular, small-breasted bodies. A pianist plays exercise music. In unison, the dancers cry out, “Rehearse for the revolution!” They start at the barre, doing pliés, and then move out onto the floor. They move easily but with discipline. One dancer muffs a pirouette. She comes to a full stop, composes herself, and begins again without any grimacing or other sign of embarrassment. The teacher is a middle-aged woman. She stands at one side of the room calling out suggestions and corrections in rhythm with the music.

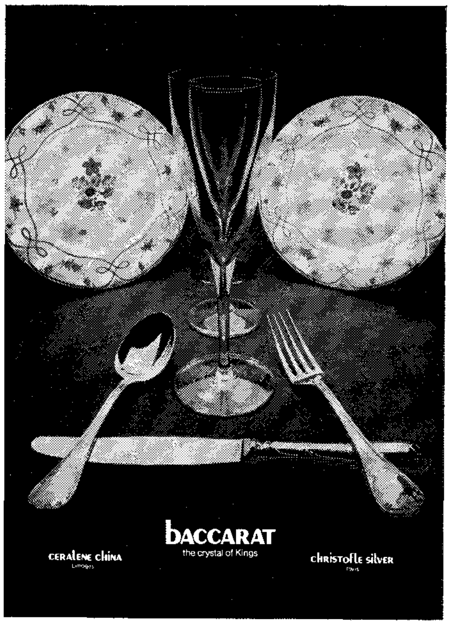
A men’s chorus is next, and one suspects that this rehearsal may be turning into a performance. The men sing to an accordion. (“It’s an easy instrument to take along to the countryside,” says a young man sitting next to me.) A heavy Soviet influence lingers over the presentation. They stand shoulder to shoulder with flawless expressions of proletarian defiance and sing “We Must Let the Banner of Victory Fly Over Taiwan.” And then, to stress beyond a shadow of a doubt that Taiwan is an issue of importance, a soloist sings “People of Taiwan, Our Own Brothers.” This is a song currently popular in China; in fact, a scheduled visit of a Chinese cultural troupe to the United States in 1975 was cancelled by the State Department because the Chinese insisted that they be allowed to sing this song in America.

The orchestra behind us tunes up. It is a Western orchestra, with flutes, oboes, horns, clarinets, bassoons, strings, and piano. It plays what sounds like some providentially lost Khatchaturian score. The music is difficult, but the technique of most of the musicians is good. A group of dancers, all smiling special stage smiles, appears. The dance is ingeniously choreographed to portray the various stages of a harvest. There is the standard male lead, dressed up in a costume of blue overalls and cap, who prances around the stage with his hands going through the motions of steering a vehicle. The women cut and thresh wheat around him.

“Yes, he represents a tractor driver,” says my neighbor. “We must mechanize agriculture.”

This is a standard role in Chinese ballet. I have seen it several times. This particular dance is called “We Are So Happy Because We Are Delivering Grain to the State.” The Chinese do not fear repetition.

The final offering is a solo from a popular ballet called “Ode to the Yimeng Mountains.” The ballet, set in the late nineteen-forties, tells an unlikely story of a young woman who has just given birth. While hunting mushrooms in the mountains, she comes across a P.L.A. soldier who is dying of thirst. Nowhere can water be found. So the heroine does a grand jeté behind a rock, and emerges a few moments later with a canteen of milk from her own breast. The soldier drinks, and lives. The next scene takes place the following day, at the young woman’s



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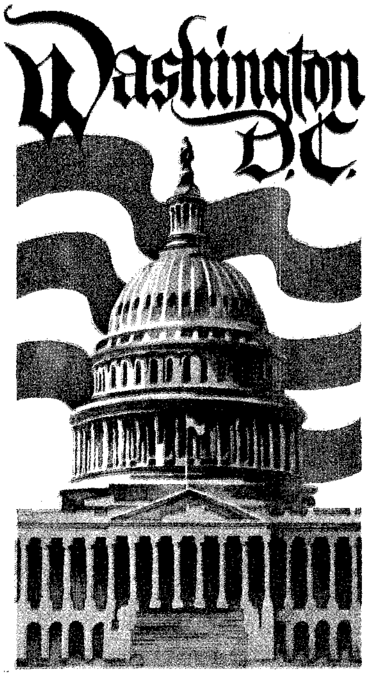
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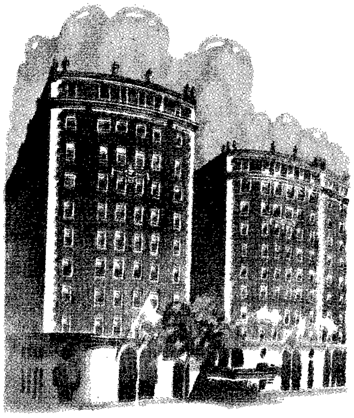

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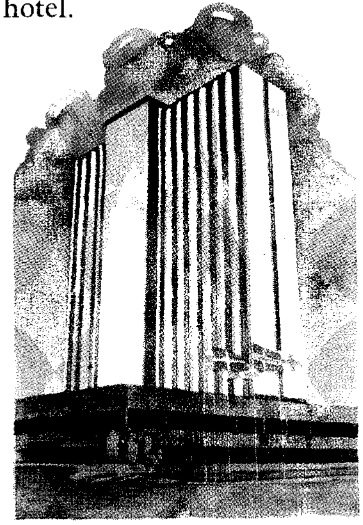

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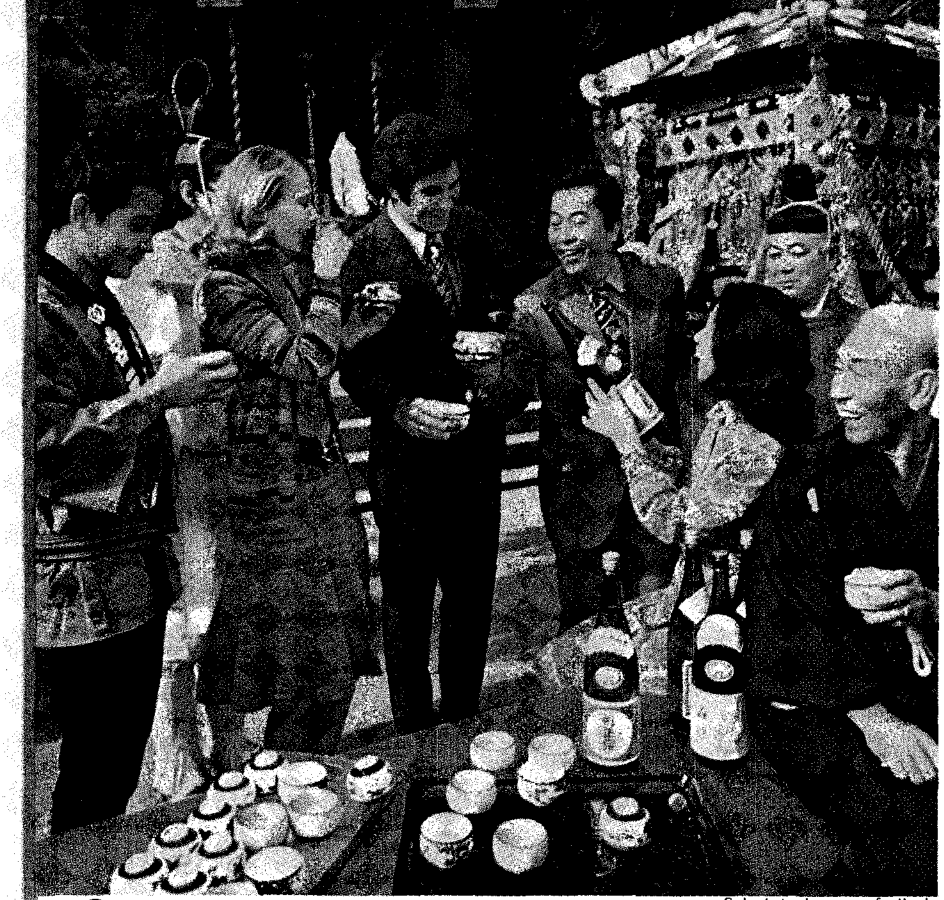

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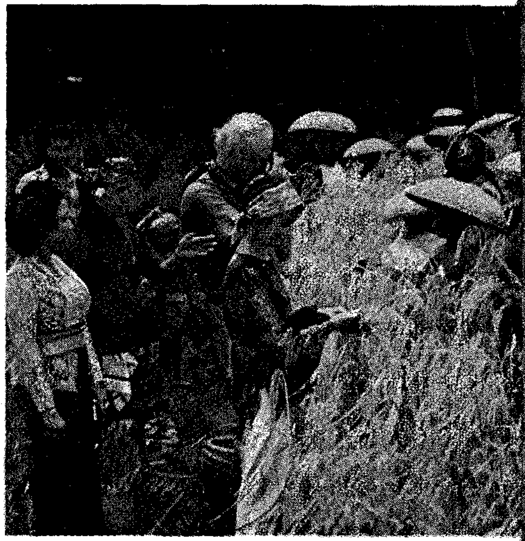

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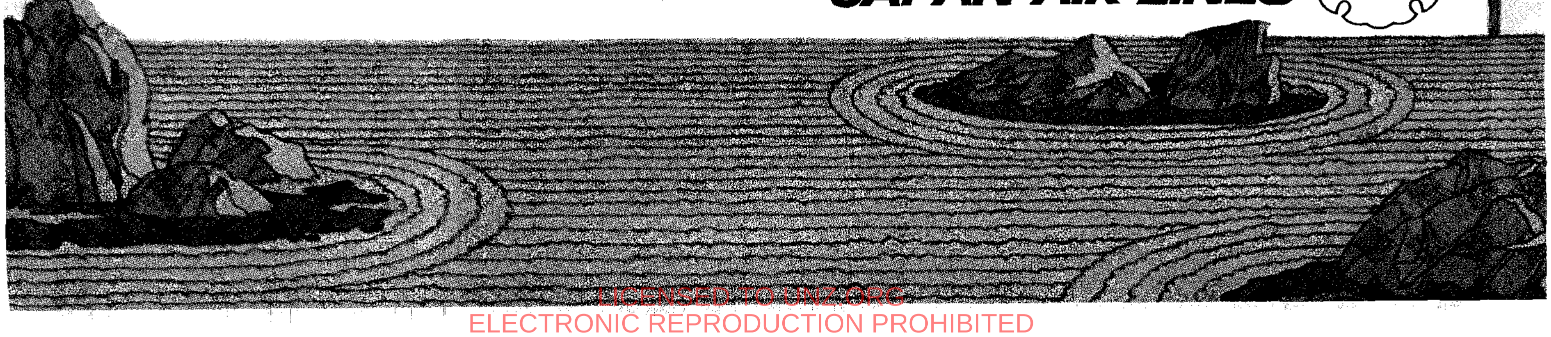

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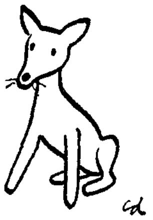
house. It is entitled "Cooking Chicken Soup for the P.L.A. Soldier." Smiles in our group caused by the announcement of this quaint title are erased by the ballerina's performance. She can only be called a prima ballerina, although I am sure the Chinese would frown on that description. She is exquisite—a beautiful woman utterly in control of her body and of the dance. It is startling to think of such a ballerina with a provincial company.

In entertainment, as in sports (where the motto is "Friendship First, Competition Second"), the Chinese do not emphasize the star system. There is no real cult of celebrities in China. At a performance of any kind, one is constantly surprised to find that an actor or singer who holds a prop or dances unobtrusively in the chorus in one scene becomes the soloist in the next. Yet, even here in China, where classes and distinctions have been whittled to an all-time minimum, one senses the perhaps unavoidable tendency to give attention to those who perform exceptionally well, and to give them the solos. Even in a small grade-school production in the countryside, one sometimes notices that the prettiest and most talented children are up front. And yet it is distinctly taboo to single out any performer and praise him or her at the expense of the group.



After the ballet, there is a question-and-answer session, and once again we are asked to write out our questions ahead of time. We sit and listen for an interminable time. My mind begins to wander. The chairman of the Revolutionary Committee is saying something about "bourgeois feudal artistic rubbish," but I have caught the eye of one of the really fine male dancers, who had introduced himself to me earlier as Hsieh Han-min. He stands by the door behind the orchestra. He sees me casting a glance his way and smiles. I make my move. I head across the hall and out of the building, as if in search of the bathroom, feeling somewhat like a student whose only officially permissible relief from class is the lavatory. Magically, this dancer intercepts me on the path outside. We begin to talk while walking slowly down the path. The quality of the direct encounter is more satisfying than the exchange inside, but I feel furtive, even though nothing secret is being said.

"Every year, we go into inaccessible areas to perform," says Hsieh Han-min with great animation. "We break up into small groups and go to places where we have to walk for days carrying our props. There are no trucks or anything. But we like the trips a great deal and always have a good time."

"Where do you live on such trips?" I ask.

"Well, we live with the peasants. We sleep in their caves or houses with them. It's never more than a day or so in each place. We have the Three Togethers: Eat Together, Live Together, Work Together. The peasants welcome us. They love our performances, because most of them rarely get into the cities." Hsieh is speaking very fast. His excitement is infectious. "We like to go to the countryside. We must go to answer Chairman Mao's call," he says, emphasizing the word "must." "Because if we don't go, art will become separated from the masses."

"Do foreigners ever come with you on these tours to the countryside?" I ask, fantasizing for a moment.

"No, no!" He laughs. "But you would like to go? It's hard. It's not easy work. But anyway we welcome you."

We both laugh at the idea.

"Ah, but your time is short," he says, consigning the idea to futility.

"Yes, it is," I say, and just then I see out of the corner of my eye a functionary speeding toward us. He has noticed my absence.

At that moment, Wang Chien, the soloist from the "Chicken Soup" ballet, happens down the path. She stops. Hsieh introduces us. I struggle to find some acceptable Chinese expression of admiration and appreciation for her dance. Then I realize I should be praising the whole troupe, not just her. All I can say is "You dance very well."

She acknowledges my compliment with a silent nod. I'm madly in love with her. But it's too late. The functionary arrives to see if I have succumbed in the toilet.

I bid a reluctant goodbye to my two acquaintances and am herded back to the practice room, where written questions are still patiently answered.

SHAOSHAN. This is a small village tucked into one of the lush green valleys between the rolling mountains of Hunan Province. Although the peasants of Shaoshan still live much as peasants do everywhere in China, this village is in a class by itself. It is the birthplace of Chairman Mao.

Most members of our group had requested that the visit to Shaoshan be cut from our itinerary, to allow more time for other activities on our schedule. The Chinese leading our trip seemed upset by this request. Whether they felt slighted by our lack of interest in Chairman Mao's birthplace or thought that our group (like almost all others) should go to Shaoshan for some unexplained political reason, I do not know. In any event, our request was turned down.

Shaoshan is one of China's living museums—a museum that focusses almost entirely on Chairman Mao, the personification of all "correct" tendencies in modern Chinese history. Chairman Mao's house has been rebuilt and replica furniture installed. It is surprisingly spacious—almost luxurious, in fact, even by today's standards. "Yes, this is a nice house," one of our local hosts confesses. "You see, Chairman Mao's father was a middle peasant." In other words, Mao's father was not poor. We pose for a photograph by a small pond in front of Mao's house. We stand on tiered risers, as countless thousands of groups have stood before us. We are given strange little three-dimensional plastic photographs of Mao's house. They remind me of the 3-D plastic beer advertisements depicting waterfalls which hang over bars and seem to move as you walk by.

I have difficulty getting involved with this political shrine. A sense of reconstituted history envelops Shaoshan, an embalmed, rouged corpse. My interest is flagging, and it probably shows. My major energies are directed at preventing our hosts from detecting any signs of ingratitude.

SHANGHAI. We pass into the old French Concession—land that was once leased to the French by the Chinese government. It was the home of rich European traders, rich Chinese merchants and officials, and the leaders of Shanghai's legendary underworld. The mansions here are grander than ones we just passed on the outskirts of Shanghai; these are huge, dark, gingerbread-laden, ersatz-European structures. Behind high walls rise Victorian turrets, Bavarian cuckoo-clock balconies, and ornate chimneys. The houses are built out of brick, slate, tiles, and stone, as though their colonial architects could not imagine a time when there would be no Europeans left in China to enjoy their luxury and spaciousness.

Now there is laundry drying under porticoes where limousines driven by uniformed Chinese chauffeurs

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used to deliver their charges. Some of the once well-kept lawns out under grand old shade trees have been turned into vegetable patches. No distinction remains between the front of the house and the servants' quarters behind. The people whom the high walls once excluded now have the run of the house. Some of the houses have been divided into apartments, which are said to be drafty and cold in winter. Others have become institutes, academies, headquarters for neighborhood Revolutionary Committees, or factories.

There is a faint suggestion of Hong Kong about Shanghai—the sidewalk venders (now organized by the state), the bustle in the streets, the endless variety of small shops. We pass through various smells as we move down the street: there is seafood, cakes baking, a honey-bucket truck, noodles cooking in a restaurant. People do not stare at foreigners here. Shanghai people are far more cosmopolitan than the people of Peking or the countryside. Their faces are paler, but they are much looser and gayer. They seem to laugh easily. One feels that here it would not be an unpardonable sin to get into an argument or a heated discussion.

Shanghai now has ten million people, and is thought by many demographers to be the largest municipality in the world. In the tenth century, it was a fishing village. By the fourteenth century, a textile industry had begun to flourish here. But it was only in the nineteenth century, when the Western powers forced China to sign "the unequal treaties"—thereby prying the reluctant nation open to Western trade and intrusion—that Shanghai began to grow rapidly. Sitting, as it does, on the Whangpoo River, a tributary of the mighty Yangtze, which flows into the East China Sea, Shanghai proved to be the most prosperous of the new Treaty Ports. Although it was filled with Chinese who labored in its factories, on its docks, and in its mansions, it was never really a Chinese city until 1949, when the Communists took over—an event that the Chinese refer to as Liberation. It was a creature of foreign trade and foreign influence. It was ruled by foreigners and Westernized Chinese as a profitable trade-access point to the great Chinese hinterland.

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trapeze, and gymnastic acts, and stunts in which fifteen people effortlessly get on one bicycle. There is no honky-tonk, sideshow atmosphere, no freaks, no con artists, no snake oil—just the consummate skill of the performers. Before Liberation, they lived as vagrants in the streets and performed on street corners for spare change. Now they perform in their own theatre, an intimate, round domed building with a single ring in the center. There is a band on a platform which plays in perfect time, with muted drum rolls and trills as one of the gymnasts gets ready to balance a fourth tray of full water glasses on a cone that is balanced on his nose.

A man with a rouged face, a kind of dumb, vulnerable grin, and a powder-blue Liberace suit walks out into the ring with his partner. They extract from hidden jacket pockets long, fluffy feathers, which they balance on their foreheads in a mysterious way: the feathers stand straight out, parallel to the floor, as if they had been stuck quill first into the acrobats' foreheads. The men move forward as the feathers begin to fall, creating a cushion of air under the feathers and holding them in their precarious places. The man in powder blue produces a short and rather ridiculous little fishing pole. He heads into the delighted audience. A spotlight follows him. All of a sudden, the rod is shaking and bending. Now with a surprised, foolish look on his face, he reels a large orange-gold fish in from the audience. Everyone is standing up, trying to see how he did it. The two people between whom he caught the fish are staring at each other in wonderment, shaking their heads, and looking somewhat ruffled by the spotlight and all the attention, which has unexpectedly turned them from spectators into participants.

Before the commotion has died down, the announcer says, "The next act is wrestling." Two midgets dressed in clothes that look as if they might be worn by Eskimos come bursting out in a clinch through a curtained door. These strange short men jump, trip each other, fall, roll, leap out of the ring, but they never break their clinch. The clown in the powder-blue suit is refereeing. He keeps falling down and frenetically blowing his whistle, and is generally unable to keep up with these two supercharged miniature wrestlers. Then, just as suddenly as the mayhem began, it stops. A human head pops up out of the tangle of fur and small bodies. The face is sweating and beaming. The two midgets have instantaneously dissolved into the tall form of one acrobat, who has been playing both wrestlers at once. The red-faced referee feigns dumb shock. The crowd goes wild.

Suddenly the hall is dark. Two acrobats wearing blue tunics appear in the center of the ring. There is silence. Then, almost imperceptibly at first, the sound of crickets in the evening comes over the public-address system. The two men are making strange little shapes with their mouths. "They must have some sort of gizmos in their mouths," says a rattan importer from New York who happens to be sitting behind us. The two acrobats begin clucking and peeping and honking like chickens and geese. The clucking and honking get more intense, as though there were someone chasing fowl through a barnyard. Then the noises stop, and there is nothing but the sound of one small captured chick being soothed. The lights come up. There are cries for more. The lights dim. The two men return under a spotlight. They imitate a recalcitrant car starting, moving out, shifting, driving off into the distance, and then coming to a stop with a squeak. Then they imitate a battlefield, with rifle fire, mortars, machine guns, and a howitzer; a howitzer shell is fired, whistles through the air, and makes a dull, distant, muffled roar as it explodes.

A sharpshooter appears. He shoots out the flames of candles with a .22 from a hundred and fifty feet away while facing the opposite direction and looking in a mirror.

"SHANGHAI used to be an adventurers' paradise, because of all the corruption, and because of the reactionary rule of the Kuomintang," says Wang Shih, a member of the Shanghai Municipal Public Security Bureau. (The Chinese do not apply the word "police" to their present security forces.) He wears a white uniform with red collar patches. He and a group of people from neighborhood organizations have come to the guest house where we are staying, to discuss the transformation of their city. "When the Europeans started bringing opium to

Anne Burgess

China, in the eighteenth century, Shanghai was one of the first ports in China to become fully open to the importation of drugs. It was this drug trade, forced on China by foreigners, that finally started the Opium Wars, beginning in 1839. The trade continued under the Japanese, who occupied Shanghai in the nineteen-thirties and forties. They allowed opium smoking, by stopping all efforts to enforce opium laws. Not long after the Europeans began to bring opium to China, the drug traffic extended into the countryside, away from the Treaty Ports. Even the police got into it. Their network made use of ships, planes, trucks, boats, and soldiers, and they sold opium even at the so-called drug-abuse centers. The addicts would come in the front door for treatment, and there would be people selling them opium as they left through the back door. All during this time, the Kuomintang were levying taxes on opium. The opium dens outnumbered the grain shops. Men left their families bankrupt to buy drugs, and then died destitute. After a cold, snowy night in winter, it was not unusual to find corpses on the streets."

Wang pauses, and shifts his weight. "In 1950, the Shanghai People's Government issued a decree prohibiting drugs," he goes on. "But the drugs continued to be smuggled into Shanghai. It was not until after a thorough campaign that people's consciousness on the subject was raised, and the problem fundamentally solved. There were three important aspects of our drug program. First of all, we carried out the correct line of the Party and Chairman Mao. We adopted a policy of combining punishment with reëducation. It was a policy of leniency toward those who acknowledged their crimes and severity toward those who stubbornly refused to confess. We made clear distinctions between sellers, manufacturers, and addicts, because many addicts were just laborers who started smoking because of illness or depression. We saw them as victims, as children. So our main efforts with them involved giving 'reëducation,' and asking them to help expose the traffickers. If the traffickers stopped their activities willingly after Liberation—well, we would treat them leniently. Then we would ask them to help expose other dealers."

A middle-aged woman who is a leader of a neighborhood committee says, "Our second effort was aimed at mobilizing the masses fully to expose the problem. We spread the Party's policy to everyone, to every house. We organized everyone. No one remained igno-

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rant. We explained to everyone how the imperialists had brought drugs to China and used them to exploit and enslave the Chinese people. We talked with family members and taught them how to deal with addicts. The families often hated the addicts and would not even let them live at home. So we had to get them to take a positive approach."

"We finally asked that all opium pipes and other implements be turned over to the government," Wang says. "Those who were less strongly addicted stopped smoking voluntarily. The more serious cases were sent to hospitals for treatment. The Kuomintang wouldn't solve the problem in all the years they ruled, because they were profiting from it. Theirs was not a people's government. But we did succeed in solving the problem. And we succeeded in transforming Shanghai from an adventurers' paradise into a paradise for people."

"Was there a phased period allotted in which addicts were to shake their habit? And were substitute drugs ever used?" a member of our group asks.

"No. There was no such period. Addicts had to stop immediately. And we did not use any substitute drugs, because those available at the time were the same as the old drugs. The regulation said, 'If you take drugs, you must stop immediately.' The important ingredient was the degree of the person's determination and of his political commitment."

"Were there accusation meetings?"

"Yes. There were mass meetings where criminals were accused and sometimes sentenced. Addicts and their family members would speak about the harm that drugs had done them. If the criminals confessed, they were pardoned. Otherwise, they received severe punishment. We no longer allow people to grow opium poppies, even just for show. At first, you see, the addicts smoked only opium. Then, after the Japanese occupation, they moved on to heroin, and many prostitutes became addicted."

"Were many dealers executed?"

"We never try to solve problems by killing people. There were only five people in all of Shanghai who were executed. Our policy is to arouse the masses of people and raise their consciousness. It was only a few of the big shots who received death sentences."

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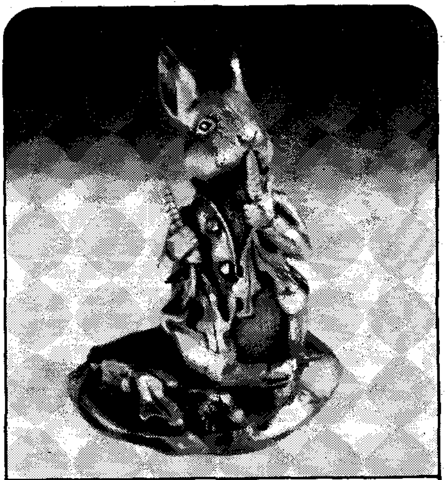

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shop." I walk in. All conversation stops. Heads in various states of lather and of tonsorial disarray snap around to see what the cause of the silence is. The room is an old one, with discolored yellow walls. A portrait of a younger Chairman Mao hangs above dim mirrors in front of four ancient barber chairs. The reflecting surfaces of the mirrors are peeling away behind the glass, as though they were being infected by some unspeakable skin disease. A few people sit on a wooden bench behind the chairs, waiting their turn. One of the barbers, apparently the manager, turns to me in the manner of a headwaiter. The expression on his face suggests that he would like me to speak but that he fears he may be stuck with some incomprehensible foreigner, with whom no one can communicate. "Can I get a haircut?" I ask.

He looks quizzically at my longish hair, tucked behind my ears—a style unknown in China—and says, "Oh, yes. Please sit down."

I sit on the bench and pick up a newspaper, trying to look nonchalant. The uneasy silence in the room continues. A group of children has followed me to just outside the door, and it seems to be growing. They are trying to peer in through the crack between the curtain and the doorway. I can think of nothing to say right now. I feel intimidated by the way my presence has seemed to freeze the congenial atmosphere of the barbershop.

My turn comes. A pleasant, middle-aged barber in a white gown and a surgical mask motions me toward his chair. He begins to cut with extreme caution—almost one hair at a time. Sometimes I feel that he may be just snipping the scissors above my head—a kind of vamping until he gets a clear notion of how to treat this uncharted territory. My hair is thick and blond, and it needs washing.

"Not many foreigners come in here," he finally says as he pecks around my ears, seeming to beg the question of what he should do with the ruin of hair on my head.

"Just cut a lot off, however you like," I say.

He is not pleased with these instructions. Actually, I am tired of my long hair, and I am curious to see what the Chinese notion of a Western haircut is. I would rather not give detailed instructions. I do not really care what the outcome looks like, as long as it does not alarm the Chinese for the next month.

My barber begins as though he were

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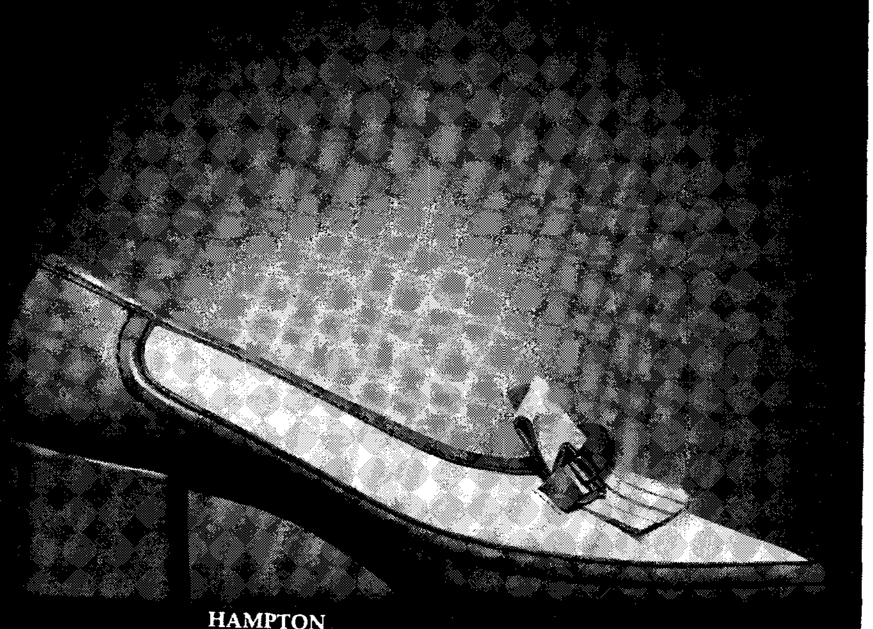
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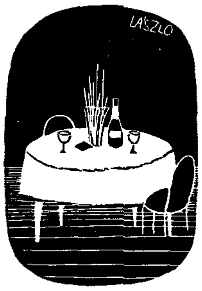
doing a Chinese haircut; that is, cutting everything off the sides and leaving a tuft at the top. Once he has done this, he pauses indecisively over the top. My head now resembles a blond paintbrush. "Yes. Cut more off the top," I finally feel obliged to suggest.

"O.K.," he replies. He sets to work.

"Who owns this shop?" I ask.

"It is state-owned," he replies. "Now we serve the people." A rather severe-looking young woman takes a chair down the line. "We do both men and women," says my barber as the other barber begins to work on the young woman's already short hair. She sits unsmiling as he cuts it into an even more severe bob.



In the chair just to my left is a young man in his twenties, whose haircut is almost finished. It is clear that he has some Shanghai style-consciousness. (Before the Cultural Revolution, Shanghai evidenced much more concern for fashion than other parts of China did.) His hair is shaped back on the sides like fenders, and is held in place by oil—a style that would be an outrage in Peking or in the countryside. He has carefully coached the barber the whole time, and has held a hand mirror throughout, so that he could have a view of what was happening on all sides. Although his vanity stands out here in Shanghai, the People's Republic of China, he would doubtless be considered a model of modesty and self-abnegation in most of the hair salons of the West. It's all a question of perspective.

My own barber has hit his stride now. He keeps sweeping the long hair on the top of my head back as he cuts. He is on to something, although it is not yet evident what the effect will be on my appearance.

A woman brings a two-year-old child up to the chair on my other side. The baby begins to howl. I laugh. Others laugh. The atmosphere is somewhat loosened by this small, frightened child about to have his hair cut.

The manager suddenly charges at the door, snapping a towel as he goes. The mob of children scatters across the sidewalk in glee. The curtain has been pushed to one side, and I can see that there is a retarded child of about thirteen among them. He is not as agile as the others and does not run. He just stands there in the middle of the sidewalk, smiling a goofy smile. Some of the other children laugh and point at him, and, recoiling from their mockery, he almost backs into a hibachi pot that a woman is cooking on in the middle of the sidewalk. She swats him on the head with a wicker broom in a way that is only partly good-natured. The retarded child again stands immobile and gives her his goofy smile. The other children laugh.

Meanwhile, my head is taking on its new shape. The barber has definitely decided on the swept-back look—the Pavel Novák 1957 Czech special! Early Toscanini! I nod approval, and the barber ushers me over to the wash-basin, where he gives me a shampoo. Then he gives me a shave. He shaves my forehead, nose, and ears as well as my cheeks and chin. I feel like the kind of inordinately hairy foreigner described by the first Chinese who encountered Westerners. He gets out a dryer, again sweeps my hair back resolutely, and begins to dry it in place. He has lost all timidity now, and is boldly shaping my hair and patting it with his free hand as it dries. It acquires a springy, puffed-up quality, as though it had been immobilized by some magnetic force. He applies hot towels to my face. They feel wonderful. I'm done.

I pay a quarter of a yuan, shake hands, and leave through a reassembled sea of children, which hastily parts, as if I were Moses.

I walk down P'ing T'ien Lu, past one of the more stately mansions of the old French Concession. I catch a glimpse of my new coiffure in a shop-window. I am transformed.

IN Tokyo, hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each year on cosmetic surgery to make Japanese features conform more closely to Western standards of beauty. While American movie actresses tend to be tall and slender, with prominent noses, big eyes, and shapely breasts, Japanese women tend to be squat, with flat noses and busts and almost almond-shaped eyes. It would not be unfair to say that in a country like Japan a whole race of people finds itself saddled with a standard of good looks which is utterly in conflict with its natural features.

The Chinese here have not got themselves into a similar bind. Unlike the Chinese in Hong Kong, Taiwan, or Singapore, they do not line their store shelves with skin whiteners. They have no fear of becoming sunburned and dark-skinned. In fact, dark skin is considered here to indicate one's enthusiasm for manual labor and one's

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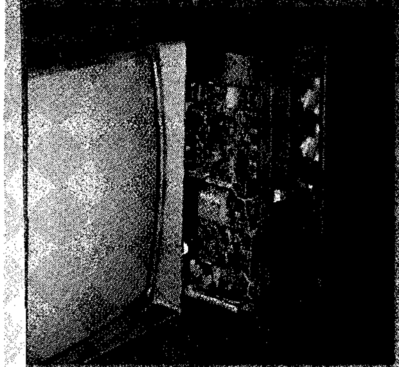

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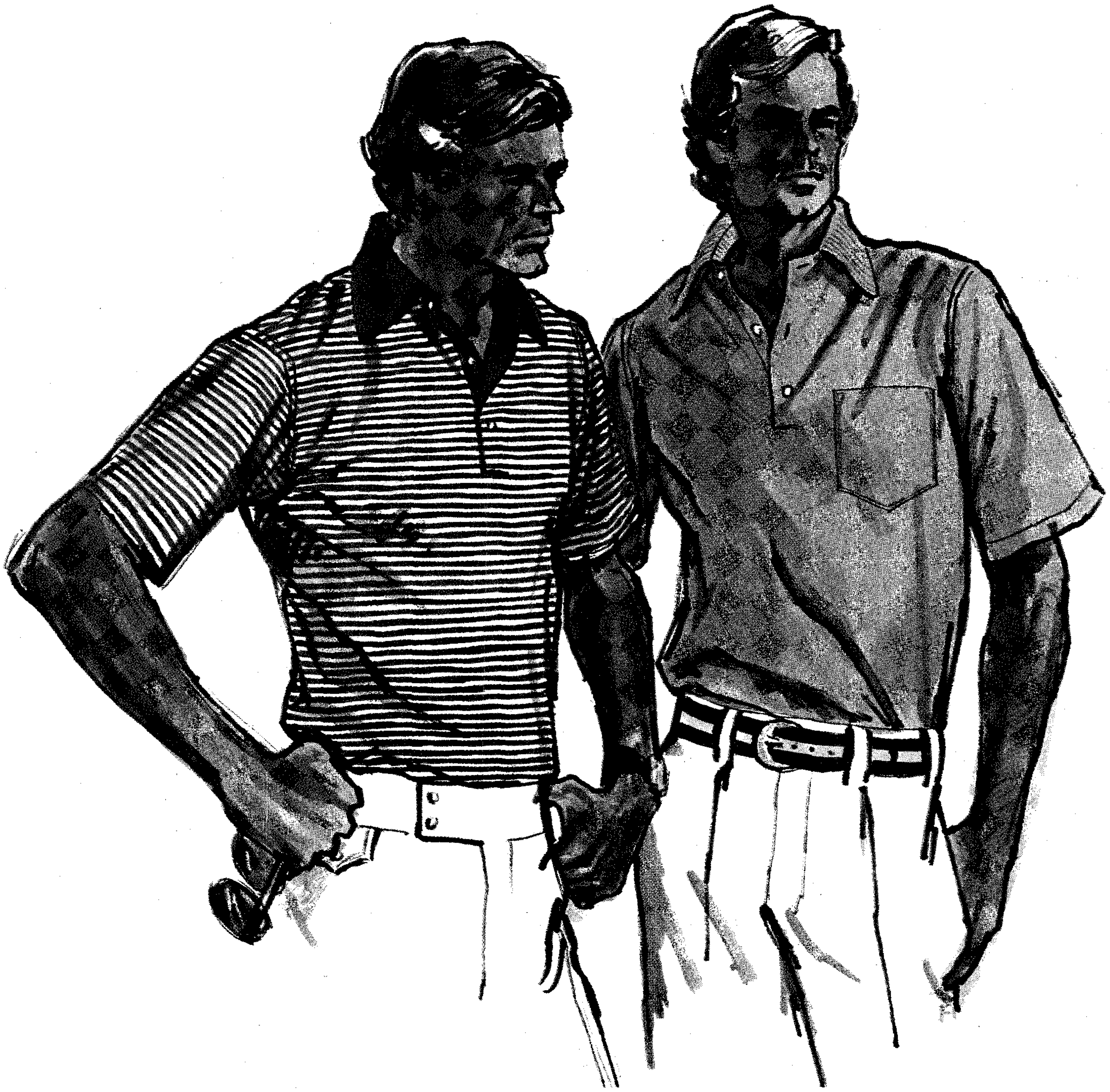

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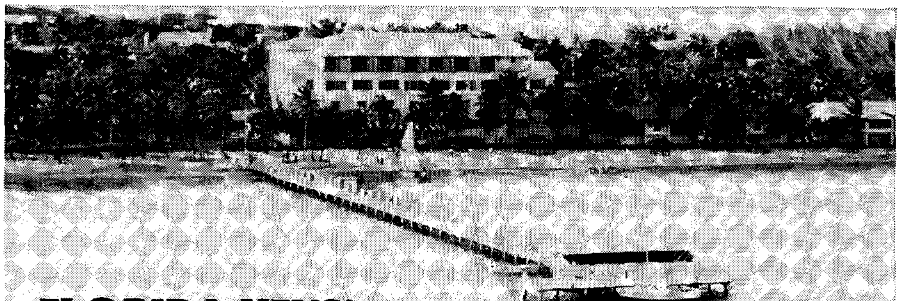
Quality Mills, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019 proletarian dedication. China has no plastic surgeons to widen eyes, raise noses, or lift breasts or sagging backsides. There is an obvious deëmphasis here on people's physical appearance. The average person seems relatively comfortable and unself-conscious about his or her body. Whatever standard of beauty and physical desirability still exists in China is muted. One does not confront it every moment on TV and in magazines, books, movies, and stores. It is not easy for a Westerner to detect at first, since, like so much else in China, it is not traceable to Western standards.

The Chinese do not talk a lot about physical features, and there is little discussion of sex. Most people keep this kind of thing to themselves. What is played up in public is the notion of picking a mate because of "high political consciousness" and "revolutionary commitment." But even in China physical features are not totally disregarded. One longtime resident told me that tall, slender people are still considered more appealing than short, muscular people—people with the peasant build. "There is something about the old stereotype of the helpless, frail woman that must still have an almost involuntary attraction," she said. "These attitudes still exist. They die slowly. Even people with high political consciousness may find that they have such biases. But the revolution has succeeded in changing many of the old, deep-seated prejudices. Our pre-Liberation society was full of backward customs from Chinese civilization as well as from the Hollywood-movie image."

THE docks of Shanghai, one of the busiest ports in the world, line the Whangpoo River, which passes through the heart of the city on its way to meet the Yangtze. It is not unusual for the docks to be so crowded that ships are unloaded and loaded around the clock. Today, I count twenty large vessels at anchor out on the Yangtze, waiting for berths. Ships of almost every country now call at Chinese ports, and many of them fly flags that Westerners rarely see. There are ships from North Korea, Albania, Somalia, and Tanzania as well as from the more familiar seafaring nations, like Norway, Germany, and Japan. I even see one small freighter flying a tattered hammer and sickle. Out on the docks, men in rattan hard hats are operating forklifts to off-load fresh produce from trucks and bicycle carts. Cranes swing nets full of produce, automobiles, and large earthen crocks



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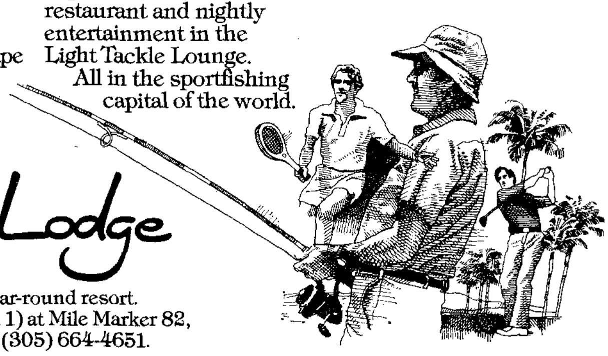

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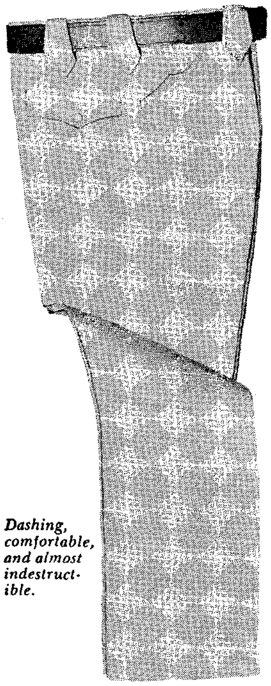

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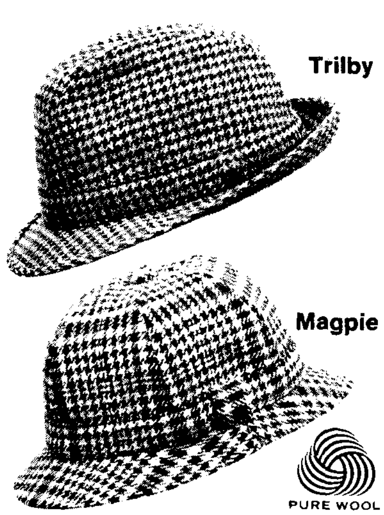
The dock complex is like a small town in itself. It employs two thousand workers, two hundred and sixty of whom are women, at monthly wages ranging from forty-two to ninety yuan, and it provides them with canteens, kindergartens, and clinics. In one of the buildings alongside the docks, we meet Li Fu-chu, a fifty-six-year-old dockworker. He wears a blue jacket and a dockworker's cap, and has a week's growth of stubble on his chin. He talks with great animation. He raises his voice for emphasis and also raps on a table. Periodically, he lights a cigarette, which he clamps between tobacco-stained front teeth. "I really don't know where to begin," he says, taking his cap off and running his hand over his forehead and into his hair. "I have so much to say, and the time is short. I started work on the docks when I was fourteen. At that time, people called us coolies." The word "coolie" comes from the Chinese *k'u-li*—literally, "bitter strength." "Everyone looked down on the dockworkers as the lowest of the low. The foremen and the bosses called us vagrants. We had no status at all. We used to say that if there were eighteen steps to hell, then we dockworkers were on the eighteenth step. We were beasts of burden. We ate like dogs and horses. And each day we feared for our work. At noon, we worried lest we have nothing to eat. At night, we worried about whether or not we could find a place to sleep. And then each day we had to wander from place to place trying to find work. We were particularly afraid of cold, rainy days, because we had no place to go to get out of the rain."

A young dockworker in his early twenties interrupts. "Now there is no worry," he says smugly. "When it rains, the workers just go inside and study Marxism-Leninism."

"We had no umbrellas," says Li, having endured this contemporary footnote. "We had no clothing to speak of. We were hungry. So rain and cold were very frightening to us. Now young workers, because they've had no taste of the past, just say, 'Fine. If it rains, we'll go inside and study Marxism-Leninism.' " Li turns benignly to the youth who interrupted him. "Or they go to the workers' club and play ping-pong, sing, or read. It's not frightening at all. Now on a rainy day they have hot water with sugar and ginger to drink. Or maybe they'll take a hot bath. But in our time this was



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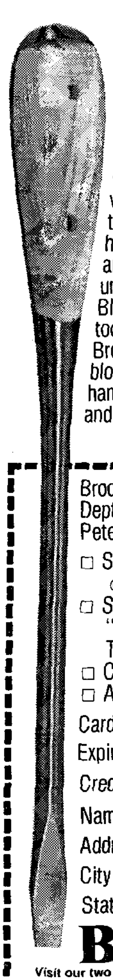

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unimaginable. Now the young can't understand why we had such fears. We feared sickness dreadfully, because we couldn't afford to see a doctor. One worker friend of mine, called Hung, was very strong. He could carry two hundred kilos. But because it rained for several days he could not get work and could not get enough to eat. Finally, he just died in a public toilet. He was only forty-four years old. In the old days, if you caught a cold you might be done for. Now the young people say, 'Don't be afraid. If you get a cold, just get some tissue and go to the doctor.' They don't understand how it was. They don't understand how my good friend Hung died just because he hadn't eaten for several days. I was sick for four months not long ago. I went to the hospital, and I didn't pay anything. In fact, I got paid—in the hospital! Another thing we were afraid of was growing old. We knew that then we would be unable to find work easily, no longer being so strong. So we feared that we would just end up dead in the street. Now I have another worry. I am fifty-six, and the Party wants me to retire. But I don't want to! How could I just retire and lead an idle life, receiving money while doing nothing to improve the harbor? Maybe I am too old to add one more brick to the edifice of Socialism. But at least I might be able to carry a few bricks to the site!" He laughs.

"The other worry we used to have in the old days was over holidays and New Year's," Li continues. "For us, those days were like climbing through a mountain pass. We had to borrow money to buy presents for the bosses and foremen. And you can imagine, if we did not have enough money to eat, how difficult it was to buy all this stuff to give to the bosses. Well, these worries are gone now. On holidays, we, too, have vacations. We buy chicken and meat for our families. I even bought half a bottle of wine for Spring Festival last year.

"A lot of coal used to come into the docks in the old times. We coolies had to walk on wooden planks bridging piles of coal while we were carrying cargo from one place to another. Sometimes a worker would slip from one of these planks and fall quite a distance, either seriously injuring himself or being killed. And you know what? When someone fell, the foreman would usually run over and get mad! I had a co-worker who fell one day. We all ran down to help him. When the foreman saw that the worker was dead, he

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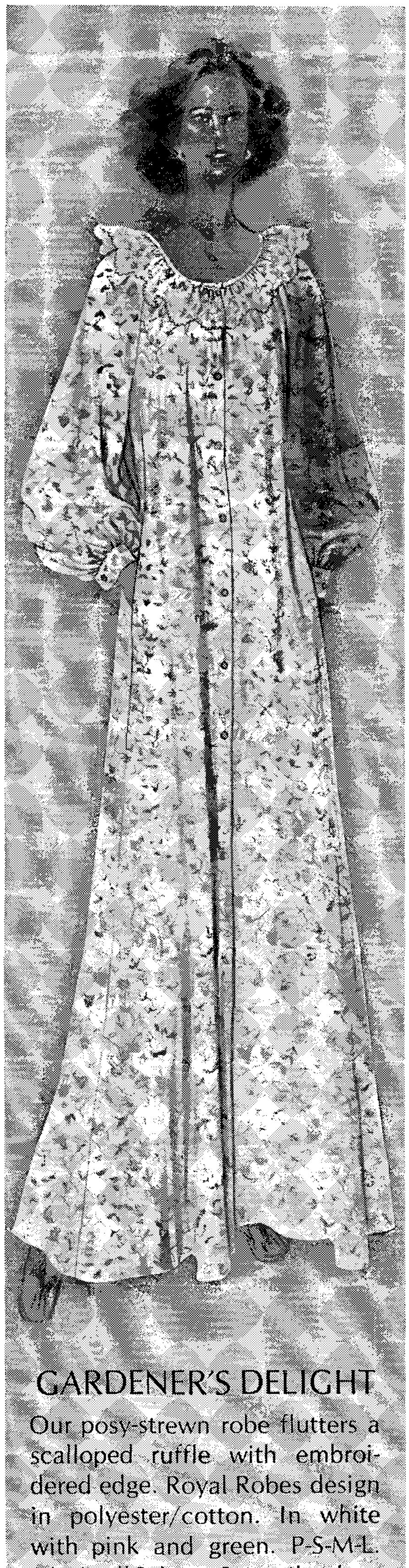

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yelled, 'Get to work! What does it matter if there is one less? With one call we can get a hundred more!' We used to say that if you were looking for a hundred dogs it would not be easy to find them, but if you were looking for a hundred coolies there was no problem."

Li tells a story about a friend who fell into the river while he was working. The foreman refused to allow Li to help fish him out, saying, "What's the big deal about one stinking coolie in the river?"

"Even single people couldn't make ends meet," says Li. "People with families were in an unimaginable situation. We ate rice and rotten fish left in the garbage cans of the wealthy. Those were bitter years."

TONIGHT is our last night in Shanghai. Tomorrow we leave for several weeks of work in a factory on the outskirts of the city. We have pleaded with the Chinese not to give us a farewell banquet, for we have already had several banquets. Hsiao Yao, our head interpreter and the organizer of our trip, nods understandingly but with a noncommittal smile. In China, banquets for departing visitors are as automatic as farewell handshakes.

We have been staying in elegant suites in the Heng Shan Guest House. It is evening now; some of us are packing, and others are lounging around sipping glasses of hot tea provided by houseboys in white jackets and pants—an anachronism reserved for visiting foreigners. Hsiao Yao comes into the anteroom of our suite and announces with barely concealed urgency that we are to gather shortly in a special briefing room. Something is up.

We take an elevator to a long, narrow room full of sofas and overstuffed chairs. There is a line waiting at the door. One by one, people are being introduced to somebody. From the formal hush that pervades the room, we can tell that it is a comrade of some rank. Another giveaway is that all the interpreters have changed into their dark-gray polyester cadre suits. They stand around quietly and respectfully, with their hands clasped behind their backs, as each American is introduced.

The celebrity is a boyish-looking man who is perhaps in his thirties. He has a friendly smile. He shakes the hand of each person who enters and utters a pleasant remark, like a hostess at a society ball. He is a member of the Shanghai Municipal Revolutionary Committee. Once a factory worker, he rose to

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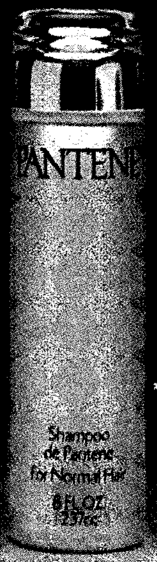

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a position of political preëminence in the chaotic days of the Cultural Revolution.

When the Chinese arrange for a meeting with a ranking leader, they are making an offering—an offering that I did not always find informative and did not always welcome.

The comrade from the Revolutionary Committee takes his seat at the head of the room, next to the leaders of our group. A profound silence falls over the room. People sit on the edge of their chairs, kneading their fingers. The room is charged with tension. It is clear that both our group and twenty or so assorted Chinese present will suffer through this stiff encounter like shy couples on a blind date.

"Well, how has your trip been?" the comrade asks.

Long pause. People look around the room at each other.

"I hear it has been a success," the comrade says.

Another pause.

"And Comrade Hsiao tells me that you have seen several factories here in Shanghai."

Another pause. Neither the Chinese nor the Americans seem to know what to say.

These painful get-togethers last for a prescribed time. Now, after about half an hour of nervous tea drinking and unanswered questions, it is suggested that we move on to the banquet hall. Relief floods the room as we stand up and head for the elevators.

I sit at a table along one side of the hall. It is set with ivory chopsticks, linen napkins, and beautiful china, and there are two wineglasses at each place—one for plum wine and the other for *maotai*, a clear liquor that tastes like a mixture of benzine and wood preservative. There is a third glass, for Chinese beer, which is among the finest beers in the world. Small printed menus list each course. Lazy Susans at the center of the table are laden with dishes of appetizers.

We begin to eat. Some begin to drink. Most Chinese are not heavy drinkers, and approach even toasting with great reluctance. Some turn their glasses over, indicating that they want no alcohol whatever. Insobriety strikes them as uncouth and unnecessary. Others will drink if they are coaxed and cajoled with enough toasts to "long-lasting friendship between our two great peoples." This tactic often has the power to overcome abstinence. Some Chinese do enjoy the uninhibited camaraderie that develops through drinking together, but these people seem rare.

"Perhaps it's because most Chinese immediately turn red when they drink," I remember one of our hosts saying earlier, with a shrug.

As the banquet proceeds, people here and there appoint themselves delegates to rove among the tables and propose toasts. "We are representatives of Table Five, and propose a toast to the friendship between the two tables."

The room is noisy now. Several people in our group rise and toast the whole room, thanking everyone who has worked on our trip.

One official, who has come to be known informally to some as the Big Grinner, is caught up in the toasting. A tall, fastidiously dressed, almost elegant man, he can be triggered into avalanches of head bobbing and grinning simply by having his eye caught across the room. It has become something of a preoccupation of mine not to catch his eye at the wrong time (say, during a sober B.I. session), for fear he will be provoked into responding.

The waiters pass continually among the tables, pouring wine or beer as soon as a glass is even partly empty. I glance at the head table, occupied by our leaders and theirs. A look of consternation is creeping across the faces of several Chinese. Of all the people I have ever met, the Chinese seem the least disposed to lose their minds or drown their sorrows in alcohol. Nonetheless, I notice that the Big Grinner is reaching the point of no return. He arrives at our table with several other merrymakers, all holding wineglasses, and proposes a *kan-pei* ("bottoms up"). He has a silly, glazed look on his face.

Suddenly, as though to anchor the room, which is threatening to break loose into revelry, long-winded toasts begin to issue from the head table—toasts that everyone has already heard a thousand times. The toasts extoll "the mass line," "friendship," the wondrous effects of the Cultural Revolution, and more "friendship." The banquet hall is like a classroom just after the bell has sounded the end of recess. Everyone is sitting down now. The comrade from the Revolutionary Committee goes on and on, as though to prove that the ascendancy of politics must be not only supreme but unceasing. Our leaders also propose toasts. Some are heartfelt, others fatuous.

When the formal toasts are concluded, several people run into the kitchen to capture shy or unwilling cooks and waiters and bring them out to receive a toast of thanks. One rosy-cheeked girl in pigtails is cornered and almost forcibly handed a small glass of

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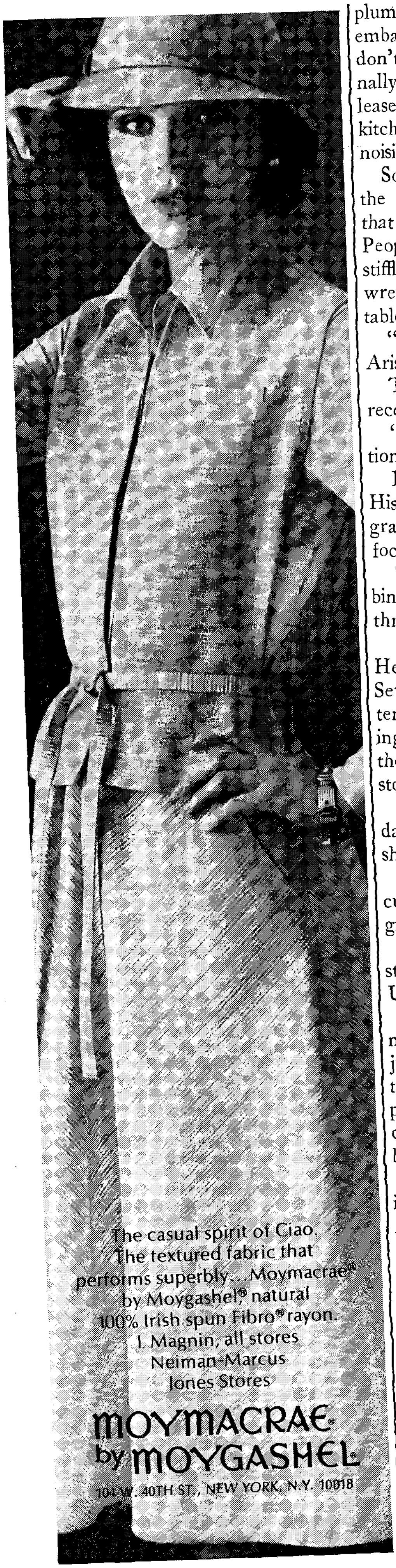
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plum wine. She is squirming, laughing, embarrassed. *"Pu yao! Pu yao!"* ("I don't want any!"), she protests. Finally, she takes a timid sip to gain release, and immediately retreats into the kitchen. The head chef is found and noisily toasted.

Someone at the head table, feeling the need to reassert control, suggests that we all sing the "Internationale." People return to their places, stand stiffly, and begin to sing in front of the wreckage of food and plates on their tables.

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, Arise, ye wretched of the earth."

The room sings drunkenly, like a record-player slowed down.

"For justice thunders condemnation—a better world's in birth."

I glance over at the Big Grinner. His face has turned an ominous, ashen gray-green. His eyes appear not to focus.

"No more tradition's chains shall bind us. Arise, ye slaves no more in thrall."

Suddenly the Big Grinner topples. He doesn't slump—he falls like a tree. Several comrades rush over, looking tense and worried. People go on singing automatically, their eyes riveted to the place where the Big Grinner once stood.

"The earth shall rise on new foundations. We have been naught, we shall be all."

The Big Grinner is carried into a curtained-off alcove as the chorus begins.

" 'Tis the final conflict. Let each stand in his place. The International Union shall be the human race."

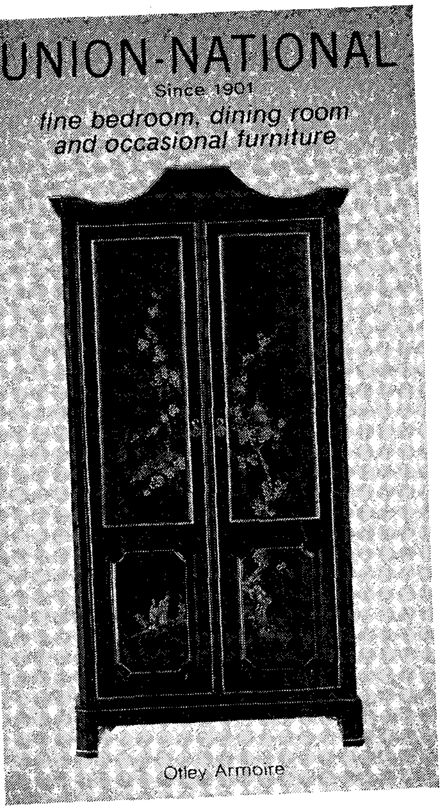
The song is listless now. People like me, who do not know the words, are just humming along. Only the head table is singing resolutely, as though the power of the music and the words could somehow erase the human drama behind the curtain.

"We want no condescending saviors to rule us from their judgment hall," begins the second verse. It appears that we're going to sing all five verses. "We workers ask not for their favors."

Elbows and legs are bulging through the curtain, indicating some kind of struggle. Suddenly the Big Grinner bursts out through the curtain like a rampaging bull moose.

"Let us consult for all, to make the thief disgorge his booty, to free the spirit from its cell."

The Big Grinner is standing in his old place, rocking and weaving. The assisting comrades stand awkwardly



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beside him, not quite sure what the correct tactic is.

"We must ourselves decide our duty. We must decide and do it well."

He's on the floor again. They drag him back behind the curtain. This time, he does not reappear. But no sooner is he gone than Allan, a member of our group, crashes to the floor. The room continues to sing.

"The law oppresses us and tricks us. The wage slave system drains our blood."

Allan is carried off. The room is beginning to resemble a battlefield. Mercifully, the song ends. Everyone heads for the door, soberer now.

—ORVILLE SCHELL

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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NOTICE

TRANSFER ADJUSTMENT

Behind the new charge on your bill is a small saving.

Beginning this month, your electric bill includes a "transfer adjustment." This adjustment, approved by the Public Service Commission in February 1976, was discussed briefly in three previous bill inserts. As the transfer adjustment was not then on your bill, you may not have read the discussion. Therefore, we thought it important to discuss it again.

The transfer adjustment results from Con Edison's sale of two generating plants to the Power Authority of the State of New York (PASNY) and the subsequent revenue loss stemming from the transfer of some Con Edison governmental customers to PASNY. Although the transfer adjustment itself will appear as a charge on your bill, the overall result of the sale of the plants is a reduction in our costs which is reflected as a small saving in the rates you pay.

The governmental customers transferred to PASNY will receive power generated at the two plants and distributed through the Con Edison system. They will include such bodies as The City of New York, various Westchester municipalities and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. These customers will receive approximately 75 percent of the output of the two plants sold to PASNY; you will share in the rest.

As a result of the sale and subsequent transfer of governmental customers to PASNY, Con Edison will no longer receive the revenues these customers formerly paid. This loss will be offset in part by the revenues Con Edison will receive from PASNY for delivering electricity from these plants to PASNY customers, and because it no longer must generate the electricity used by the PASNY customers.

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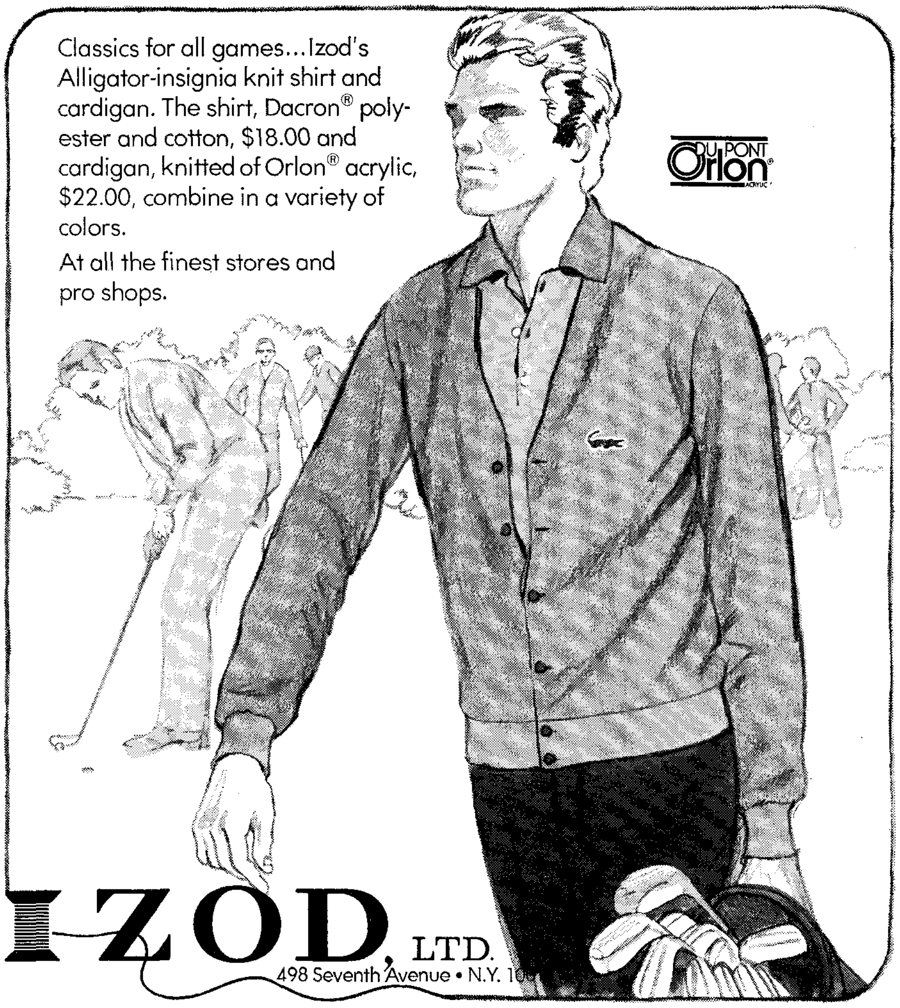

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THE RACE TRACK

Turn and Count

SIGMUND SOMMER'S stable, trained by Pancho Martin, which has been dominating racing here for several seasons, had another nice double at Aqueduct last weekend. After Sky Treaty led all the way to win the second race, Turn and Count, who'd been far back in the pack for most of the nine furlongs of the Grey Lag Handicap, seemed to come from out of the clouds to win the $82,650 purse—the richest of the meeting so far—by three-quarters of a length from Wise Philip, with On the Sly third. Incidentally, Turn and Count settled a score with Patriot's Dream, who'd beaten him twice. Both Sky Treaty and Turn and Count were ridden by Cauthen, who also won the fifth race, on Magallanes. This weekend, Cauthen will go to San Francisco's Golden Gate Fields to ride Elmendorf's Make Amends in the California Derby, and on Sunday he will be at Santa Anita to ride Pocket Park in the Santa Anita Handicap—the Big 'Cap.

On February 19th, Johnny Campo carted out another of Max Gluck's runners, Road Princess, for the Ruthless Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at a mile and a sixteenth. She won, as expected, and did so comfortably—by a length and a quarter from Sweet Alliance, who set the early pace. As in the Searching Stakes, which she won as easily earlier in the month, Road Princess made her run on the turn for home. A nicely made bay by Gallant Man out of One Lane, she may be something to remember.

SANTA ANITA, of course, continues to have the best winter racing. Take the Washington's Birthday holiday weekend. My observer there reports that delightful summerlike weather on Saturday brought out a crowd of 38,822 for the San Jacinto Stakes. Another 48,310 came out for the San Antonio Stakes, on Sunday, and 40,093 for the San Luis Obispo Handicap, on Monday. What's more, the tote was $5,228,472 on Saturday, $5,879,000 on Sunday, and $5,257,221 on Monday. Trying my hardest, I cannot recall when another track in this country—even the Big A before the coming of OTB—had three five-million-dollar days in a row.

Ten started in the San Antonio, which is usually the last public trial for the Santa Anita Handicap (fancy a prep race with a purse of $117,500!), and it must have been fascinating to watch. Ancient Title is seven (the same age as Forego), and he fought it out with four-year-old Double Discount, to whom he gave four pounds, every step of the nine furlongs. Double Discount got ahead in the stretch, but then Ancient Title gave out with an amazing burst of speed which astonished even Hawley, who rode him, and went on to win by a length. Properantes was third. (Kirby Lane was fourth—a note in the chart said that he ran wide all the way. Perhaps his one-eyed blinkers were not working as well as they did in the Charles H. Strub Stakes.) Ancient Title, a dark-bay gelding by Gummo out of Hi Little Gal (a mare that Keith Stucki, who trains Ancient Title, raced for years), is not a picture horse, but he's something of a darling to Los Angeles racegoers, because he's a winning runner, always going his best. It has paid off—the $72,500 first money in the San Antonio brought his earnings to $1,036,416, which makes him the twentieth thoroughbred to make a million. Needless to say, though he will carry six pounds more than he did in the San Antonio, he will be a starter in the Santa Anita Handicap.

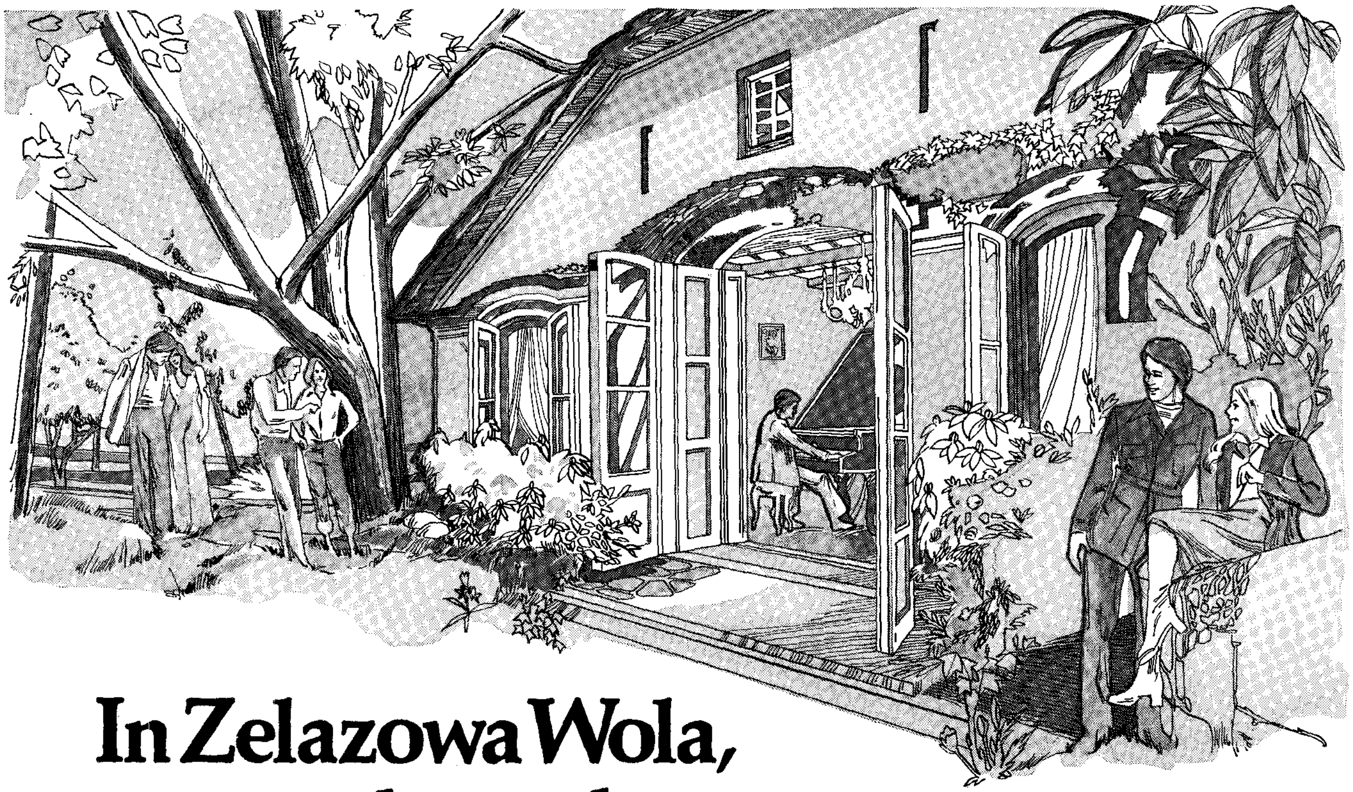
Max Gluck's Elmendorf horses have not done badly at Santa Anita. Replant, for one, who galloped off with the San Jacinto by four and a half lengths, won the San Vicente Stakes and the Los Feliz Stakes, as well; he is the probable favorite for the Santa Anita Derby, on March 27th. Charlie Whittingham has another likely runner on the grass in Royal Derby II, whom he owns in partnership with Lee Fogelson. Well handled by Shoemaker, Royal Derby II wore down Anne's Pretender, who led most of the way, in the San Luis Obispo. He will go for the San Luis Rey Stakes later in the month, and then for the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, which winds up the meeting on April 10th.

Last Sunday, Lucie Manet won the Santa Margarita Invitational Handicap, the fourth of Santa Anita's Sunday races with purses in six figures, and the big prize of the meeting for older fillies and mares. She did it by three lengths, too, from Bastonera II. Hope of Glory was third. For the first half of the mile and a furlong Lucie Manet, winner of the La Cañada Stakes earlier in the meeting, and Pacific Princess fought it out in front of the seven other runners, but Pacific Princess tired. Bastonera II, top weight under 126 pounds, made a good try, but she was not up to giving Lucie Manet seven pounds.

The weights are out for the $250,000 Big 'Cap. King Pellinore heads the list, under 130 pounds. Ancient Title is next, under 125. Then come the British champion, Bruni, Riot in Paris, and Caucasus, under 124 each. Bastonera II is rated best of the girls, at 118 pounds. Turn and Count is also in at 118, and the list goes on down to Swiss King, at 100. Louis H. Eilken, handicapper to the Los Angeles Turf Club, assigned weights to a hundred and eight entries. In such a collection, distinguished more by quantity than quality, I have always thought it best to stick to form in search of a possible winner. So I'll string along with King Pellinore. He ran three powerful races at Santa Anita last fall—the Oak Tree Invitational Stakes, and the Carleton F. Burke and $350,000 Champions Handicaps—which the handicapper remembers. Round Table, King Pellinore's papa, carried 130 pounds when he won the Big 'Cap in 1958.

THE top three-year-olds are limbering up in Florida. Seattle Slew, who, according to race-track rumor, will skip the Florida Derby on March 7th in favor of the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah on the 26th, amazed horsewatchers the other morning when he breezed five furlongs in the track-record time of 0:57⅘. With Cruguet up, he did the first quarter of a mile in 0:22⅖, three furlongs in 0:33⅗, and he was eased up at six furlongs in 1:11⅗. Earlier in the week, Royal Ski, quite recovered from a touch of virus, did a half mile in 0:48⅕. But he also will skip the Florida Derby. For the Moment, one of the leading two-year-olds last year, made his first start of the season at Gulfstream last week in an overnight, at seven furlongs, and although he won was under pressure to beat Ali Oop by a neck in 1:22⅗. Whether For the Moment will be ready for the Florida Derby has not yet been decided by his stable. Strike Me Lucky (how's that for a hunch name?) won the Gulfstream Park Handicap on Saturday, and paid a $31 mutuel. Legion was second, and Yamanin was third.

OH, by the way, Cauthen again rode five winners in one day at the Big A last week.—AUDAX MINOR



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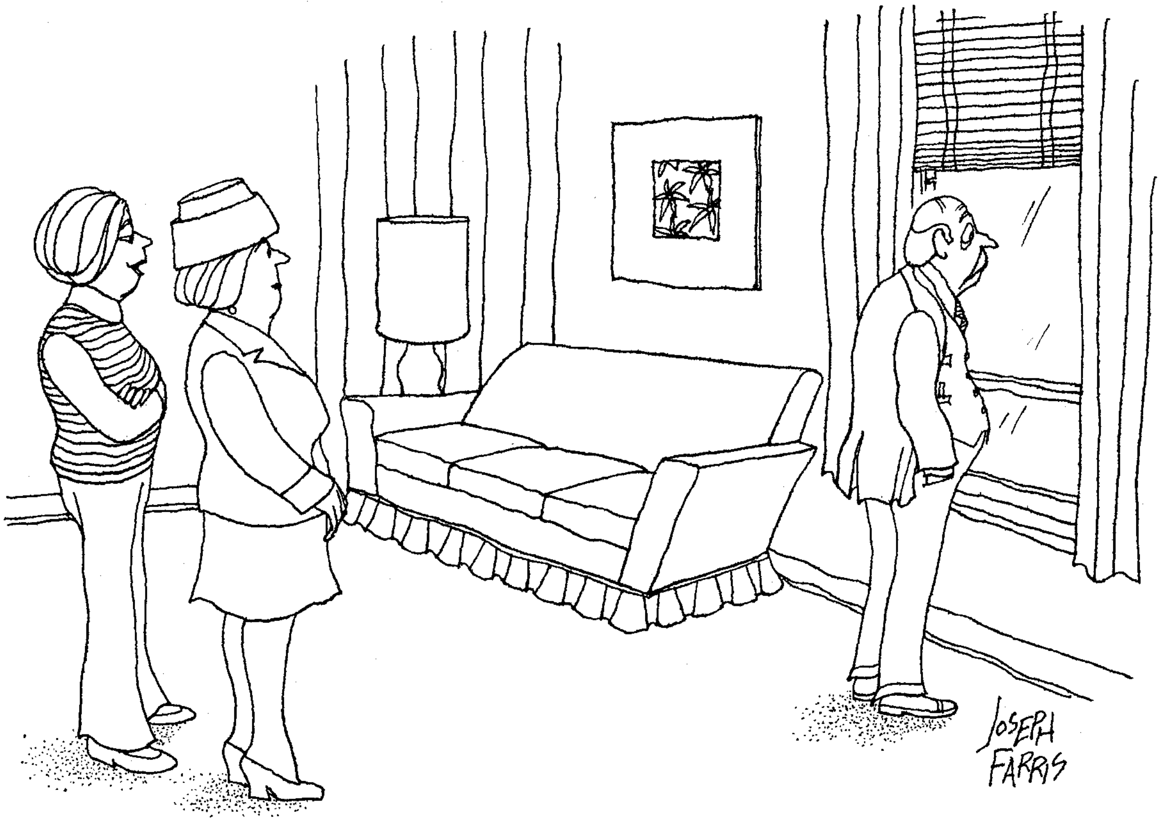
U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

THOUGHTS ON CHANGES IN THE RULES

A LOT of people in America feel that they have had the rules changed on them, right in the middle of the game. I meet them all over. Occasionally, I run across someone who reports that the rules have changed for the better. There may be a businessman in his sixties now who as a young man inherited a company engaged in what his father always referred to as the junk business, became known as a dealer in scrap iron during the Second World War, and is now turning control of the same company over to his son the recycler. In some professions in some cities, a homosexual who began his business career under the assumption that his private life would forever be a secret or a lie may feel suddenly liberated by the events of the past few years. More often, the people who bring up rule changes feel unfairly dealt with by sudden shifts in public policy. I have met Italians in cities like Newark who say that, having at last worked their way up to a turn at entering what even the Irish have been calling the American Mainstream for years, they find that the college scholarships and political appointments they expected have been reserved for "minorities"—a sudden change in the rules. In the section of Vermont known as the Northeast Kingdom, farmers and businessmen accumulated large plots of land under the reasonable assumption that they would eventually be reached by the interstate that was depositing an alluvium of ski resorts and second homes along its shoulders as it flowed from the huge Eastern cities into the southern part of the state. Before they were, though, everyone in Vermont suddenly seemed concerned with the quality of the environment and the need for land-use planning and the possibility of statewide zoning and a lot of other matters that were of no use in paying property taxes. I recently spent some time with a number of English professors gathered in New York for the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association, and I found that a lot of English professors in America feel that they have had the rules changed on them.

A professor of English who is now, say, in his late thirties may have entered the profession under the assumption that the tranquillity of literary scholarship would be broken by nothing more serious than the ragging of old friends accusing him of having chosen a secure spot in the ivory tower over the risks of the big world. He may have gone through four years of graduate school, specializing in the poetry of Thomas Carew, with the view that an assistant professorship and tenure and a graduate seminar followed a doctorate as surely as pentameter followed iambic. He now finds himself thankful, more or less, to have tenure at a lesser branch of a state university—a place that used to be a teachers college or a cornfield. He is teaching mainly composition courses to a group of young Americans whose palpable lack of literacy appalls him anew each day. The rules have been changed. Nobody in graduate school had mentioned the possibility of spending one's career correcting spelling errors. This is not the game he signed up to play.

As one speaker at the M.L.A. meeting pointed out, people have been treated more harshly by history in the past. Some scholars who got their doctorates in the thirties instead of the sixties were called to war and killed—hardly the game they had signed up for. As more than one speaker at the M.L.A. meeting pointed out, the problem confronting people who received their doctorates in the early seventies rather than the early sixties is not where they teach or what sort of students they teach but whether they teach at all. It is now estimated that only about thirty per cent of the people awarded doctorates in English this June will be able to find any sort of academic job anywhere.



"Wendell just had a great insight. He realized he's full of baloney."

"WE know that what we value is not valued widely," a young Ph.D. (unemployed) said at one of the seminars held at the M.L.A. meeting by a group known as the radical caucus. "In capitalist terms, our commodity is not in demand." The traditional capitalist remedy for a shrinking demand is a cut in the supply, but departments of English do not carry capitalism that far. Although the shrinking job market has been widely discussed since at least the 1969 M.L.A. meeting in Denver, graduate

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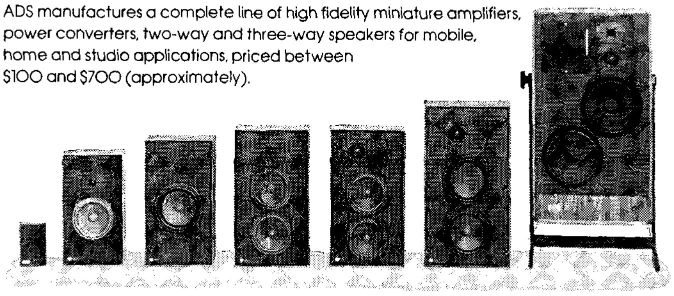

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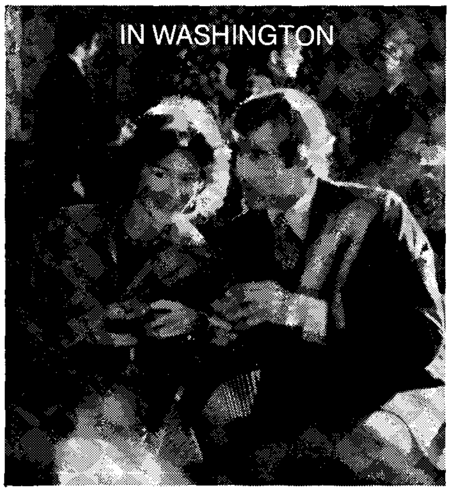

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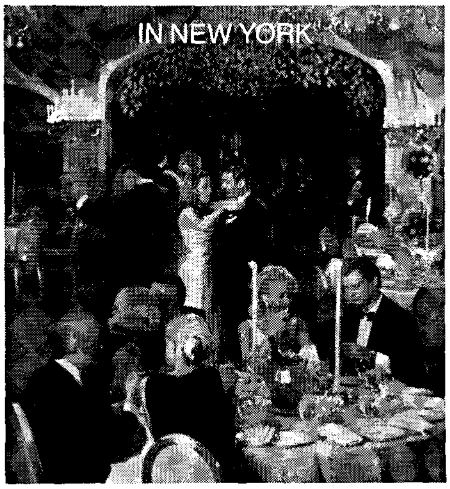

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departments of English are turning out more Ph.D.s now than they did then. Institutions that produce Ph.D.s, like distilleries that produce Kentucky bourbon, do have a problem of having to predict the market for their commodity several years in advance, but not many English departments seem to concern themselves with predicting it at all. One of the most remarkable aspects of the job crisis in college English teaching is that most graduate departments of English still seem to be operating as if it did not exist—merrily turning out unemployed Ph.D.s like a berserk engineering school training regiments of specialists in the manufacture of buggy whips.

"Don't underestimate autism as a cause," Neal Woodruff, a Coe College English professor, who is chairman of the M.L.A. Advisory Committee on the Job Market, said when I asked him why English departments did not make a more serious effort to adjust the supply to fit the demand. Senior professors of English, themselves protected from the marketplace by tenure, tend not to concern themselves with commodity speculation. Even when they do, Woodruff and others have pointed out, the senior professors' self-interest is served by attracting as many Ph.D. candidates as possible. As graduate students, the future Ph.D.s are required if the distinguished tenured professor is to offer the sort of graduate seminar he has come to think of as his due; as teaching assistants, they may permit him to avoid teaching the dreaded freshman composition courses served up under the new rules; as mere bodies, they provide the English department with its accustomed share of funds based on enrollment. They lose their value only upon graduation.

Woodruff says that there may have been a slight decline in students entering English graduate programs last fall—but so slight that it is barely statistically significant. Some graduate departments of English do now include in their correspondence with an applicant a warning that only a small percentage of those who earn a doctorate will be able to find a job at a college or university, but the warnings are apparently not often heeded. Someone applying to graduate school tends to assume that any small percentage of achievers is likely to include him. Wasn't he the one who made A's in high school and college? He has always been the sort of student who wins the praise of his teachers and the envy of his peers—that's one of

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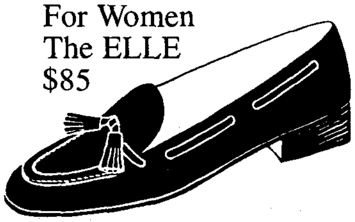

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the reasons he's applying to graduate school.

VIRGINIA WOOLF is a hot item these days—someone attending the M.L.A. meeting could have spent just about an entire day in Woolf seminars if he had been willing to make do with Leonard for an hour or two—but a doctoral candidate seriously interested in employment would do well to concentrate not on Bloomsbury but on learning how to teach composition and rhetoric. The few jobs that were being offered at the M.L.A. job center were mostly jobs involving the teaching of writing. At one seminar, a woman from the University of Missouri reported that her department had managed to place all of its new Ph.D.s for two years running by making certain that they had a solid background in teaching composition. At the same seminar, I met a recent Ph.D. from an Eastern university who, having done her dissertation in the form of a rhetoric textbook for a course she had designed, received several job offers last spring—the only offers, she said, made to any of the thirty people leaving the university's English department with advanced degrees.

The seminar the women were attending was called "Training and Retraining Writing Teachers." For a number of reasons—including a rather sudden public concern about the lack of literacy among the young, the admission of more educationally deprived students, and what English professors tend to see as rampant, unchecked vocationalism—the undergraduates who do sign up for English courses these days are more likely to be interested in Technical Writing than in Seventeenth Century Poetry. Retraining professors to teach writing has echoes of the early-sixties programs for retraining unemployed coal miners in Appalachia to repair television sets, although some senior professors who have always considered composition teaching the lot of teaching assistants and new instructors and dullards are apparently far more resistant to change than a third-generation coal miner. They have lived for years, after all, in a system whose rewards and advancements were not handed out for teaching anything at all but for the publication of scholarship. The system, Woodruff says, "compels all of us to act like and think of ourselves as scholars when most of us aren't." It did occur to me at the seminar that the sudden advent of the energy crisis a few years ago having rejuvenated the coal-mining

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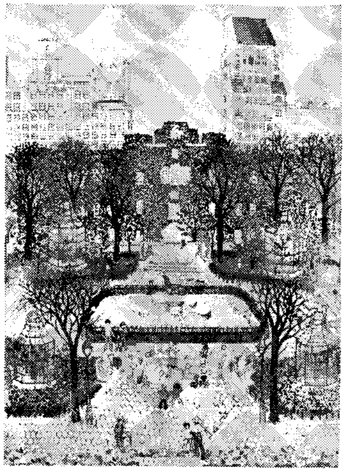

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industry in Appalachia, the miner who was too stubborn to learn how to put in a picture tube is now back in the mines. The rules keep changing.

AMONG the theories offered these days to explain how the profession of English teaching found itself in such a dismal predicament, my favorite is the theory that it all started with the spread of the New Criticism in the mid-forties. It seems appropriate for English professors to trace unemployment problems to a school of literary criticism—as if mathematicians, discovering a glut in their trade, decided that the agency in charge of predicting future needs had at some point been guilty of a simple mathematical miscalculation. The New Criticism taught that the proper business of literary study was close analysis of the passage in question, without regard to such trappings as literary history or political context. Under its influence, English professors began concentrating almost exclusively on textual analysis, developed what amounted to almost a special language for literary criticism, and, the detractors of the New Criticism now say, took the first step toward separating themselves from the rest of society. "The greatest need of teachers in our field today is to end their own intolerance of laymen who are ready to believe that professors of literature could have something to say worth saying to others," Carl Woodring, a Columbia professor, wrote in a recent article that traces some of the profession's problems to the New Criticism. In Woodring's opinion, "English teachers have proudly erected a segregationist view that writing of or about literature is unlike all other writing"—making it difficult for those who have had the rules changed on them to approach the teaching of composition as a legitimate intellectual challenge rather than as drudge work beneath ladies and gentlemen of their stature. Contemplating the position they find themselves in now, English professors at the M.L.A. meeting sometimes seemed to rail against a philistine society that values snowmobiles over the humanities, and sometimes sounded almost like the philistines themselves, lamenting the battalions of élitist professors who expect society to support them in producing endless volumes of criticism that they alone can understand.

Nobody claims, of course, that even the New Criticism could have caused all of this trouble by itself. There is general agreement, for instance, that English departments became inflated in

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the sixties for several reasons—an inclination of the government to hand out money to all sorts of professors, the war-baby expansion of the state-college systems, some shift among undergraduates to the humanities, the tendency of even new colleges to establish doctoral programs as a way of attaining what was called "visibility." Twenty years ago, China scholars used to lecture that Americans tended to misunderstand China by taking a century of relative weakness as the norm rather than the exception in thousands of years of Chinese history. The same may have happened in reverse with English departments: people began to accept the artificially swollen departments of the sixties as a permanent condition. Professors who in the sixties were presented with funds and resources and establishments beyond anything they could have imagined as graduate students were understandably slow to accept the notion that the rules have now changed back again.

THE labor practices of many American colleges and universities could have been designed by the manager of a Southern textile mill. It is common, for instance, to hire a young instructor on a three-year contract, then let him go at the end of three years because hiring a new young instructor is cheaper than keeping the original one with a modest raise in salary. The use of what some universities call adjuncts—people who are paid by the course rather than hired on a full-time salary—has grown in some places to become the normal method of employing teachers. Adjuncts are given about half the pay per course that is earned by a teacher carried on the regular staff—and none of the fringe benefits. In systems like the community colleges of California, well over half of the teaching load is carried by part-time adjuncts. A teacher from California at the M.L.A. meeting stood up in a seminar on the job market to say that one college in Orange County—Coastline Community College—has about six hundred and fifty adjuncts and no full-time faculty members. Nobody seems to mind except the teachers union. I suspect that young Ph.D.s who interpret the present situation in their profession as an indication of how little value their society puts on the humanities wonder what the public response might be if it were revealed that the Pontiac assembly line was composed of one master mechanic and fourteen hundred part-timers.

The prospect of non-academic em-

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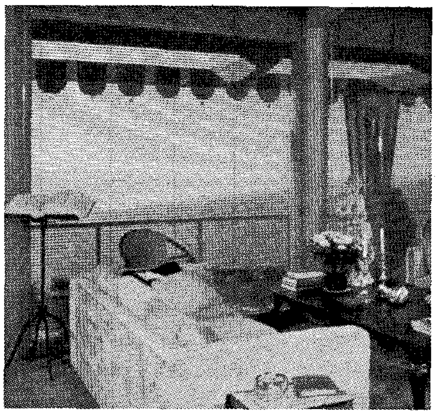

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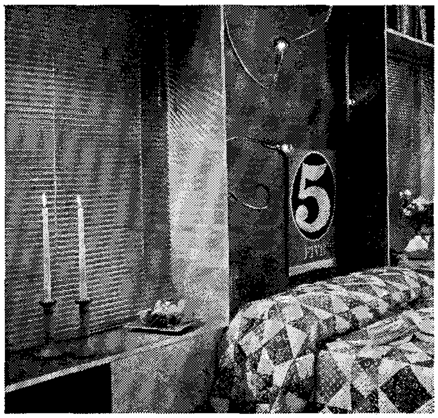

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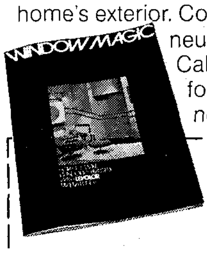

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ployment has been presented to young Ph.D.s in the way a mother might present to her child a vegetable that she herself considers rather unsavory-looking and not even particularly nutritious. The M.L.A. has been cautious about moving into the employment field at all—someone at the radical caucus calculated that this year's meeting consisted of eight hundred and thirty-two hours of the traditional scholarly discussions and seven and a half hours on the problem of there being virtually no jobs open to scholars—and even more cautious about becoming involved with non-academic employment. In one seminar I attended, a personnel-placement specialist who was handing out some maxims on job hunting ("Personal contacts are the name of the game") tried to demonstrate how perspectives have to be broadened by asking one young woman in the audience how she would react to the name of the Chase Manhattan Bank. "You'd say it sounds awful, wouldn't you?" he said. "Yuck! Who wants to work in a bank!"

"Not really," she said. "Because I've already tried I.B.M."

She is apparently the exception. According to people who have studied the situation, most unemployed Ph.D.s would rather scratch out a living as a part-time bookstore clerk or cabdriver than make a serious effort at a career in business or government. For eight years, after all, their standards of what is worthwhile doing for a living have been set by English professors. Even an undergraduate English major is likely to graduate from a liberal-arts college with the notion that earning a living in commerce is mildly shameful. Four years in graduate school can only intensify the notion. Business, after all, is peopled largely by those who as students were not bright enough to go on for a Ph.D. in English.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

The Mother's Little Helpers 4-H Club held their monthly business meeting on October 8 at 4 p.m. at the home of Anne Drumm, our new leader. Members attending this meeting were: Christine Bontempo, Janet Stupplebeen, Doreen Miller, Cindy Ball, Cindy Hodor, Kathy Drumm, and Heidi Lopez.

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—*Copake (N.Y.) Roe Jan Independent.*

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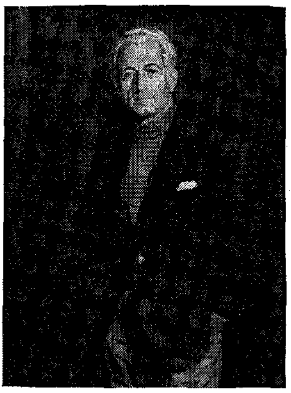

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hill's Pâté

NOTHING in movies is surefire anymore, yet George Roy Hill, who directed "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "The Sting," two of the ten biggest moneymakers of all time, will probably have a third with his new "Slap Shot." The picture is set in the world of minor-league ice hockey, and the theme is that the public no longer cares about the sport—it wants goonish vaudeville and mayhem. Hill's last picture, "The Great Waldo Pepper"—a box-office failure—was bright and clear; it had the coolness of a schoolboy reverie. This time, he's heated up his technique. "Slap Shot" is darker-colored and grainier; it's faster, noisier, more profane, and more brutal than previous Hill productions. Dede Allen's hotfoot editing moves it along from zinger to zinger, and the Maxine Nightingale record "Right Back Where We Started From" punches up the pacing, and is even played on top of some of the dialogue scenes, competing with the talk. The beat gives the film a relentlessness; "Slap Shot" never slows down. You're aware of the seams and joins, but you can admire their proficiency; Hill directs with dispatch. Nancy Dowd's script—her first to be produced—resembles other scripts that have been turned out by film-school writers (she took her master's at U.C.L.A.) but has a more ruthlessly clever blend of old devices, standard sentiment, and new kinks.

Hill's attitudes are elusive; he's making a comic hymn to violence, and yet you can sense his own reserve, his qualms. "Slap Shot" might be the work of a coldly sensitive man who has seen Scorsese's films and can't decide if their heat is great or just cheap and nasty; he simulates it ambivalently. The simulation works, but it's also unsettling; it's rough on the surface but slick underneath—like machine-made graffiti. The flag is defaced at the start by running the credits on it; a hockey player is nudged by another during the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and says, "I'm listening to the ******* song;" a busload of players and another busload of their boosters arrive in a town, are greeted by hecklers, and make moons out the bus windows. Hill is shooting the works. You feel as if he were telling himself what the picture says about ice hockey: that there's no longer any way to play the game except as a dirty, violent joke. Expletives are sprinkled around like manure to give the film a funky seasoning—the stink of reality. But they're plastic turds—you're conscious of every dirty word. The director has thrown up his hands; he's like the character Ned Braden (Michael Ontkean), the one college-educated member of the Charlestown Chiefs, who at first refuses to play the thug's game of his teammates but finally gives up—he goes out on the ice and does a striptease, to the delight of the fans. Much of the script dates back to the movie era in which a college education made a man an intellectual and imbued him with principles; Braden broods and looks dissatisfied—a gentleman-jock Hamlet. When he strips, he retains his jockstrap. The meaning of his act is left in doubt: Has Braden degraded himself or has he joined the human race? It may be that the director isn't convinced there's a difference. Hill has technique, but he lacks the conviction or the temperament to hold "Slap Shot" together. What holds it together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman. As Reggie, the player-coach of the Chiefs, he gives the performance of his life—to date.

Newman is an actor-star in the way that Bogart was. His range isn't enormous; he can't do classics, any more than Bogart could. But when a role is right for him, he's peerless. Newman imparts a simplicity and boyish eagerness to his characters. We like them but we don't look up to them. When he's rebellious, it's animal energy and high spirits, or stubbornness. Newman is most comfortable in a role when it isn't scaled heroically; even when he plays a bastard, he's not a big bastard—only a callow, selfish one, like Hud. He can play what he's not—a dumb lout. But you don't believe it when he plays someone perverse or vicious, and the older he gets and the better you know him, the less you believe it. His likableness is infectious; nobody should ever be asked not to like Paul Newman.

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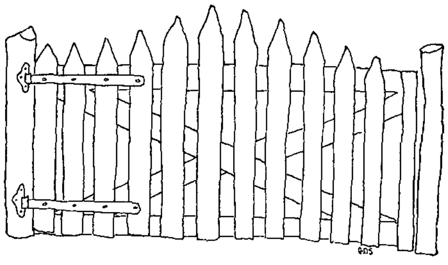
tors Studio may have contributed to the situation of many of our leading actors (such as Al Pacino): they can do desperately troubled psychological states—gloom, defeat, manic joy—but they're so inward you can't see them getting through a competently managed average day. Newman's range has become more normal with the years; in this he's rather like Mastroianni—he has grown by going deeper into the emotions of ordinary men. He's too modest and too straight inside for the strutting blowhard Buffalo Bill of "Buffalo Bill and the Indians;" Warren Beatty, who's not nearly as skilled an actor, could have done the role better. Newman is one of the least vain of stars; he used to smirk sometimes, but it wasn't vanity—it was nervous self-mockery, a shamefaced recognition of the effect that his handsomeness was having on other people. Now he has no need to be self-conscious; he's earned the right to be proud of how he looks. No other star in screen history has gone into middle age the way Newman has. At fifty-two, he doesn't have an ounce of flab on him; he shows no sign of deterioration—even his gray hair is curly and thick.

What Newman does here is casual American star-acting at its peak; he's as perfectly assured a comedian as Bogart in "The African Queen," even though the role isn't particularly well written and the picture itself isn't in the same class. In "The Sting," he was smooth and charming, but there was no hardness in him; he wasn't a con man for a minute. He's gone beyond that sweetie-pie succulence here. What he does as Reggie isn't very different from what he's done before: it's that the control, the awareness, the power all seem to have become clarified. He has the confidence now to value his own gifts as an entertainer. In a picture such as "Winning," he was impressive but a little sombre; there was nothing to crack open—he couldn't use his resourcefulness. Here his technique seems to have become instinct. You can feel his love of acting; he's not fighting it or trying to hide it.

The essence of his performance as Reggie is that Reggie has never grown up; he's beautiful because he is still a child. Reggie is scarred and bruised, and there are gold rims on his chipped teeth; you don't see much of his eyes. But with Newman leaner, and his bone structure more prominent, the childlike quality is inner, and the warmth comes from deeper down. He makes boyishness seem magically attractive. Whizzing around on the ice, Reggie is a raucous American innocent. He's thin-skinned but a little thick-headed—a good-natured macho clown who can't conceal his vulnerability. Newman gives Reggie a desperate, forlorn quality. He suggests an overage jock's pain from accumulated injuries—and the despair under Reggie's manic behavior. It's Newman's being a star who makes himself smaller that contributes to the funniest scene in the movie—which is also the only lusty, sensual scene. He's in bed with Melinda Dillon, who plays the runaway wife of an opposition-team player; she talks in a good-humored twang about her recent discovery of lesbian fun while he nuzzles her and looks up at her big breasts. There's a luscious infantile carnality about the scene—they're like kids playing doctor in a tree house.

How and why Newman broke through in *this* picture, I don't know; maybe his attempted stretch—and failure—as Buffalo Bill shook him up. But this is the kind of breakthrough that doesn't often happen with movie stars. And when a star grows as an actor, there's an extra pleasure in it for us. We know Newman so well in his star roles—he is so much a part of us—that we experience his development as if it were our triumph. Newman proves that stardom isn't necessarily corrupting, and we need that proof as often as possible.

The story premise is that the steel mill in the mythical town of Charlestown (most of the film was actually shot in Johnstown, Pennsylvania) is closing, and the Chiefs, a third-rate team, dependent on the support of the local workers, are going to fold at the end of the season. Reggie, who has nowhere else to turn and nothing else he knows how to do, convinces himself that if the team has a winning streak a buyer may be found, and in order to improve morale he bluffs the men into believing that a Florida syndicate is interested. They begin to play dirty and to draw crowds, and Reggie deliberately provokes fights with their opponents to raise the bloodshed level. Shabby as the team is, it would mean a lot to the decaying town, but we don't get to see this or feel it. The director skims the



material, as if he were directing from a low-flying helicopter. (Actually, the shutdown of a mill might be expected to improve hockey attendance; laid-off workers have to get out and do something—and a minor-league-hockey ticket isn't that expensive, even if you're on union benefits, or welfare. People kept going to the movies during the Depression.)

Nancy Dowd's connection with ice hockey is through her brother Ned Dowd, a Johnstown Jet, who served as technical adviser on the film and plays the giant terror Ogilthorpe (though Ned Braden is probably based on Dowd). But the plot hasn't come out of her knowledge of ice hockey, it has come out of her knowledge of old movies, and her recognition that what used to be discreetly left out can now be larded on. Nancy Dowd has proved that a woman can write a script as profane and manipulative as a man's—but did anybody doubt it? The plot of "Slap Shot" and its asserted theme never get together. The purpose of the plot is simply to provide for bone-crunch humor, like that in Robert Aldrich's farce "The Longest Yard," where the brawling convict footballers went at each other like mastodons. We're told that the fans only want blood and gore. Yet toward the end, when Reggie inspires his men to go out and play "old-time hockey," they don't get the chance to play, and we never find out whether the fans would actually reject a good fast game. The film is too buffoonish to care about its own theme. "Slap Shot" is "The Longest Yard" on ice, but with much sharper timing. The bruisers bash each other more dexterously—you laugh without groaning—and the locker-room scenes, and the glimpses of the Chiefs on the road or in their home city, are comicked up with throwaway humor, in the manner of "M*A*S*H" and "California Split." Hill, however, uses this manner for archaic running gags, such as one teammate's grinning lecherousness and a pompous sportscaster with a toupee that's more of a doormat than a rug—you wait for it to be knocked off.

When a movie is manufactured out of old parts, like this one, the characters are forced into situations for the laugh payoffs. Newman provides his own emotional truth, and two of the actors playing members of his team—Allan Nicholls (the Bill of the Bill, Mary, and Tom trio in "Nashville") and a French-Canadian, Yvon Barrette, as a bearded little goalie—have the timing to make their bits seem spontaneous. Most of the others are just shoved

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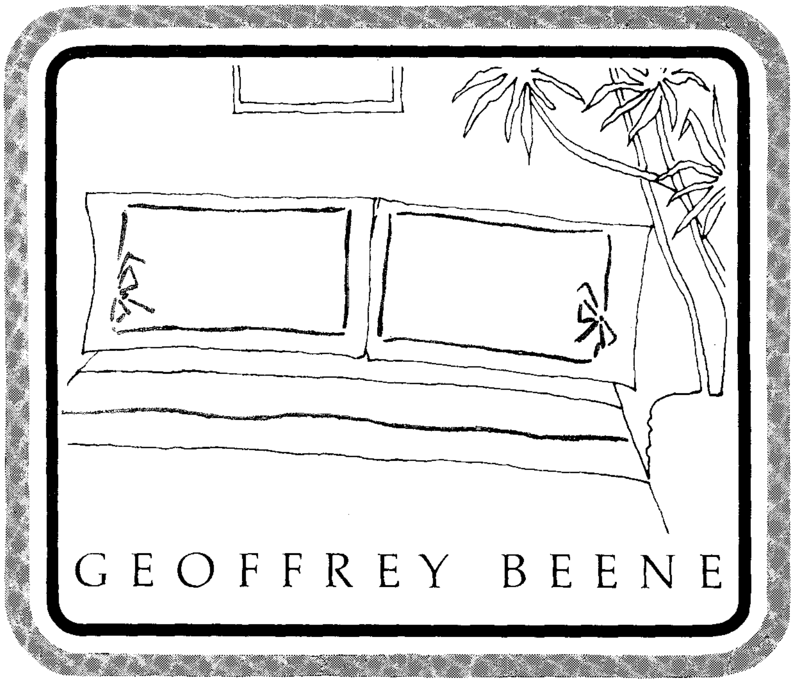

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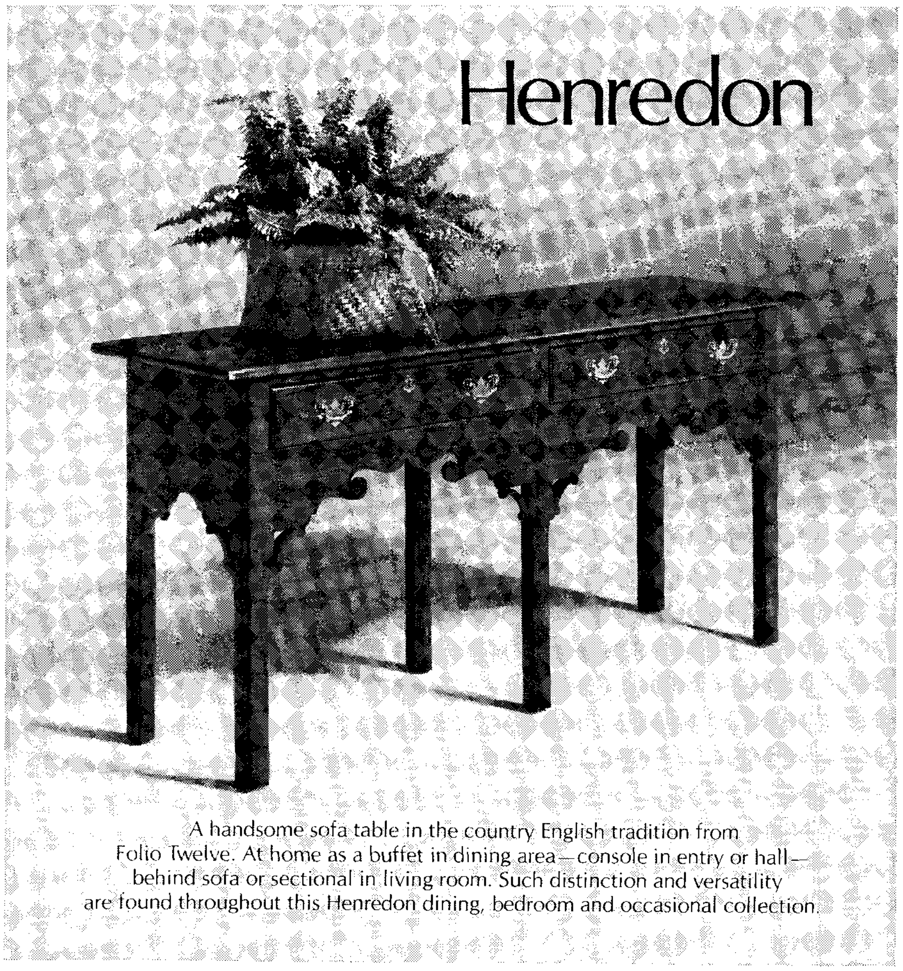

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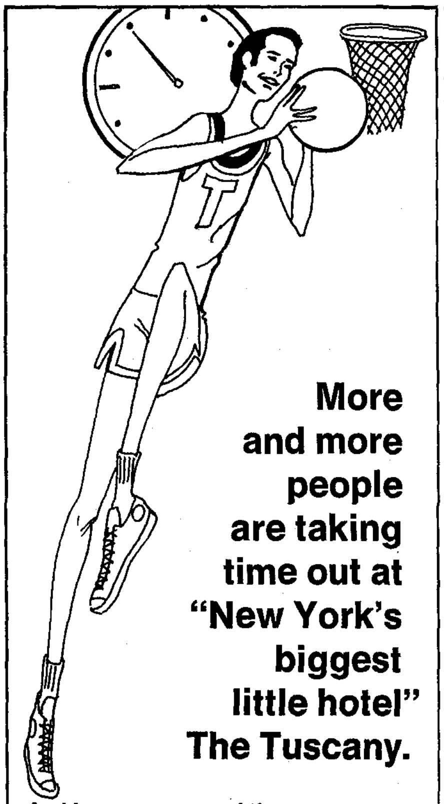
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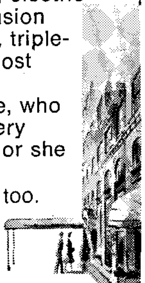

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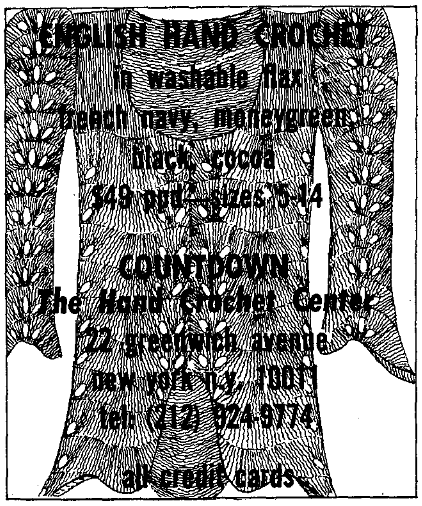
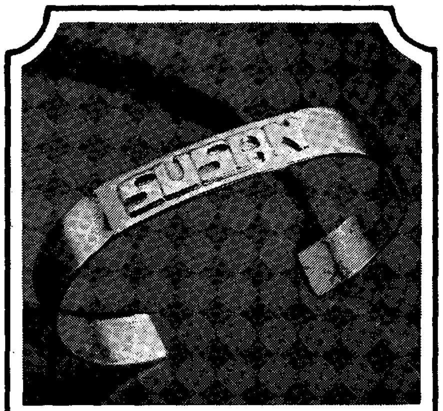


along tracks from joke to joke. The parallel love stories are treated almost ritualistically: Reggie's marriage to Francine (Jennifer Warren) has collapsed, and Ned's marriage to Lily (Lindsay Crouse) is in trouble. We get the idea that Francine, a beauty operator, has left Reggie because he'll always be a kid. This is a cheat: Newman deserved the chance to take a bigger bite out of the character—Reggie shouldn't have had to be the bouncing boychick even in his dealings with his wife. And as Jennifer Warren plays her she's so self-contained she doesn't look as if she'd ever given him the time of day, much less a moment's tenderness. What's gone wrong with the younger couple is utterly opaque. Michael Ontkean has an expressive deadpan—his dark angel face magnetizes the camera. But Ned's Hamlet act includes the surly rejection of his devoted wife, for no apparent cause; we can only assume that the reasons for it weren't written or were cut. We get the reconciliation scene, though. Reggie takes Lily to Francine's beauty parlor; a few hours later, Lily emerges with heavy makeup and an upswept mass of baby-doll curls—and is her husband really supposed to be dazzled? The film lavishes condescension on the players' wives; they wear their cheapness like a costume. Hill isn't strong on male-female attachments—the ones here are so kitschy that they're still part of the old movies they came out of.

The modernizing element is the Hill-Dowd ribaldry—the constant derisiveness about homosexual practices and the outright baiting. In the ugliest scene in the picture, Reggie goes to see the owner of the team and discovers that the owner is a woman—a young widow. When she tells Reggie that she *could* sell the team but is going to fold it instead, for a tax write-off, he's defeated—but not quite. He has the laugh: he tells her that her little son is going to be a faggot if she doesn't get herself a man and loosen up. That's the worst fate he can promise her. This scene could have been directed so that it exposed Reggie's narrowness—and certainly Newman understands Reggie's narrowness and is capable of playing it that way. But we're goaded to laugh; it's not only Reggie who's telling her off—*we're* telling her off. It's obvious that the owner has been made a woman just for this thrust; she's been set up, like the man with the toupee, the busloads of mooners, and the rest of the incidents. (If Newman had refused to play the scene this way, what could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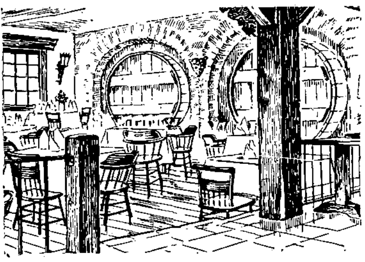
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the moviemakers have done? You can't blackball Paul Newman.)

There's a lot of ugliness in this movie, yet Hill sanitizes things even when he tries to be tough. That's probably why this film will be a huge hit. The profanity is dirty but meaningless—Broadway blue. The use of hockey as a metaphor for what has been going on in movies—the greater intensity of effects—is self-serving. Hill is a technician, not an artist. Yet he's not just putting down the bums who use shock effects—he's putting down the artists who use violence organically. Scorsese gets in there and digs around and makes you feel it; the relentlessness of "Taxi Driver" isn't just rhythm and pacing. Hill is like a big-money Broadway-blue playwright complaining of the crude tastes of the avant-garde while ripping them off. His crudeness here is livelier than anything he's done before, but I don't know that I've ever seen a picture so completely geared to giving the public "what it wants" with such an antagonistic feeling behind it. Hill gets you laughing, all right, but he's so grimly determined to ram entertainment down your throat that you feel like a Strasbourg goose.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

She debuted with the Metropolitan Opera in January of 1961 as Aida in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Following the performance, she received a 42-minute ovation, the longest such display in the history of the Met.—*San Antonio Express-News.*

Some of that applause was for the wardrobe supervisor.

•

Anna Mae's extended family outlook doesn't swerve after a day as nurse practitioner has ended. She enjoys most of all the "good old family life" where she can let her hair down and relax. And frequent family fatherings take place. An abundance of cousins necessitated hiring a hall for the celebration of her mother's birthday one year.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

Lots of that old-time begetting, eh?

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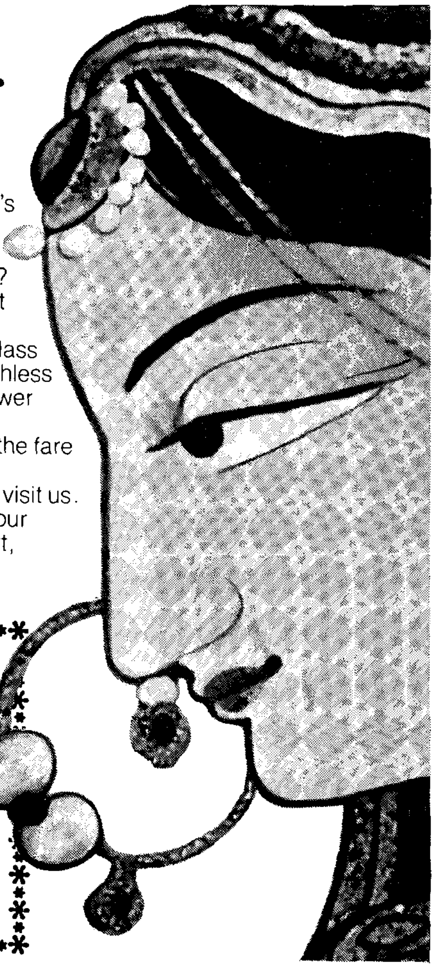

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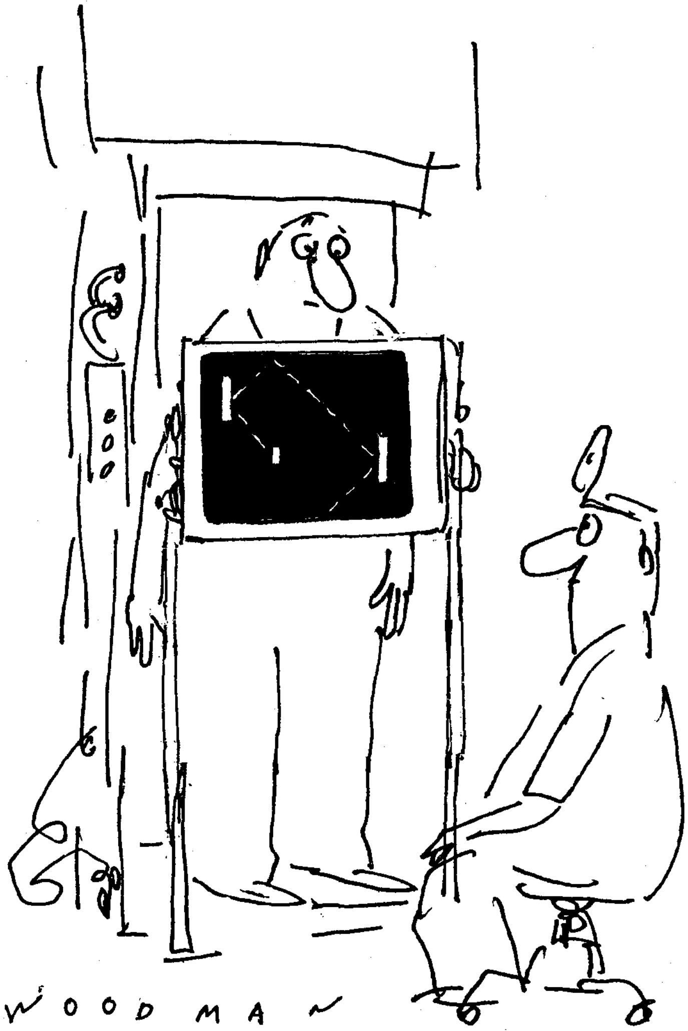
LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 23

THE excited House of Commons last night gave the Government a resounding "No"—loud enough to echo up to John o'Groat's and through the Rhondda coal valleys—on the crucial vote for powers to rush onto the statute book its unwieldy, unpopular devolution bill, which would give partial self-government to Scotland and Wales. What happens now is doubtful, but the bill has little chance, apparently, of becoming law in its present form, though there is still talk of a referendum. Its critics had charged that by the use of the so-called guillotine, which forcibly decapitates time for normal Parliamentary discussion, the Government was seeking to send a badly botched bundle of crucial measures on its way without sufficient debate, principally to safeguard the precarious Labour seats in Scotland, on which it relies to remain in power. Infuriated Scottish Nationalist voices are now declaring that the Government will be wiped out sure enough at the next general election. All that is clear is that the Prime Minister has suffered a major defeat at a moment when the economic news is suddenly bleak again. Prices of life and all its trimmings have risen frighteningly, giving new strength to the clamor from the factory floors for a return to good old collective wage bargaining. Moreover, Mr. Callaghan has just suffered a serious loss among his moderate supporters in the Cabinet. Anthony Crosland was not a great Foreign Secretary—his heart was perhaps too set on the Chancellorship, to which it was taken for granted that he would be moved this summer—but his death certainly tore a large hole in British political life, which is short of purple threads in the general monotone of today. People in all parties felt poorer and chillier in the draft left by his brutally sudden exit. Considering his fervent dedication to Labour politics since he was an Oxford undergraduate with a passion for equality, the international reputation of his classic 1956 book, "The Future of Socialism," which shaped the thinking of a whole generation with its then novel ideas, and the fact that he had held a variety of less important offices in former administrations, he was still an astonishingly unknown quantity to the general public. In the Party, he was enormously admired but not loved, perhaps despising the genial common touch that sets the annual Conference in a roar, and unable, for all his efforts, to shake off the same middle-class Hampstead intellectual label that made his friend and leader the late Hugh Gaitskell suspect up to the last in some quarters. If he had any impact on the ordinary citizen's consciousness, it was as a man of formidable, impatient intelligence and little warmth, his charm and conviviality having been kept strictly private, for his friends. Even after he became Foreign Secretary, this view was helped along by his excruciating television performances—exposures he suffered with ironically lifted eyebrows and with an air of languid amusement, bordering on condescension, that his audiences often found exasperating. Many people were violently critical when he refrained from intervening directly in the foundering Geneva talks on Rhodesia. In the last few gruelling months, he had seemed to age visibly—to show in his face the dilapidation and the wear and tear of office added to the exacting duty in the House of Commons, whose members are often up arguing till all hours when ministers' critics are comfortably tucked under the eiderdowns. Since this latest, most tragic of casualties, there has been an agitation among politicians and their anxious spouses for shortening the unsocial hours (as union workers call them, and get paid more for them, too) that Westminster keeps. Anthony Crosland, of course, had just begun his additional temporary role as president of the Council of Ministers, in Brussels, it being the half year of Britain's presidency. His remarkable opening address to the European Parliament was a big relief and a satisfaction to pro-Common Market British, who had regarded him as a lukewarm late joiner of their ranks. He was so clearly working up momentum both in the Foreign Office and on the Council that it adds to the sad sense of loss.



The Prime Minister's naming of Mr. Crosland's junior minister, thirty-eight-year-old Dr. David Owen, as his successor was totally unexpected and received a cautious welcome. The appointment should be a great blast of exhilarating, reviving air for the young, the best of whom have long been said to be sheering away from politics as a game in which the rewards, if any, are generally late and not particularly handsome. The news that Dr. Owen is the youngest Foreign Secretary since Anthony Eden was certainly evocative to the elderly, for whom Lord Avon's recent death had stirred nostalgic memories. The fact that, unlike his predecessor, Dr. Owen is a firmly convinced European was regarded as excellent tidings by many pleased British, if not by the almost as sizable section of the country that, according to a recent opinion poll, pins most of the national woes onto Britain's having joined the Community. The Prime Minister's picking him out instead of one of the senior ministers expected by the political pundits is a bold, imaginative move that may pay off brilliantly.

AS a running accompaniment to the Government's serious troubles, there has been seemingly endless acrimonious controversy over what did or did not go on in No. 10 during the Wilson years. Ever since the *Daily Mirror* serialized the more sensational extracts from the recently published book "The Politics of Power," by Sir Harold's former press secretary, Joe Haines, for the surprised perusal of its Labour-voting readers, every paper in Fleet Street has given yards of coverage to the high (or low) spots of Haines' account of his savage, scandalizing vendetta with the Prime Minister's private political secretary and right-hand woman, Lady Falkender. Many people belabored the press for being so eager to serve up the unedifying trivia raked out from the cold ashes of Mr. Wilson's kitchen cabinet. All the same, most of them went right on reading, to judge by the fascinated talk, hilarious or sincerely alarmed, that has been circulating over the picture of a Prime Minister harassed by such petticoat government at a time of appalling peril for Britain. Sir Harold's interview on Independent Television last week, in which he blandly brushed away Mr. Haines' version of events, was presumably intended to be the final, settling contribution to the affair, but it is unlikely that it succeeded. The memoir, with its candid vindictiveness, has acted as a catalyst to much bottled-up press rancor against Wilson, which had been decently stifled in the chorus of tributes when he resigned. Though the *Times'* political editor predicted that the affair would mean a million votes for the Conservatives in the next election, it is doubtful if the story will have sunk in very damagingly to the grass roots of the Party, so many miles away, geographically and mentally, from the gossip of the press lobbies and London dinner parties.

BECAUSE most of the theatrical fare being offered at the moment seems to avoid any contact with reality, a funny and acute little piece of reporting with the daunting title of "Dusa, Fish, Stas & Vi," which just opened at the Mayfair Theatre, has come in for a chorus of grateful critical praise. Pam Gems' all-woman play, superbly directed by Nancy Meckler, delivers no shrill women's-lib message. Instead, it takes the lid off the shabby flat shared by the girls with those zodiac-sounding

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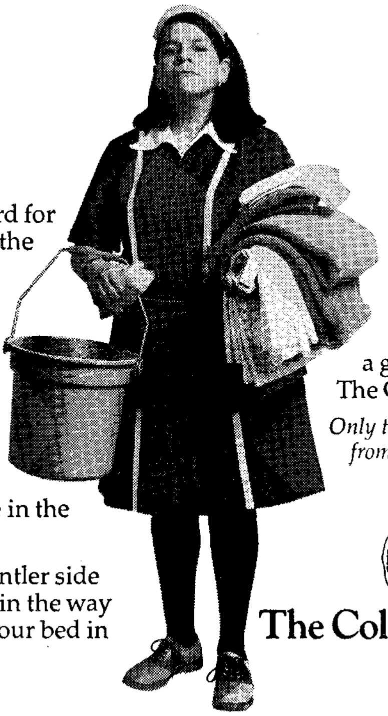

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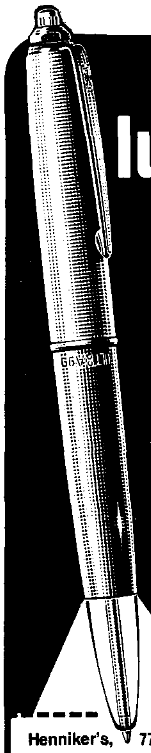

names and lets us listen to what her sharp ear has heard. They are a quartet of matter-of-fact shelterers from the London jungle who have learned, and accepted with varying degrees of stoical philosophy, that men will often drift away after another bird and there is nothing much to be done about it. Dusa (Brigit Forsyth) is battling to get back her children, with whom her divorced husband has absconded, and Fish (Alison Fiske) is a gabby left-wing-party worker whose man, gasping for breath among the pamphlets, sneaked off and married someone else. The two other members of the household are distinctly less usual types, but Miss Gems reminds us briskly that life is frequently more richly batty than fiction. So Stas, well played by a tall, handsome actress named Diane Fletcher, is a nurse who comes home with a bulging tote bag stuffed with furs and other booty she has cheerfully pinched from the shops, and spends her evenings sleeping around to raise funds to become, of all things, a marine biologist in Hawaii. As Vi, a dishevelled little nut case who speaks startling truths out of a haze of pot and yoga, Mary Maddox is wonderfully funny and touching. Only in the last, unexpectedly tragic moments, when Stas cries bitterly, "We won't do as they want anymore, and they hate it!," does the play state its feminist message—that 'tis pity to be a female—with the first staginess of an engagingly bright and natural comedy evening.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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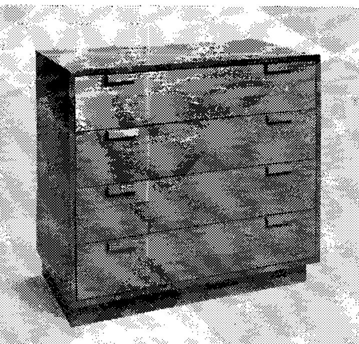

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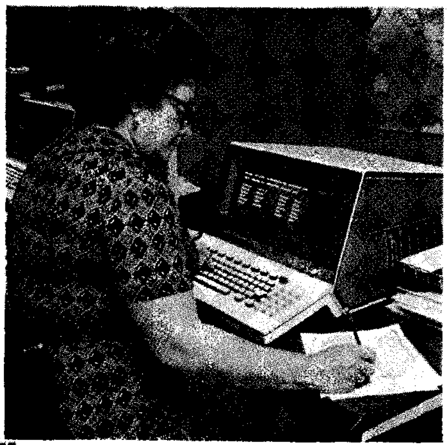

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Great Bridge, Our Myth

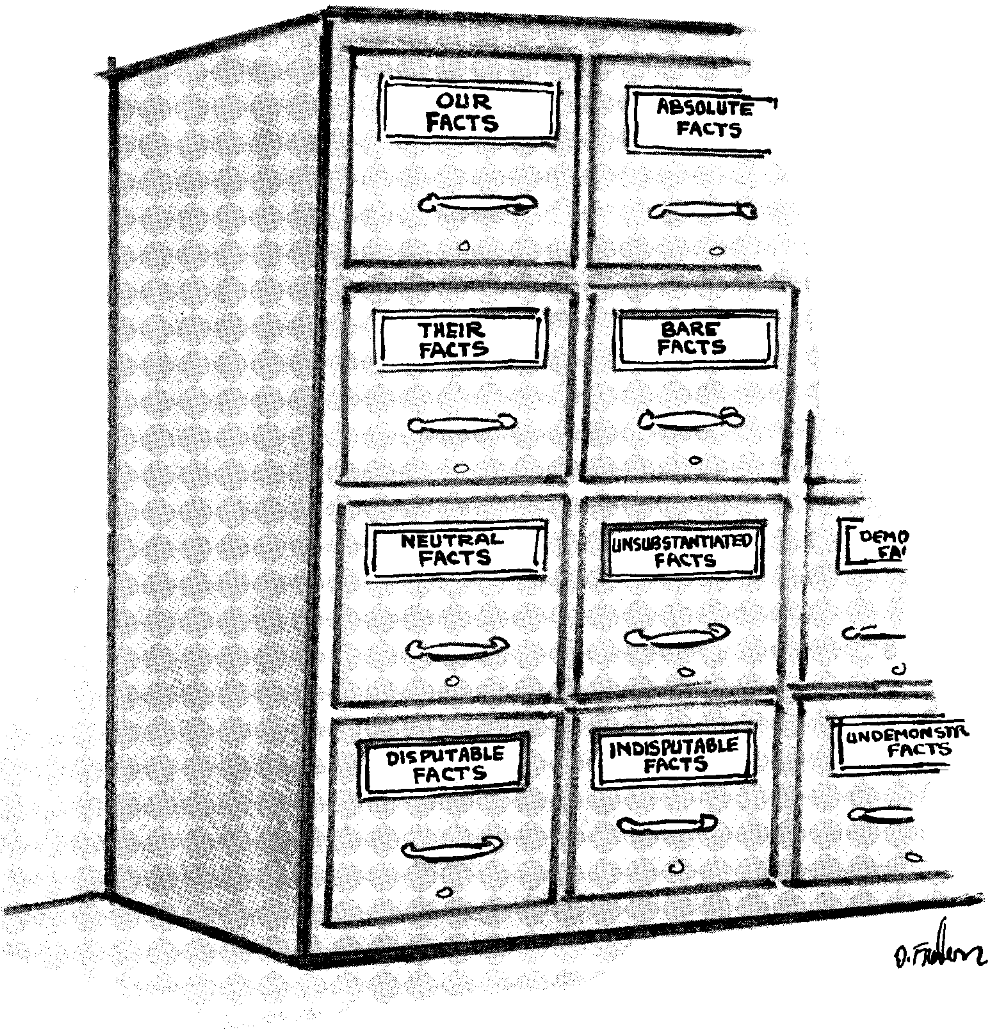
MUCH American imagery is drawn together in Elliott Carter's latest composition, "A Symphony of Three Orchestras," dedicated to the New York Philharmonic and its music director, Pierre Boulez, and first performed by them last month. The opening can be heard as an evocation in picturesque sound of the Brooklyn Bridge. High on the violins, as one thin, shining, open-textured chord is laid upon another, in shifting aeolian strains, it seems as if the cradle of wires overhead may be sounding: "Sibylline voices flicker, waveringly stream, As though a god were issue of the strings." The violins span the stage from side to side. Between them, three piccolos then break in with keen, bright bird cries, given added sharpness by small, high hammer beats from piano and xylophone; clarinets and oboes swell the shrill chorus to a brief tumult. In a program note, the composer quotes the beginning of Hart Crane's "The Bridge":

> How many dawns, chill from his
> rippling rest
> The seagull's wings shall dip and
> pivot him,
> Shedding white rings of tumult,
> building high
> Over the chained bay waters
> Liberty—

And then a single trumpet wings out in long solo flight. Wheeling through the faint, ethereal violin chords, it mounts, hovers, circles down, soars again, swiftly plummets, stays for a moment poised low, traces a final, sudden ascent and fall before coming to rest. A series of emphatic descending figures from each orchestra in turn ends the introduction (in the Crane opening, "elevators drop us from our day"), and the symphonic argument begins in earnest with a huge span of sixths softly sustained by the strings of one orchestra and *giocoso* chattering from two bassoons of another.

The piece lasts fifteen minutes. Orchestra I, on the left of the platform, consists of brasses, strings, and kettledrums. Orchestra III, on the right of the platform, consists of triple woodwinds (without clarinets), two horns, strings (no cellos), and unpitched percussion, mainly metallic. Orchestra II, central, is a smaller ensemble: three clarinets, piano, vibraphone, xylophone, marimba, chimes, long drum, tomtom, and a handful of strings. The violins of Orchestra I and of Orchestra III, arranged across the front of the platform, provide a sonic balance like that of the first and second violins of a traditional orchestra traditionally seated; the differing wind and percussion complements give to each orchestra its distinctive timbre and character. Orchestra II is a band of soloists, a concertante group set against the twin-ripieno of the rest, and it is invited to phrase with rubato.

The work plays without break but is not exactly a "one-movement symphony." Between the introduction and an extended coda there are twelve brief movements, four for each orchestra, and each orchestra plays its four movements twice, not in regular order. Each movement is altered when it returns. Each is based on a different three-note chord. Between movements, each orchestra falls silent for a few measures, and the silences and the lapping are so arranged that, for some moments at least, each movement can be heard by itself. But most of the time two or three movements are being played simultaneously. "The listener, of course," says Carter, "is not meant, on first hearing, to identify the details of this continually shifting web of sound . . . but rather to hear and grasp the character of this kaleidoscope of musical themes as they are presented in varying contexts." At fourth and fifth hearing, much of the detail still remained elusive. The movements most easily recognized are those of clear harmonic character: the piled-up sixths already mentioned, which form the first movement of Orchestra I; the pure, open fifths of Orchestra II's first movement; the 6-4 major and 6-3 minor triads (result of putting a major third above a perfect fourth, or vice versa) in the second movement of Orchestra III. Each of the twelve movements proceeds at its own distinct speed. The general effect, the "character of this kaleidoscope," is easy to enjoy. One kind of music breaks in upon another, comes to the fore, then recedes at the advance of yet another kind of music. Harmonic colors, instrumental timbres, varied textures, speeds, and kinds of figuration lap, clash, combine, cohere, then part. Perspectives shift. Foreground becomes middle or back-



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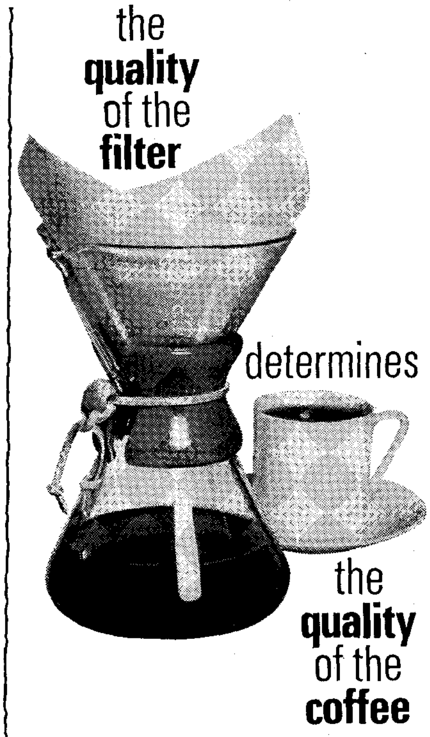
ground. Image crowds upon image. It might have been chaos, but it is a disciplined dance of clearly formed ideas, defined in space by the siting of the three orchestras and defined in time by the composer's carefully balanced structure.

The structure recalls that of Carter's Third String Quartet, which is two independent, patterned duologues, one of four episodes each heard thrice, the other of six episodes each heard twice, concurrent but not synchronous, and so distributed that at some point each of the four episodes encounters and overlaps with each of the six. But the symphony is an "easier" work for the listener than the quartet, because its ideas are so colorful. Well before his ear has learned to spot and recognize the recurrent movements, he will have learned to find his way through the piece by sonic landmarks—besides those already mentioned, two rhapsodic violin solos; a peal of bells, clanging open fifths; a poignant melody from the bass clarinet; a sudden, insistent reiteration of G minor. Carter, as I have often remarked, is a "graphic" composer. To find words to describe the music of his Third Quartet and his Duo for Violin and Piano I turned to similes from nature. But the words for the symphony have already been written by Hart Crane. Since student days, Carter says, he has dreamed of making a musical work from Crane's "The Bridge," and he calls the symphony in some sense a sketch for that work. Behind the jocund two-bassoon episode lies the Rip Van Winkle section of the poem. The pealing bells are partly a response to Columbus's prayer in "The Bridge," partly an image from a later poem: "The bells, I say, the bells break down their tower; And swing I know not where. Their tongues engrave Membrane through marrow, my long-scattered score Of broken intervals."

Anyone brought up, as I was, in the English choral tradition is brought up with Walt Whitman—set to music by Gustav Holst (Carter's teacher at Harvard), Delius, and Vaughan Williams—and comes to America prepared for long democratic vistas, primed with the poetic imagery of the New World, and ready for Crane. Long before I read "The Bridge," I had walked to Brooklyn along that "path amid the stars crossed by the seagull's wing" and had ridden to Brooklyn on the I.R.T. subway—had discovered with eyes and feet and feelings two of the most potent symbols in this city of romantic symbols. Some of them, such as Whitman's ferry to Brooklyn, have gone.



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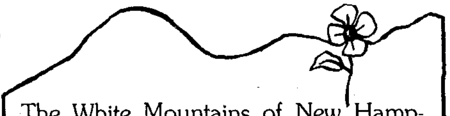

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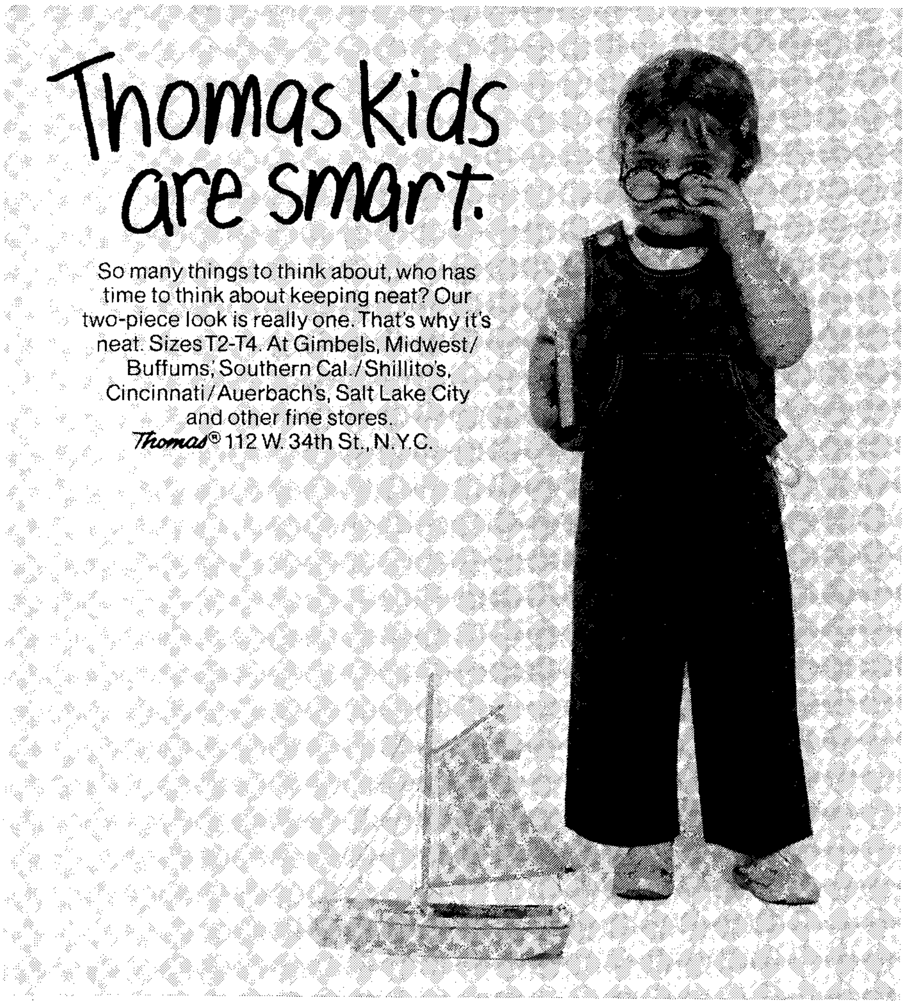
Others, once visions, have become everyday sights: Whitman's view of the earth as a "vast Rondure swimming in space," which I sang of as a treble and have now seen with eyes transported far into space; Crane's day when "The soul, by naphtha fledged into new reaches, Already knows the closer grasp of Mars." The new monuments have their own meanings. Since man is not allowed to set foot on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, it stands as a huge symbol of his slavery to the motorcar, while the Brooklyn Bridge continues to be celebrated. Alan Trachtenberg, in his monograph "Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol," took the tale of what it has inspired up to 1965. Since then, Marianne Moore has hymned the "Caged Circe of steel and stone" (Elizabeth Bishop had invited Miss Marianne Moore over Brooklyn Bridge to come flying into Manhattan, "mounting the sky with natural heroism"), and now Elliott Carter has set sounding not only the "arching strands of song," the "humming spars," but Crane's transcendent vision of the bridge extending to span not just the East River but all America from east to west. Far below the river runs the bridge's dark shadow, the subway—path amid the stars and swift passage tunnelled through the earth. With Columbus, Cortés, and Pizarro, the poet voyages west, meets Pocahontas, dances with her, merges with the land and with the great flowing river. He travels now with the gait of a dreamer, lingering on the bridge itself while his mind voyages out in the clippers below to distant shores; then rushes swiftly by iron road across this huge land; then moves with the Mississippi, slow. Finally, he rides the subway home to Brooklyn—and Poe, his eyes like agate lanterns, is companion on that journey.

Carter's symphony is in no sense a musical "transcription" of "The Bridge," but its different kinds of movement and its rich superimposition of image upon image produce something of the effect of that poem. And, because it compasses so much in fifteen minutes, other visions are recalled, other feelings stirred, while one listens—sights and sensations familiar to Carter's contemporaries but not to Crane's: the view of Manhattan from an airplane that has climbed steeply from LaGuardia, when the huge, populous city shrinks to a small island in the river and its towers become play blocks heaped by a child; the sense, while flying west, that one is actually tracing through air and traversing the mythic span of Crane's bridge. Whitman hymned the linked Union Pacific and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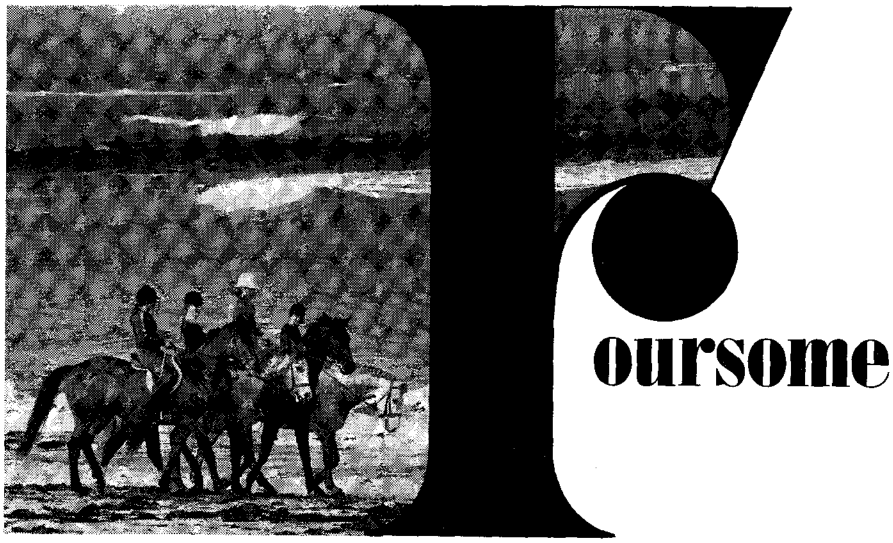
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Central Pacific as "Bridging the three or four thousand miles of land travel, Tying the Eastern to the Western sea . . . (Ah Genoese thy dream! thy dream! Centuries after thou art laid in thy grave, The shore thou foundest verifies thy dream)," but flight has added a swifter metaphor-made-concrete to his vision. New York might be a hard city to live in were it not for the poets, painters, and musicians who teach us to see, to feel, and to dream here. Without them, a subway ride might be no more than a dirty, noisy, possibly dangerous way of getting from place to place—instead of a romantic adventure, symbolism experienced as fact. Without them, we might not see Hector, Orestes and the Furies, Faust, Don Quixote as through Manhattan's streets we saunter pondering. Pale, impassioned Norma, crazed Lucia, John of Leiden would stay locked inside the Met, and the vocalism of sun-bright Italy and German organ majestic not sound forth in the bold American day. Crane placed a sentence from Job at the start of "The Bridge"—"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it"—but it is not only Satan who stalks the city with him and with us. Columbus, Cortés, and Pizarro, Pocahontas, Rip Van Winkle, and Poe have been mentioned. Walt Whitman is ever at hand, a Virgil to Crane's Dante. Marlowe, Blake, Melville, Isadora Duncan, and Emily Dickinson appear, and Plato prefaces the final section with his "Music is then the knowledge of that which relates to love in harmony and system." That Carter should have found "The Bridge" an intractable text to set as an oratorio is not surprising: Crane struggled for lucid utterance; in Waldo Frank's words, "his attempt, with sound materials, to achieve poetic form was ever close to chaos." That Carter should have been moved by the ideas and imagery of the poem to compose this ordered symphony is not surprising, either. The techniques of time flow and overlapping discourse pursued in his earlier works prepared him for the handling of so rich a theme.

We can praise "A Symphony of Three Orchestras" for its visionary aspiration. We can praise it for its refined, very delicate, and subtle workmanship. (Even the notation, designed to catch the differing tempi within a single set of bar lines, so that one conductor can keep time for all three orchestras, represents a triumph of musico-mathematical ingenuity.) On the simplest but not least important level, we can praise the expressive quality of the melodies and of the instrumental colors (shimmering touches from a bell tree, warm cello cantilenas, brass notes climbing one upon another like the courses of some cyclopean wall—or of the "twin monoliths" that carry the bridge). The symphony is of all Carter's scores the richest in sound. But not aspiration, or good construction, or vivid orchestration is in itself enough to produce a composition so moving and memorable as this. All three combine. In a series of performances, Boulez and the Philharmonic played it with ever-increasing mastery. They have also recorded it, for release by Columbia.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

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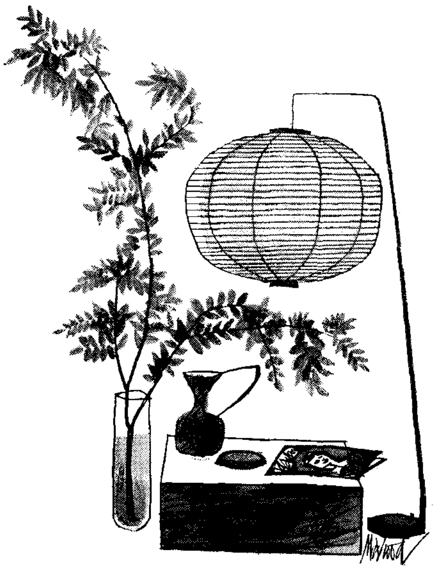
THE Metropolitan Opera Company is offering a complete recording of a Kirsten Flagstad-Lauritz Melchior "Tristan und Isolde" to anyone who donates one hundred dollars or more to the Metropolitan Opera Fund (Metropolitan Opera Historic Broadcast Recording; mono, eight sides). That may sound like an expensive proposition, but the performance, which was taped during a 1941 radio broadcast, is of such magnificent quality that many opera lovers will regard it as a bargain. In the first place, the voices of Flagstad and Melchior—along with those of Kerstin Thorborg, Alexander Kipnis, Julius Huehn, Emery Darcy, Karl Laufkoetter, and John Gurney—are caught with great accuracy. In the second, though the sound of Erich Leinsdorf's Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus is not reproduced with modern stereo fidelity, it is nevertheless remarkably clear, considering the recording technology of the period. And let us not forget that during that period the Metropolitan was the greatest Wagnerian opera house in the world. We have not since heard "Tristan" performed with so balanced and splendid a cast. Old-timers will not have forgotten the warm, powerful voice that Flagstad brought to the role of Isolde, and no recent tenor has equalled Melchior's interpretation of Tristan. Both artists were capable of the utmost tenderness of delivery as well as of vocal power that soared above the trombones and horns in a way that made one's hair stand on end. And Thorborg's Brangäne, Kipnis's King Marke, and Huehn's Kurvenal are almost as good. There are a few flaws. Leinsdorf's tempi at the beginning of Act II are a bit hasty, and there is audible coughing by the audience during Act III. But the entire undertaking (the record is manufactured by RCA, under the supervision of Dario Soria) has resulted in one of the finest operatic recordings extant.

VANGUARD EVERYMAN has issued an album of works by Richard Strauss, all of them conducted by the composer himself and recorded, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, in 1944 (SRV 325/29; ten sides). The album contains Strauss's tone poems "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Tod und Verklärung," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Der Bürger als Edelmann," "Ein Heldenleben," and "Don Juan;" waltzes from the ballet "Schlagobers;" and the "Symphonia Domestica." The recording techniques of the period could not do justice to the heavier and more elaborate works ("Also Sprach," "Ein Heldenleben," and the "Schlagobers" excerpts), but they did manage to produce pretty accurate versions of the others. "Der Bürger als Edelmann" consists of the music discarded from "Ariadne auf Naxos" when it was discovered that Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" did not mix very well with the opera. "Schlagobers" has never been a success. (I attended its première in Vienna in 1924.) Its music is too heavy for ballet, and quite thick in texture. The main interest of the album lies, of course, in Strauss's interpretations, though they do not differ greatly from those of subsequent conductors.

Georg Solti has also recorded Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," as well as "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel," with the Chicago Symphony (London CS 6978; single disc). This sort of thing is, of course, exactly Solti's dish, since he is a highly charged conductor. But he gives a rather mannered



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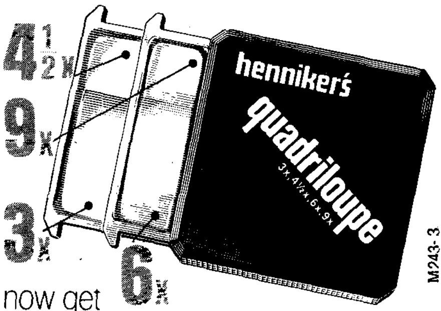

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performance of "Also Sprach," prefigured by a gratuitous swell at the end of the opening fanfare. The Chicagoans, as usual, are magnificent.

The wonderful traditions of rubato in the performance of Johann Strauss's waltzes are gradually being lost, even in Vienna. Leonard Bernstein knows them a bit better than some contemporary Middle European conductors—Leinsdorf and Ormandy among them—but he does not know the tradition of the advanced second and delayed third beats of these compositions. As a consequence, his performances with the New York Philharmonic of waltzes from "Die Fledermaus," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and other Strauss compositions sound rather wooden (Columbia M 34125; single).

THE first complete recording of Verdi's very early opera "Il Corsaro" has been issued recently with a superb cast—José Carreras, Clifford Grant, Jessye Norman, Montserrat Caballé, Gian-Piero Mastromei, and others—and with the Ambrosian Singers and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Lamberto Gardelli conducting (Philips 6700 098; four sides). Based on Byron's poem "The Corsair," the opera has a few robust and memorable melodies, but it represents Verdi in a formative and somewhat crude period.

Vladimir Ashkenazy has recorded all five of Prokofiev's piano concertos with the London Symphony, André Previn conducting (London CSA 2314; six sides). The composer's "Autumnal" and "Overture on Hebrew Themes" are also included. Ashkenazy plays with his usual tremendous bravura and the requisite steely percussiveness. Almost all the works are early Prokofiev, and it is interesting to note that the peculiar musical language he used throughout his career—kaleidoscopic changes of key with no formal modulation—started with his days as a student at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he wrote the first two concertos.

AMONG the large crop of recent and distinguished single discs are Garrick Ohlsson's performances of Chopin's "Krakowiak" and one of his piano concertos (Angel S-37179), and of the same composer's Fantasy on Polish National Airs, along with another piano concerto (Angel S-37180), all with the Polish Radio National Symphony Orchestra, Jerzy Maksymiuk conducting; a collection of Schubert lieder sung by Elly Ameling, with Dalton Baldwin at the piano (Philips 6500 704); a bouquet of "Spanish Encores"

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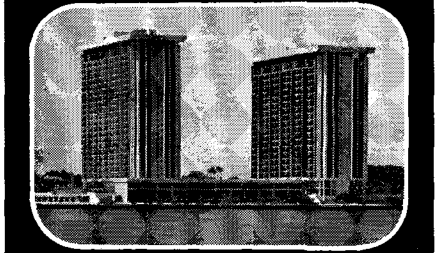
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(short pieces by Albéniz, Soler, Granados, and Turina) done with inimitable style by Alicia de Larrocha (London CS 6953); Fauré's Requiem, one of the most powerful of French compositions, performed by the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra and the Netherlands Radio Chorus, Jean Fournet conducting, with Elly Ameling and Bernard Kruysen (Philips 6500 968); Brahms' Violin Concerto, brilliantly played by Nathan Milstein with the Vienna Philharmonic, under Eugen Jochum (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 592); an altogether exceptional recital of Spanish songs by Teresa Berganza (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 598); Schoenberg's most successful work, "Verklärte Nacht," superbly done by the Berlin Philharmonic, under Herbert von Karajan, along with the same composer's Variations for Orchestra, Opus 31—for me a hopelessly dry and academic piece in the twelve-tone idiom, which Karajan does wonders to redeem (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 627); a group of Tchaikovsky songs, sung by Galina Vishnevskaya, with her husband, the protean Mstislav Rostropovich, at the piano (Angel S-37166); Chopin's Preludes, Opus 28, played by the Romantic pianist Maurizio Pollini (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 550); and Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 3, played by Vladimir Ashkenazy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (RCA ARL1-1324). There are also two new single discs containing Rossini overtures—one by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under Neville Marriner (Philips 6500 878), the other by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Claudio Abbado (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 559). They complement rather than rival each other. The only duplications are the overtures to "The Barber of Seville," "L'Italiana in Algeri," and "Il Signor Bruschino." I find the Abbado disc the more exciting and rhythmically incisive.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

• •

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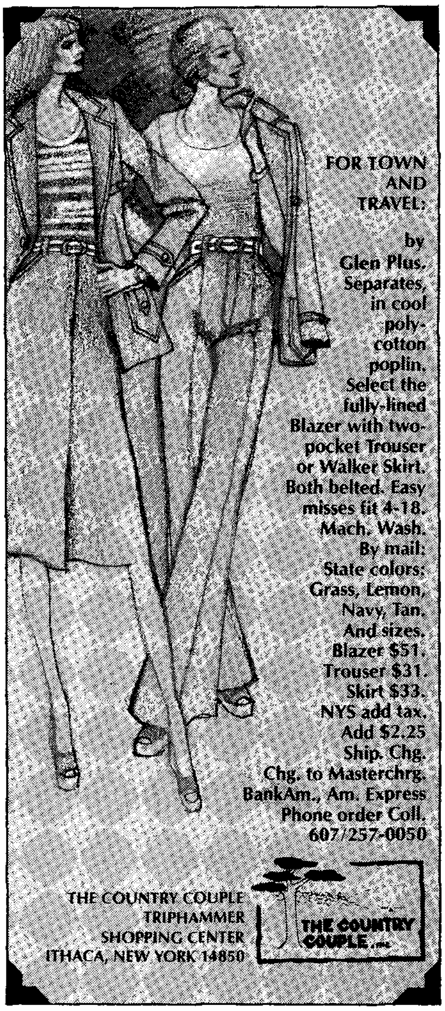
My father is a hard man.
When my mother couldn't give him a son,
he made the best of it; that is,
he made me into what was missing.
So I polish a breastplate until
my smudged face is reflected blue-black
and my arm is stiff as a gauntlet.

I have my father's stubborn jaw
they tell me, those boys from the village
who tease, envious of my lot.
The roughened men who come for a mending,
who bring their smooth sons to be measured,
say I have his hands, too wide for a woman.
Then I think of the beetle on the stoop
whose shell shamed the finest armor.
It scuttled away when I reached down.
With his hand.
I am and am not him.
Give me the dusty wings of the moths
that dared spend the night on his workbench
and I would fly—where?
Out to the hill with the shepherd?
To the mill where the miller's son
is clouded in the finest-ground flour?

This woolgathering angers my father.
He pounds music from metal,
a chorus of glow and chill, bend and stay.
I drop a helmet with a carelessness
I barely recognize and run into the yard,
into the road, tripping on my skirts.
Late afternoon, after a rain, already
the sun's low flame lights the edges
of everything. This world shines,
rings and shines, like his dream of heaven.

—DEBORA GREGER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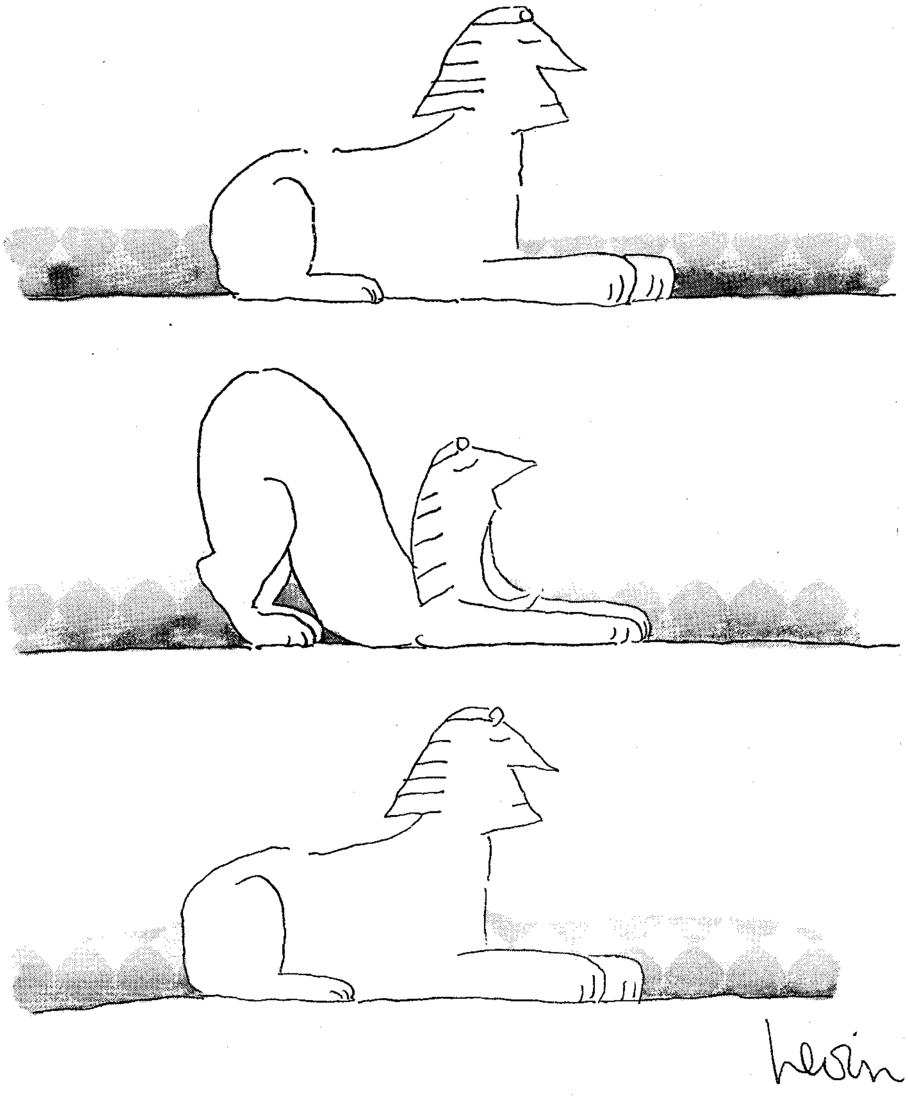
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

February 27

SEVEN weeks before he took office, Jimmy Carter was told by several people who had recently talked with Leonid Brezhnev and other officials in Moscow that the Soviet leaders had asked them to pass along the word that there would be no early steps, military or otherwise, to "test or push or take the measure of" the new President and Commander-in-Chief. The message seemed to be that no tanks would roll across international borders, no governments friendly to us would be subverted, no new retaining walls would be built. The Kremlin evidently intended this to be seen as a concession of sorts, a further step toward détente, a departure from practices of the past—and perhaps also as an implied threat, a reminder that there are, as always, limits to its patience, and a warning that it could make trouble if it cared to. To experienced observers, though, it seemed merely a notification that the Russians would approach Carter with their customary circumspection. There is no record of their ever having tried to see how much provocation a new President would take; at times, in fact, they have been quite conciliatory, as when, at the height of the Cold War, five days after John Kennedy was inaugurated, in 1961, they greeted him with the intelligence that they were freeing two Air Force personnel they had been holding captive. It has been suggested that the expulsion, on February 4th, of an Associated Press correspondent from Moscow was a deliberate provocation, and perhaps in a sense it was, though it is difficult to imagine the Politburo strategists seeing it in that light. (To them, surely, there is a world of difference between an action that is met, predictably, with nothing more than retaliation against one of their own correspondents and an action that might lead to measures they would regard as really serious, such as alert orders in Western Europe or the calling up of reserves.) Indeed, if there has been, in the past several weeks, any testing of an adversary's will and purpose, it has come not from the Kremlin but from the White House. The President's expression of sympathy and encouragement for Soviet dissidents could be regarded in Moscow as an act no less threatening in the long run than a military buildup would be in the short run. And there has been testing of another, ostensibly friendlier kind in what Carter has had to say about the initiatives he is prepared to take toward ending, or at any rate slowing down, the arms competition. In announcing that he is willing to finesse, in the next rounds of talks on strategic arms, the difficult issues raised by the Soviet Backfire bomber and our cruise missiles—essentially differences over whether these are or are not strategic weapons—and in proposing, in his revisions of Gerald Ford's defense budget, to curtail for the present the development of the B-1 bomber and certain other systems, he has challenged the Russians to show their good faith, or at least their interest in survival, by responding in kind to his offer of voluntary restraint.

If it seems unlikely to some that Carter can create openings in a closed society by corresponding with Andrei Sakharov or by meeting in the White House or elsewhere with Vladimir Bukovsky, it seems doubtful to others that he can persuade Congress of the soundness of his views on arms control. There has thus far been little direct criticism of his budgetary proposals—debate on the subject has not yet begun—but disapproval exists and is in some quarters intense; much of it has been heard in the Senate Armed Services Committee's questioning of Pau Warnke, Carter's choice to serve as the principal American arms negotiator and to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Warnke has for some time been advocating the views that Carter, who at times sounds like a Warnke protégé, is now expressing and that some of Warnke's detractors describe as unilateral disarmament. (If holding back for a few months on the development of a few new weapons can be thus described, then it could be argued that the first John D. Rockefeller was attempting to dissipate the family fortune by handing out dimes on stree corners.) Warnke has also maintained that "superiority" in destructive power measured either quantitatively or qualitatively, is today a meaningless concept—that it all but eludes rationa definition and, in any case, could no insure a superpower's survival or its attainment of political objectives. This is a position that Henry Kissinger held and that President Ford seemed to ac-



ept until Ronald Reagan mounted his ingoistic challenge last year, and it is ne from which Warnke has appeared o back away in his Senate testimony, hus exposing himself to charges of in- onsistency, insincerity, and the politics f expediency. He has, though, stood y the views that he and Carter have xpressed on what this country might o unilaterally to facilitate early and uccessful negotiations, and the conseuence may be that Warnke's confirnation, which is expected in a week or o, will be something less than a vote of onfidence. If there is substantial oppoition in the Senate—something aproaching the one-third (plus one) hat could deny ratification of any greement he secures—it would diminsh his effectiveness as a negotiator and erhaps deprive him of any opportunity o test the efficacy of the innovative rocedures that he and Carter currenty favor. In that event, Carter might o about as well if he put arms conrol in the hands of the Joint Chiefs f Staff, Henry Jackson, and Barry oldwater.

The busy diplomacy of the past nonth seems an effort to combine ardheaded and traditional support of he national interest with attempts to ulfill the President's campaign promses to make "morality"—the kind of norality that is honored both in the obervance and in the breach in Western, lemocratic, primarily Judeo-Christian, apitalistic societies—a force in foreign olicy. In the national interest, Carter lans to continue aid to governments hat, though clearly tainted by injustice nd repression, he regards as essential o our security, among them those of outh Korea and the Philippines; in the noral interest, he plans to cut back on ur largesse to the governments of thiopia, Argentina, and Uruguay—lespotic ones that can be punished without endangering any of our vital intersts. (Distinctions of this sort may subequently be opened to question. We von a war in the Pacific while the hilippines and, for that matter, Korea vere occupied by the enemy, and preumably if we wished to penalize the Marcos regime in Manila we could emove our aircraft based there to our wn Pacific territories and to our airraft carriers. And if military usefuless is the criterion, a case can be made or Ethiopia, from which we can monior developments in the Middle East nd in the Indian Ocean.) While Andrew Young seeks a moral resoluion of the problems of southern Africa, Clark Clifford, in Cyprus, seeks merey to bring an end to an ancient and,

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for us and our allies, disruptive conflict in which it is almost impossible to find and assay the moral imperatives. The Administration is committed to the defense of "human rights" everywhere—the concept is alien in many parts of the world, and subject to widely varying definitions in our own—and has even gone so far as to acknowledge that they are sometimes in jeopardy in the United States; it will not, though, sacrifice strategic or probably even economic interests to advance freedom anywhere. If the compromises do not satisfy formal logic or do much to promote reform where it is most needed, they are open, honest, and at least reasoned, if not in every case reasonable. A foreign policy uninformed by morality is indefensible; one in which morality is everything would be wildly utopian and unworkable. Some issues have almost no discernible moral content—access to raw materials, for example—and there are others to which morality provides no sure guidance. Moreover, when morality is a guide, it has a way of leading to rigidity and often danger. Woodrow Wilson and John Foster Dulles followed their moral lights, which glowed with an intensity at least as great as Carter's; Wilson's led him to defeat of the most humiliating kind—defeat at the hands *of allies* at *home* and *abroad*—and Dulles's led us to the brink of several wars, which we were spared by the fortunately more flexible morality of Dwight Eisenhower.

Carter seems less rigid than Wilson or Dulles, more appreciative of ambiguities and complexities, but he, too, runs the risk of having his ends undone by his means. His expression of support, his proffer of his "good offices," to men like Sakharov and Bukovsky may in time lead to the improvement of the lot of Soviet dissidents; they seem to think this likely, and they are in a better position to judge the matter than Carter or any other American. But even they acknowledge the possibility that continual hectoring will lead to a hardening of the Kremlin's position, and Carter should be aware of this, since he has frequently attributed his success as a Southern politician largely to his understanding of the fact that to lecture people on the error of their ways can only irritate them and is thus unlikely to lead to changes for the better. There is the further possibility that if any amelioration can be managed, the beneficiaries will be only the most articulate and celebrated dissidents—people who already have or know how to make connections with

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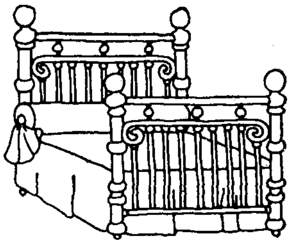

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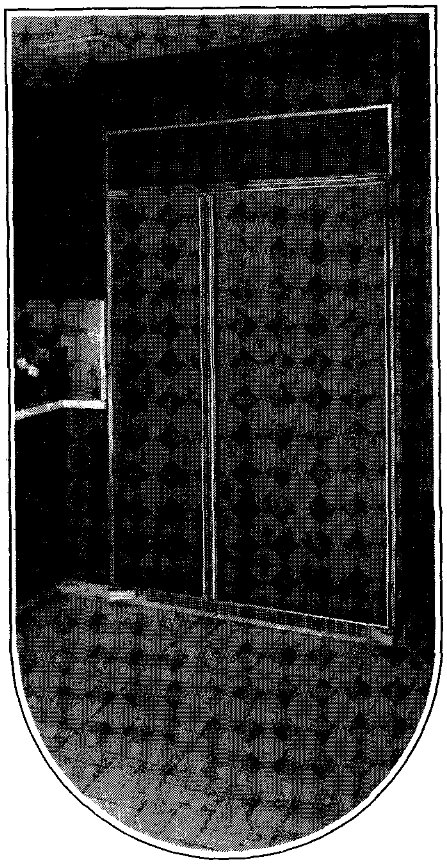
influential friends in other parts of the world—while the large number of obscure ones will continue to be silenced, and perhaps subjected to even more harassment and confinement. But the Soviet Union is a society that has at least a passing interest in antagonizing us no more than is necessary for the protection of its own concerns; many others, such as Uganda, either have no such interest or, like South Korea, know that the dollars will keep coming in whether they free their political prisoners or double their number. It is notable that in the lively discussion of such matters during the past ten days nothing was said about the problem of human rights in any of the oil-producing countries. Iran, for one, is a nation controlled by tyrants, and is a client state mainly in the sense that it is one of the largest customers of our arms industry. But we are in its debt for its oil reserves and for such favors as its refusal to join the 1973 embargo, and the State Department is unlikely to waste its breath calling attention to its wholesale denial of human rights.

ONE of the most vexed questions, and certainly the most immediately consequential, arising from conflicts between the claims of morality and those of national interest is to be found in the relations between the Central Intelligence Agency and the foreign leaders it has recruited as informants or purchased as friends and political operatives. The Washington *Post's* revelations about the C.I.A.'s dealings with King Hussein of Jordan (the work—fittingly, in a way—of Bob Woodward, of the newspaper's Watergate team) led Carter to renege on his promises of openness and candor. Having campaigned as a determined opponent of secrecy in government, he now, after little more than a month on the job, wants secrecy strengthened and measures taken to deny access by the press—or, more accurately, by elected and appointed officials who supply the press with intelligence about intelligence matters—to the kind of information the *Post* provided its readers. Upon learning of the payments to the King, he ordered them stopped immediately. But at his press conference on Wednesday he declined to discuss the case at hand beyond saying that he had been reviewing what the C.I.A. had been up to and had found it all "legitimate and proper"—a judgment suggesting that on second thought he found no validity in the moral grounds on which, supposedly, he had suspended the payments, and that the suspension



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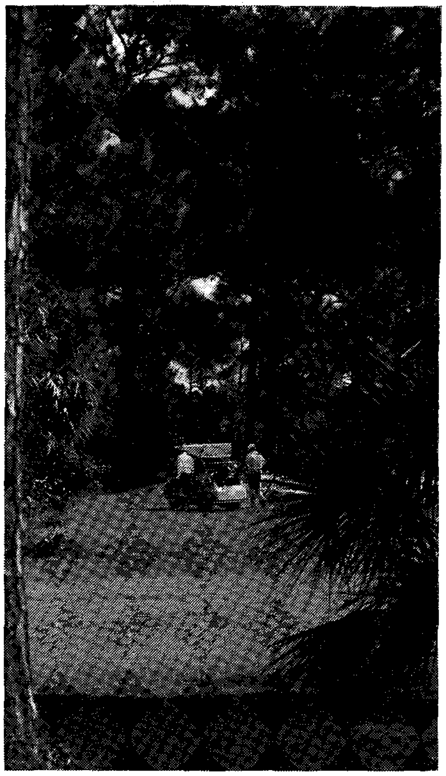
could be justified only prudentially. In other words, the deal was a bad one only in appearance.

Little is known of the Hussein deal except that there was one. To exactly what kind of uses the sovereign put our money will probably never be known. It seems reasonable to assume that he could have pursued his avocation as a kind of regal hot-rodder without the fifteen million dollars he got from us over the years; even with his tastes, it would be hard to run up that kind of bill in planes, cars, and motorcycles. It seems implausible that he was providing us with what is commonly thought of as military and political intelligence. On military matters, our own people are probably more skilled than he is at making assessments. On political matters, he was probably well positioned to advise us on what was going on in the Arab world, but not uniquely so, since he is himself a somewhat suspect figure in his own region, in which last week's news about him probably seemed more a confirmation of suppositions than a revelation of truth; more extensive and reliable intelligence could probably have been bought from agents in ministries in Syria, Iraq, Lebanon, or Libya. In all likelihood, then, we were buying from him something that the people of all nations regard as the most precious of possessions: his independence. The word for selling it or giving it away is treason. From our point of view, what we got from Hussein was support for our policies—support that was limited in its extent, and expressed in guarded terms, but support nevertheless. In some Jordanian eyes, though, he could be seen as having subordinated his country's national interest to that of another. We might have had his support without payment, for he seems a man of moderate views and not a bellicose one. Actually, the money may have been passed from Hussein to others for what are normally regarded as legitimate and useful purposes, such as expanding educational programs or improving economic conditions in depressed areas where political leaders will cheerfully put aside questions of foreign policy if doing so will benefit their people. American isolationism, after all, was brought to an end several decades ago in large part because people were rewarded with dams, highways, and electrification programs by an internationalist government. When political favor is sought abroad by such means, we call it foreign aid.

But the payments to Hussein were not foreign aid. They were not authorized as such or appropriated by



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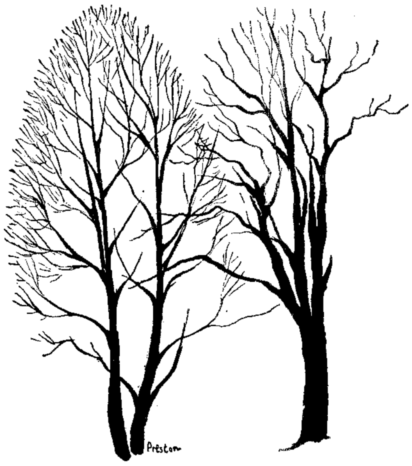
Congress. It is now said that five Presidents before Carter knew about them. But Carter, in his several briefings by George Bush, the former head of the C.I.A., was not told about them—perhaps because Bush, in his brief tenure, was not completely aware of all that was going on, perhaps because he had some sense that Carter, who now says he is not sure what he would have done about the information if he had had it much earlier, would have been outraged and might even have found a way to make it a campaign issue. There is little outrage here; large payments to heads of state cannot be judged differently from payments, large or small, to their subordinates, and this, everyone knows, has been common practice over many years and by many governments. And justifications are not hard to come by. Bribery is regarded as immoral by most Americans, but this is not the universal view, and there are many people, among them heads of some of our multinational corporations, who regard it simply as another form of taxation. The common feeling seems to be that if our payments to Hussein account in some way for his being a voice of reason and accommodation in the Middle East, the money was well spent, and more morally spent than on the ultimate in immorality—war. But this is an American view, a Washington view, of a transaction that seems to have hurt no one very much—we have paid more for one destroyer—and to have worked to our political advantage. And it has to be considered from yet another American view. What would have been the reaction if, one day last week, a newspaper had revealed that a President of the United States had been receiving money from a foreign intelligence agency in return for supporting, or at least not opposing, the foreign policy of another country? Would détente with the Soviet Union be an acceptable policy if it were learned that Henry Kissinger had



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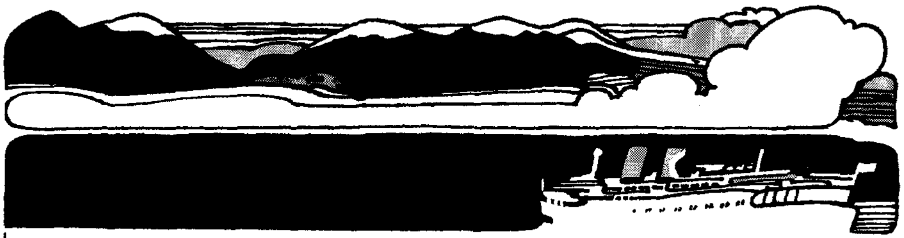

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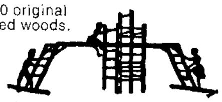

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been paid by Moscow to support it? Perhaps it still would, but Kissinger would have been put behind bars. What the C.I.A. did with Hussein, and has probably done with others, is outright subversion. If Jordanian foreign policy was paid for covertly with American money, then that foreign policy was not Jordanian but American, even if it would have been the same without the money. And if President Carter was not told of the arrangement, it was not American policy, either, but C.I.A. policy. If the first principle of American foreign policy is, as historically it has been, the self-determination of peoples, we violated that principle twice: the Jordanian policy was not that of the Jordanians, and our policy of subverting Jordanian policy had no American sanction.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Hot off the press is the new Pecos Wilderness map showing the trails and access routes to a winter (as well as a summer) playground.

Published by the Forest Service, the map is a reproduction of a typographical series showing the lay of the land by means of contour lines. Geographical features such as mountains, lakes and streams and wilderness trails for backpacker, snowshoer and cross-country skier are the chief of the new map.

Fishermen will be able to use the map to profitably plan their wilderness fishing trip. A mistake in the printing of the map, however, will disappoint any fisherman who uses it literally.

The fish symbols that are used on the map to designate heavily-fished areas been have for the symbols used to designate lightly-fished areas. Forest Service officials warn the map user to keep in mind that he must mentally reverse the way the map reads when looking at the fish designation. The fish that symbolizes heavy fishing is really a lightly-fished area, the place to go to avoid possible crowded conditions when visiting Pecos Wilderness. The above applies only if a stick-on correction has been applied to the map.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

Anyway, it's hot off the press.

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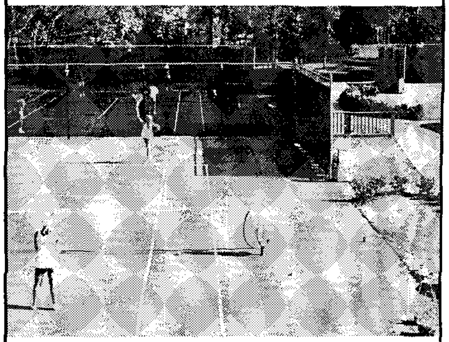

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BOOKS

22 Hyde Park Gate

THREE papers that Virginia Woolf read before a small group of Bloomsburyites who met periodically to dine and read memoirs, and two longer manuscripts—all autobiographical—have been collected under the title "Moments of Being" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). They do not, contrary to what might be expected at this point, consist of scrapings from the bottom of the barrel. Instead, the wonder is that they have remained unpublished for so long. Quentin Bell drew on them for his biography of Mrs. Woolf, but not in so detailed a way as to strip the material of its interest.

The first of the longer manuscripts was begun in 1907, eight years before the publication of "The Voyage Out." It is addressed to her sister Vanessa's unborn child, and in her correspondence she refers to it as "Nessa's life," suggesting that her sister was to be the central figure. What is here is largely about their mother's death, which left the family dazed and in utter misery and at odds with one another. It was intended purely as an exercise in writing, and one would have supposed that if its author had a literary future it would be to write books as fresh and consciously well written and with as nice a feeling about ordinary life as those of Lady Ritchie, who was a kind of relative, being the sister of Leslie Stephen's first wife, and Thackeray's daughter. The tone it aims for is of a tale told by the fireside. Its real tone, when it has one, is of childhood happiness relived and of irremediable loss:

> What would one not give to recapture a single phrase even! or the tone of the clear round voice, or the sight of the beautiful figure, so upright and so distinct, in its long shabby cloak, with the head held at a certain angle, a little upwards, so that the eye looked straight out at you. "Come children," she would say . . . and one would grasp her umbrella, and another her arm, and one no doubt would stand gaping, and she would call sharply, "Quick, quick." And so she would pass with her swift step, through the crowds, and into some dingy train or omnibus, where perhaps she would ask the conductor why the company did not give him straw to stand on—"Your feet must be cold"—and hear his story and make her comment, until we were home just in time for lunch.

It breaks off after four chapters. The manner and the material were more and more at odds, and she was perhaps not ready to deal with a deprivation so disastrous in its consequences. It is her first attempt to write "To the Lighthouse."

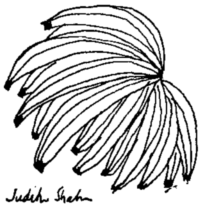
Around the year 1920, Mrs. Woolf read a paper entitled "22 Hyde Park Gate" before the Memoir Club, the members of which were Desmond MacCarthy and his wife, Forster, Keynes, Strachey, Sydney-Turner, etc. Worn out by the demands people made upon her or that she made upon herself, Mrs. Stephen had died at the age of forty-nine. Leslie Stephen was an eccentric and sometimes (but only sometimes) endearing monster of egotism. His behavior with men was modest and reasonable. He was not at all the same way with women. He expected his wife, whom he loved, not only to see to his comfort but to provide flattery and sympathy and be a kind of sounding board for his moods. It was enough to put any woman into her grave. When his twenty-six-year-old stepdaughter, Stella Duckworth, took on the responsibilities of the household, he was quite ready to impose on her a similar domestic slavery. I wonder if there was a single upper-class Victorian male except Samuel Butler who would have considered that there was anything wrong in this. Stella was rescued by a young solicitor named Jack Hills, who courted her in the teeth of her stepfather's disapproval. She married him, became pregnant, and died—all within three months. After which the two younger girls had no older woman in the household to shelter them from adversity. Though the memoir is a continuation of "Nessa's life," the tone is very different indeed:

> But it is of the folding doors that I wish to speak. How could family life have been carried on without them? As soon dispense with water-closets or bathrooms as with folding doors in a family of nine men and women, one of whom into the bargain was an idiot. Suddenly there would be a crisis—a servant dismissed, a lover rejected, pass books opened, or poor Mrs. Tyndall who had lately poisoned her husband by mistake come for consolation. On one side of the door Cousin Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, perhaps would be on her knees—the Duke had died tragically at Woburn; Mrs. Dolmetsch would be telling how she had found her husband in bed with the parlour-maid . . . Though dark and agitated on one side, the other side of the door, especially on Sunday afternoons, was cheerful enough. There round the oval tea table with its pink china shell full of spice buns would be found old General Beadle, talking of the Indian Mutiny; or Mr. Haldane, or Sir Frederick Pollock . . . or old C. B. Clarke,

Good Morning
JUSTICE NOW BEING SERVED

whose name is given to three excessively rare Himalayan ferns; and Professor Wolstenholme, capable, if you interrupted him, of spouting two columns of tea not unmixed with sultanas through his nostrils; after which he would relapse into a drowsy ursine torpor, the result of eating opium to which he had been driven by the unkindness of his wife and the untimely death of his son Oliver who was eaten, somewhere off the coast of Coromandel, by a shark.

In the thirteen years between that literary exercise and this fourteen-page memoir Mrs. Woolf had become the writer we know.



Leslie Stephen was given to dramatizing his grief over the death of his wife; George Duckworth, the older of Mrs. Stephen's two sons by her first marriage, was given to dramatizing his affection for his half sisters. He was handsome as a Greek statue, and endlessly kind, and unbelievably stupid. He spent years trying to pass the examinations that would have qualified him for the Foreign Office. When the Stephen girls were children he taught them how to hold a cricket bat, and they blushed with delight if he praised them, but he had no control over or understanding of his feelings, and when they were older they alternately trusted and suspected him. He was a social climber and would have done quite well on his own, but he insisted on taking them into society with him, and his insecurity was so great that no matter what they wore or what they said or what they did he was displeased with them. There was no one to defend them from his bullying, and he was not even susceptible to argument. Vanessa called him a snob and he burst into tears. Or he would say, "You're too young to have an opinion. Besides, I love you. I hate going alone. I must have you with me." In his affection there was an element of only half-suppressed sexuality, which they loathed. Their father was engaged in editing the Dictionary of National Biography and must not be disturbed; they appealed to their female relatives, who sided with dear George, taking him for what he was not. In this memoir Mrs. Woolf holds him off between her thumb and forefinger, so to speak, as if he were a kind of human cockroach that required her judicious consideration. At no time is she anything but good-tempered about him. ("But when nature refused him two pointed ears and gave him only one she knew, I think, what she was about.") The horror has become comedy.

The second paper read before the Memoir Club tells how, the family having broken apart after the death of Leslie Stephen, part of it re-formed at 46 Gordon Square, and the sisters began to move in a world largely made up of their brother Thoby's intellectually inquiring and unshockable Cambridge friends—the nucleus of what came to be known as Bloomsbury.

The third paper—"Am I a Snob?"—was delivered fifteen years after the second, in 1936, the Memoir Club having demonstrated an unusual degree of longevity. The answer to the question of the title is yes, she was a snob. Of a sort. She was unduly excited by invitations from titled persons. Her account of what happened when she accepted the invitations of the Marchioness of Bath, of Lady Oxford, and of Lady Colefax is so clear-eyed and hilarious that one is forced to distinguish between Mrs. Woolf's kind of snobbery and George Duckworth's.

The second of the longer manuscripts was begun as a diversion from writing the life of Roger Fry. She meant to spend two or three mornings on it. The installments are dated April 18, 1939; May 2nd; May 15th; May 28th; June 20th; July 19th. Then she put it aside for nearly a year. On June 8, 1940, she wrote:

> I have just found this sheaf of notes, thrown away into my waste-paper basket. I had been tidying up; and had cast all my life of Roger into that large basket, and with it, these sheets too. Now I am correcting the final page proofs of Roger, and it was to refresh myself from that antlike meticulous labour that I determined to look for these pages. Shall I ever finish these notes—let alone make a book from them? The battle is at its crisis; every night the Germans fly over England; it comes closer to this house daily. If we are beaten then—however we solve that problem, and one solution is apparently suicide (so it was decided three nights ago in London among us)—book writing becomes doubtful. But I wish to go on, not to settle down in that dismal puddle.

Not to settle down in that dismal puddle she went on writing page after page of extraordinary beauty.

Repeated attempts to deal in different ways with the same material are proof enough of the hold it has on the writer's imagination, and usually have a certain poignancy. "Until I was in the forties," Mrs. Woolf says, "the presence of my mother obsessed me. I could hear her voice, see her, imagine what she would do or say as I went

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about my day's doings. She was one of the invisible presences . . . Then one day walking round Tavistock Square I made up, as I sometimes make up my books, *To the Lighthouse;* in a great, apparently involuntary rush. . . . I wrote the book very quickly; and when it was written, I ceased to be obsessed by my mother. I no longer hear her voice; I do not see her."

"To the Lighthouse" was published in 1927. This manuscript was begun twelve years later, and one can only conclude that, though she was no longer obsessed by her mother, she had not stopped thinking about her. It is the same story she set out to tell in 1907. This time it is told with a thoroughness and ease totally lacking in that first attempt. She allows herself to digress, to ask questions about the nature of perception, of memory, to do a rounded portrait when she feels like it, to do a scene, or a landscape, to consider the problems of the memoir writer, to describe her own overacute sensitiveness as a child to visual impressions, to reflect on the dulling, maiming effect of bereavement, to point out that when their father shouted at Vanessa over the household account book and she stood up to him stubbornly and in silence two different eras confronted each other in the drawing room at Hyde Park Gate. What was so painful about those scenes was that Leslie Stephen's daughters could see the future and were in the power of the past.

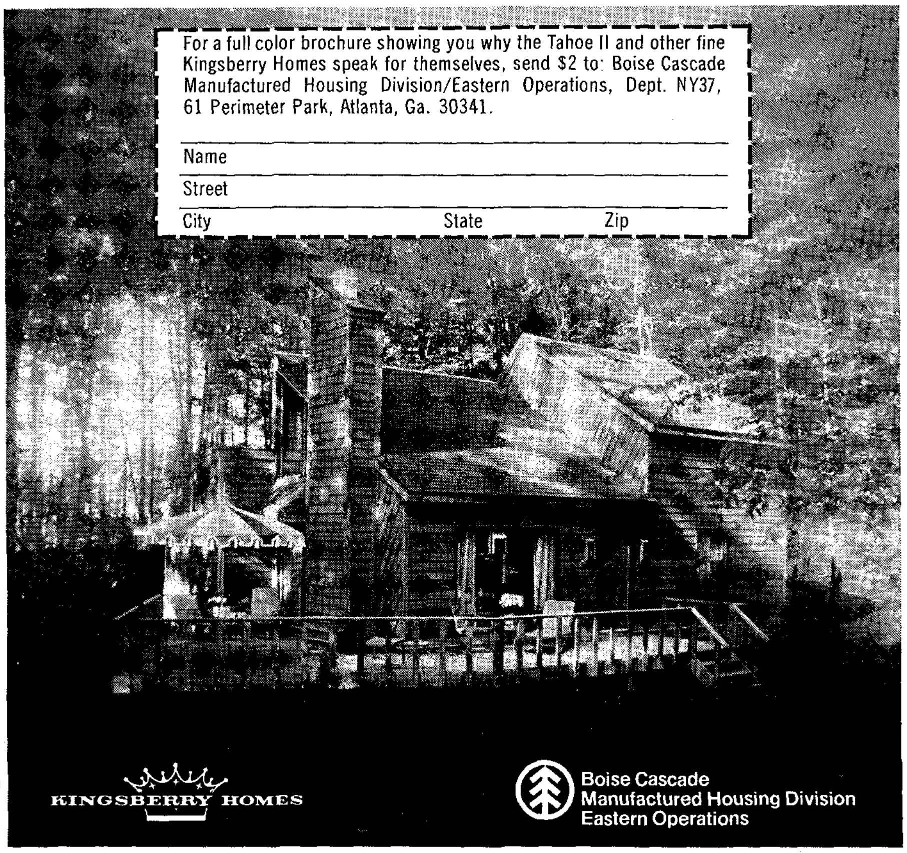
This seventy-four-page fragment is far, far better than the book on Roger Fry, and if Mrs. Woolf had put that project aside unfinished and turned her full attention to this one there would have been, perhaps, no need for anyone to write about her life, since she herself does it with such mastery.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LIFE AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF PRIVATE IVAN CHONKIN, by Vladimir Voinovich, translated from the Russian by Richard Lourie (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A satire, completed in 1970, about the Russian bureaucracy and military, which was suppressed in Russia but has gained a wide and appreciative audience from being circulated in *samizdat.* The story begins on the eve of the Second World War and is about a hapless, simple-minded peasant soldier who is told to guard a fallen airplane in an obscure little village. Soon everybody, includ-



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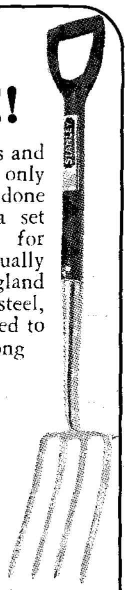

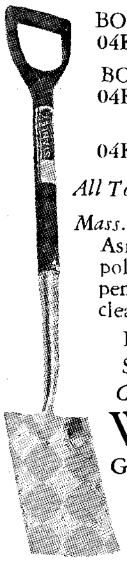

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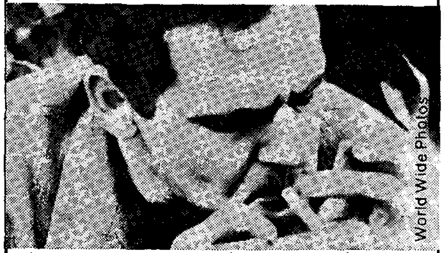

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ing the soldier, forgets about the reason for his presence there, and he settles down happily to a life of mounding potatoes, mending fences, smoking, and making love with a pretty peasant whose garden adjoins the downed plane. When war and its confusions draw near, however, someone writes an anonymous note to the authorities calling the soldier a traitor, and the note precipitates further misunderstandings and several pitched battles. For its glimpses of drunken *kolkhoz* chairmen, befuddled peasants, and brainwashed *apparatchiks*, the novel is fascinating. As satire, it is a bit lame and obvious, which makes its status in Russia all the sadder to contemplate.

A DREAM JOURNEY, by James Hanley (Horizon). Most novelists give their characters words, actions, and settings that gradually reveal who they are, allowing the reader soon to feel that he knows more about them than they know about themselves. James Hanley works the other way around. From the start, the reader is privy to his characters' innermost thoughts, and little facts about the outside world filter in like falling leaves. Clem Stevens and his common-law wife, Lena, the anti-hero and anti-heroine of this slow-moving, sad book, have been locked together for twenty years in a life that has become gradually meaner, narrower, and less hopeful. Clem is a dedicated painter of no great talent. Lena is his muse, his only friend, and once, before his juices ran dry, his great admirer. Through the blindness of her devotion, Lena has recently begun to sense the absurdity of their life, and how it has been a parody of the Life of the Great Artist (during the war, they used to carry his not very great masterpiece down to the bomb shelter every day). There is little to show for all the years of sacrifice. Clem has no recognition, and in recent years he has exhibited more temperament than paintings. Still, she stands by him, and the anger and fatigue of her loyalty and the depth of their affection are what this moving, difficult book is largely about. Technically, it suffers from all sorts of weaknesses—contrived plot devices, a blurriness when it isn't focussed on the two main characters, and a few too many of the choked exchanges ("'We . . . we . . .' He turned round, suddenly stuttered it out, 'I . . . he . . .' ") that form the bulk of Clem and

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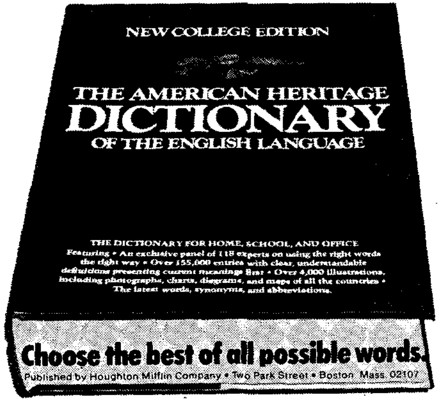

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Lena's conversation. But few writers dig as deeply into people's spirits as Mr. Hanley does, and although his stiff, flat sentences take a bit of adjusting to, the rewards are well worth the effort.

GENERAL

The Gamesman: The New Corporate Leaders, by Michael Maccoby (Simon & Schuster). The author's specialty is the psychoanalytic study of work and character; currently at Harvard, he has studied with Erich Fromm and done field work in Mexico. This book is the fruit of extensive interviews with two hundred and fifty managers in twelve American corporations. It is intelligent and readable, and fundamentally unsympathetic to its subjects. Dr. Maccoby offers some recognizable portraits of managers and some entertaining illustrative anecdotes. He also offers a number of puzzles. For example, are his notions of what is "good" and "healthy" more valid than those of the executives? For another, are these particular managers representative of all American management, as he believes? They are all in applied science or engineering, and we do not know whether other enterprises—merchandising, say, or communications—attract different kinds of people. On occasion, the author gives the impression of arrogance; he seems to regard an opinion different from his as a symptom instead of a disagreement.

Great Times, Good Times: The Odyssey of Maurice Barrymore, by James Kotsilibas-Davis (Doubleday). A nineteenth-century life (1849-1905) in the theatre. Like a nineteenth-century theatrical program, it has a bit of everything—action, adventure, comedy, farce, melodrama, romance, sex, and tragedy. There is plenty of scenic variety—the British holding out in Amritsar during the Sepoy Mutiny; the touring Warde & Barrymore troupe assailed by a gun-toting desperado in Marshall, Texas. Not to mention the supporting cast: Edwin Booth, generations of Drews, Modjeska, Bernhardt, and many, many more. Amid all the glamour and excitement, however, the author permits us to recognize that this is a wistful biography. Its theme is almost-but-not-quite. Maurice Barrymore was an unusually handsome man who detested his own good looks; a topnotch actor who feared

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the burden of stardom; a playwright whose efforts always just missed success; an adoring husband who could not remain faithful; and a father who only began to appreciate his remarkable children—Lionel, Ethel, John—after he became dependent on them. The author's diligence—he is a lifelong collector of Barrymore lore—serves the reader well. No detail seems excessive or merely for display, and every fact makes an effect.

TRAITOR TO INDIA: A SEARCH FOR HOME, by Sasthi Brata (Paul Elek). A continuation (in a way) of the autobiography the author began in 1968 (when he was twenty-nine) with "My God Died Young." He starts this book with an evocative description of the last days and death of his mother, and of the elaborate rites of the funeral her Bengali Brahman family gave her; in so doing, he gives us a feeling of the kind of stultifying upper-caste life in India from which he rebelled and finally fled. He tells us something of his experience as a penniless brown-skinned alien in London, of his fight for recognition as a writer, and of his marriage to an Englishwoman with two children (and some money); he also gives a brief account of a journey back to his native Calcutta, and of a risky excursion into Bangladesh when it was still East Pakistan. Mr. Brata is laceratingly honest about himself—about his struggle with alcohol (which he is not at all certain he will win), his lack of punctilio in money matters, his callous womanizing, his abrasiveness of behavior, and the guilt feelings that intermittently plague his rest. Mr. Brata can be quite funny, and his book is alive with original turns of thought.

•

In 1943, after being educated at Shattuck *Military Academy in Minnesota,* Brando went west to New York.—*Biographical sketch in published screenplay of "The Missouri Breaks," by Thomas McGuane.*

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QUOTATION OF THE DAY

"Obviously, the biggest challenge was to come into the harbor safely. I think we've met that challenge. As I've said, I think we've turned the corner and seen the light at the end of the tunnel." —Mayor Beame.—*The Times.*

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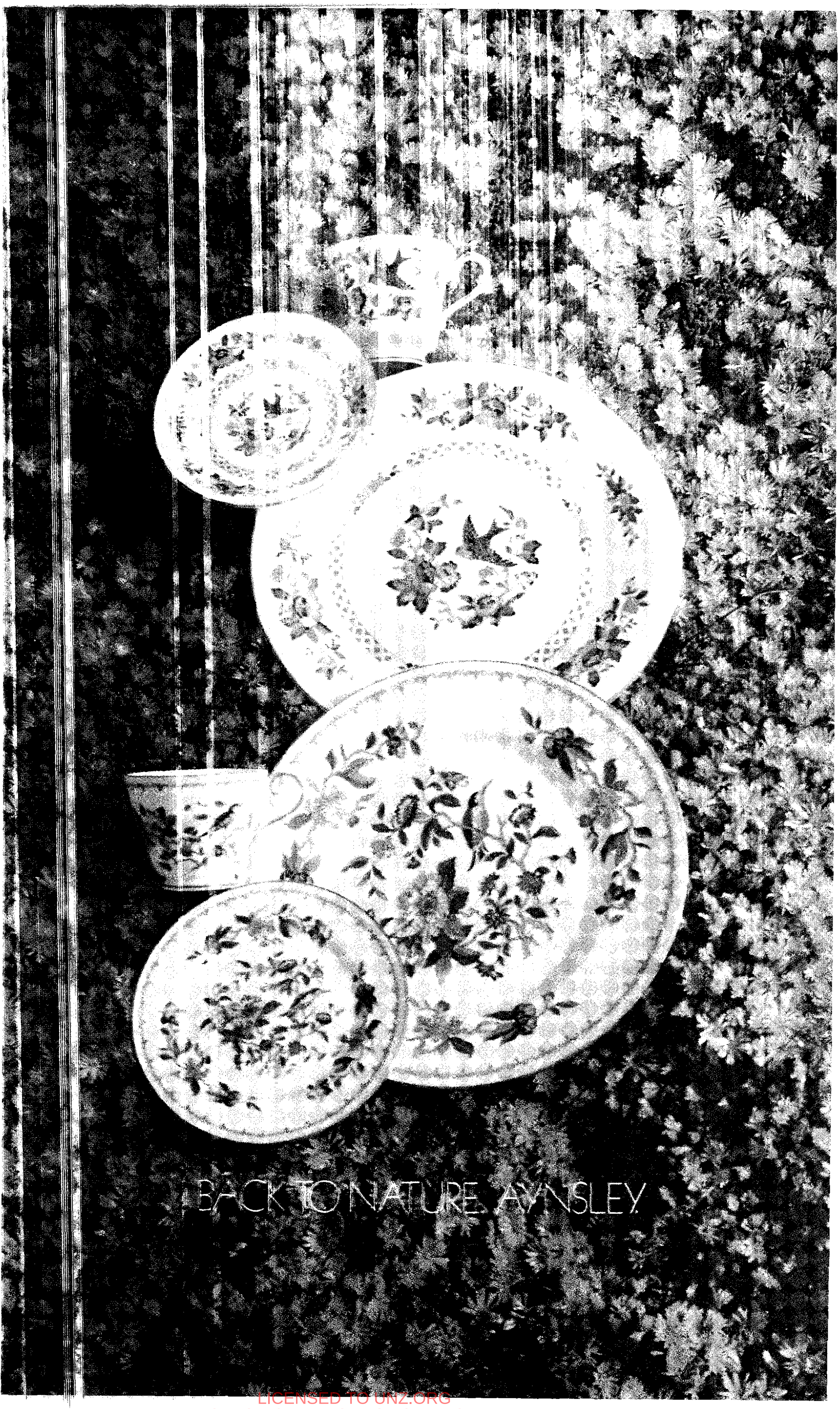

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HOME: New York City

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: Wildlife conservationist; international airline pilot

HOBBIES: Birdwatching, photography, chamber music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Animal Species and Evolution" by Ernst Mayr

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Founded Rare Animal Relief Effort, Inc. ("RARE"), a nonprofit, volunteer-run organization devoted to aiding endangered wildlife worldwide.

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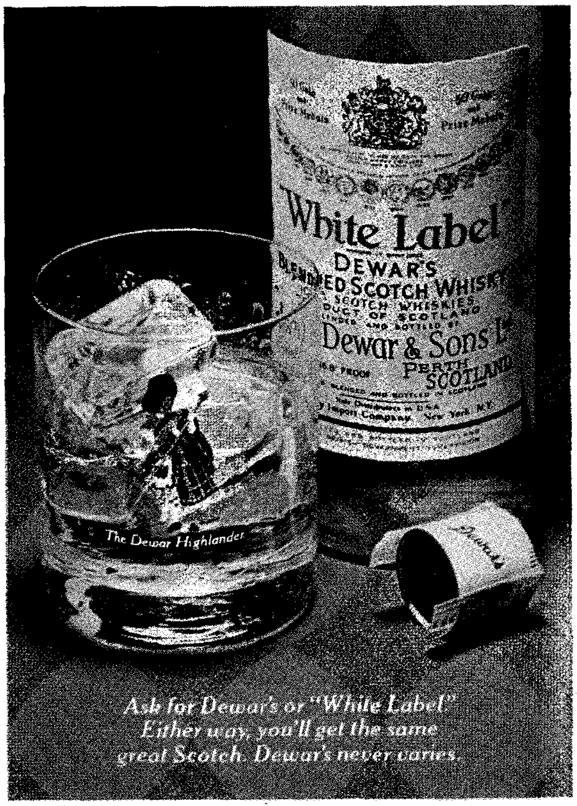
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